This book is dedicated to all former United Parcel Service employees who were cast aside by the "Quiet Company" for whatever reason!!!

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UPS — THE UNTOLD STORY

This is the story of the largest, most profitable management owned corporation in the world!

A multi-billion dollar corporation whose theory "parcels, profits and people" in that order, has mislead the public for years into believing that United Parcel Service is a family oriented company and a swell place to work!

Of the twenty thousand plus, supervisors and managers who own and operate UPS and their mistreatment of 260,000 employees worldwide. Their struggle to keep the ship afloat by stuffing the leaks with their own people!

The Gestapo like tactics used by management to remind each driver how temporary their jobs are. The thousands of men and women on the street, in the hubs, behind the desks and in front of the computer, whose 110% devotion to duty and pleasing contact with the public has built a Hollywood image of UPS that is only true on the surface!

Of its founder, James E. Casey, his legacy and why he was cast aside by the new order at UPS!

They wanted it their way right away! Which worked great for Burger King but not for them!

Here then, is the real UPS based on information I gathered as a driver for 25 years.

It's the turn of the century. Teddy Roosevelt is calling the shots at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. An unknown artist named Picasso traded paintings for food and a young actress, Helen Hayes debuts on Broadway. Meanwhile a teenage boy sparks a business that ignites a corporation to engulf the world of package delivery forever!!!

The old adage: "from tiny acorns do mighty oaks

grow," has never been truer than with United Parcel Service.

Their founder, James E. Casey, was born March 29, 1888 in Candelaira, Nevada. Under the sign of the Zodiac he's an Aries. According to the book, they are courageous, hot tempered, innovative and bold workaholics. No one can describe Casey better than that!

Candelaira was a small mining town in gold rush country, but few found gold there.

Casey's father James Sr., ran a small hotel that saw less gold than most of the miners who spent their lives searching for the yellow stone that made dreams come true.

Mr. Casey's less than well kept hotel, reflected the lack of paying customers. So much so, that he often went on prospecting binges that brought him back home more broke then ever.

James Sr. is again overwhelmed with gold fever when word of the great Alaskan gold rush reaches town. He picks up the family and heads to Seattle, Washington, the closest major city to the Klondike. Dreams of wealth and fame once more fog his brain and send a fool in search of gold for the last time!

As though reliving a bad dream, James Sr. returns home broke, disillusioned and in bad health.

Young Jim, the oldest of the four Casey children, was only in the *sixth* grade at the time. At age eleven, he's forced to quit school to help his ailing father keep the family together!

His first job oddly enough was: delivery boy for a local department store. He earned $2.50 a month there and ran messenger for a local telegraph office in his spare time. Jim's workaholic tendencies had already come to the surface.

He worked the double shifts long enough to build a nest egg. Like his father, he was still prospecting.

Still looking for a vain of shiny metal that would make him rich! But not by digging for it in the smoldering desert with the hot sun frying your skin until it turns to leather. No sir, not James E. Casey Jr., his gold mine was right here in this boom town called Seattle. All he had to do was find it.

At fifteen, he and two other messengers formed their own messenger service. But Jim was displeased with the others lack of dedication and unwillingness to work weekends and holidays. Moreover, he disliked not having full control of the business. He sold his share to his partners and left town. Broke and disappointed, he puts his tail between his legs and limps back to Nevada mortally wounded.

Once again he has become his father, a loser! His return to Candelaria is without fanfare. Jobs are few and far between.

Jim does odd jobs while socking away every dime he makes. Spending only what it takes to survive.

For a period of time, things seem almost tranquil. Then, the lure of gold boggles his mind. Like a bottle of bad booze, the demons of desire take control again.

He spends all his hard earned money on a mule and the usual mining tools. At day break the following morning, Jim leads a mule loaded with provisions on a four month trek that ends with the mule leading him back to town more broke then ever! Once more the search for El Dorado ends with heartbreak and disgust!

But, as though he were in a world championship fight, every time he gets knocked down Jim gets back up.

Now it's back to the part time jobs. You name it — he did it! It was a humiliating and humbling time in his life when decisions were made that not only shaped his future, but thousands of others as well.

At this point in time, bear in mind this loser is just a teenage boy. Down the road, this boy will lead a few good men to form a multi-billion dollar corporation known as United Parcel Service.

Jim earns enough money for a train ticket *one way* to Seattle and a few bucks for survival until he can find work. Casey the bold, courageous, innovator is about to live up to his Zodiac symbol the Ram.

As the train moves along over miles of steel rails on route to Seattle, Jim plots a course with destiny that few acknowledge and the rest deny!

When the train reaches Seattle, the future founder and C.E.O. of United Parcel Service, James E. Casey, steps boldly down on what will be *his turf!* He carries all his worldly goods in one hand. The wealth he will earn in the years to come will not alter his lack of desire for material things.

Casey soon finds work as a messenger for a large department store. There he meets Claude Ryan another messenger who shares Jim's desire for the freedom of self employment.

The two teenage boys begin saving money toward their own messenger company. In a short time they scrape up $100.00. The search for office space ends when Ryan's uncle offers them a 6 x 17 foot room underneath his saloon at the corner of Main and Second Avenue. The rent is $20.00 a month. This included an old lunch bar that served as a counter top for their phones by day and a place to sleep at night.

Casey is now nineteen and determined to succeed. He sees a town bursting at the seams from the gold rush. He knows there is money to be made in the messenger business. But money isn't enough, Casey wants the best messenger service in all of Seattle. With that thought in mind, he assumes command of the fledgling company.

Ryan and Casey race through the business district placing placards on poles and in store windows advertising their new messenger service that boldly states "best service — lowest rates."

When the sun rose on the 28th day of August, 1907, it shone brightly on the American Messenger Service. Armed with two phones, six messengers and a couple of bicycles, Casey and Ryan open their doors for business.

They quickly establish company rules: only the owners will answer the phones, the service will operate 24 hours a day — 365 days a year including Christmas, messengers will be neat — courteous and fast, and bikes will be used for areas not reachable by trolley or too far on foot!

The boys soon learn that their nine competitors tell customers they have dispatched a messenger when they really haven't because they did not have one at the time.

Casey and Ryan tell the customer the truth. If there are no messengers standing by, they are told when the next one will arrive and they are always on time!

Hungry for business, they accept any job including walking dogs, watching stores during lunch hour, carrying groceries and once in a while a little detective work — trailing someone's wife or girlfriend. All for 25¢ per hour. A good messenger could make a $1.00 to $1.50 a day. Big bucks for a kid at the turn of the century.

Their reputation for truth and honor soon catches up with them. The company grows and expands. More messengers are hired and the bicycles are replaced by new motorized bikes made by Harley Davidson.

One New York department store magnate ques-

tioned Casey about delivering small packages.

The next day, Casey's Harleys were rigged with baskets and saddle bags that were the forerunner of the famed package cars that soon followed.

Little did Casey know at that time he was laying the foundation for the largest, most profitable, privately owned corporation in history. It was then that Casey first said: "determined men working together can do anything."

Jim's younger brother George signs on in 1911. They worked well together. They were tireless in effort, demanded perfection and often worked without pay!

In 1913, Casey bought the first "package car" a Model T Ford. It could carry 50 packages and only ran on Saturday at first. Casey viewed the Model T not only as the perfect vehicle to propel his company ahead of the competition but as a constant advertising symbol seen by the public daily!

He first painted it red, then yellow. Finally Chas. Soderstrom, one of Casey's top men came up with Pullman brown. Casey loved to ride Pullman coaches whenever he traveled, so accepted the color as symbolic of the giants of the railroad industry. "Perhaps it will make us equally as famous on the streets of America," Casey proposed!!

In 1913 news reaches Casey that Ford will discontinue the "T" at the end of this production year. Casey is outraged. He borrows $10,000.00 from a friend and the two hop a Pullman to Detroit. He's sure Ford can be talked out of this fool's move.

But Ford not known for his hospitality, quickly squashes Casey's plea to continue production of the "T". When that failed Casey offers to buy as many cars as ten grand would cover. At that time — almost fifty.

He gets jolted out of his chair when old Hank the

"horse trader" trys to persuade Casey's unknown benefactors into investing his money in Ford stock, instead of some little delivery company. Of course he refused.

But what if he had invested the money? Some say it would have altered history or at least UPS history. Without the new "T" Casey's progress would have come to a sudden halt, while his friend would have gotten a chair at the long table with the rest of Fords *board members!*

Lucky for Casey, he closed the deal for the last of the "T's" to be shipped in crates by rail to Seattle. On arrival, Casey and his crew had the task to finish assembling the new "T's" before they could be operated!

By 1918 the Casey crusade has Seattle locked up tight with contracts for same day delivery with every major department store in town.

His success only fuels his hunger for more. He targets Oakland County as the next challenge because it's large, prosperous and badly in need of a good delivery system. He moves his operation to Oakland in 1919. There he changes the name from the Seattle based Merchants Parcel Delivery to United Parcel Service.

UPS does well in California. They continue to grow and expand but at a much slower pace.

In 1928 Casey began experimenting with air package deliveries, using established airlines as feeders and only shipping between major cities coast to coast. It worked well and showed a profit until Wall Street crashed in October of '29. The idea was abandoned a year later. Because of the depression, flight schedules were unreliable, this temporarily put out the lights in his dream for world-wide air package delivery service. Still he was 44 years ahead of Federal Express. By 1930 UPS has control of the

small package business on the west coast.

Casey said: "Well, now that we control the place where the sun sets, let's see what we can do with the place where the sun rises!"

He and his troops arrive in New York City at the height of the world-wide depression. While everyone around him was trying to survive, Casey expands. Major department stores such as Lord & Taylor and McCreery & Co. quickly dissolve their own delivery services in favor of the more efficient and reliable UPS.

Then on to Philadelphia where Casey established not only the usual retail store deliveries, but a new office furniture moving business that still does well in New York City.

Philadelphia becomes the nerve center for Common Carrier in eastern Pennsylvania in the early sixties. It will also become a trouble spot that will alter the company's feelings and their actions toward all employees forever! Many years later!!

Casey's crusaders mark time as the war years of the forties impose the usual restrictions on all businesses. During this time, Casey the innovator, worked at perfecting a daily delivery procedure that would speed deliveries and lessen the work load for his drivers. He designs rapid package sorting equipment that are still the basic theory incorporated in the modern systems of today.

Casey was so intense in his pursuit of excellence, that he actually cut away the side of one package car in order to observe a driver sorting packages. As a result of this experiment, he was able to increase productivity 30% simply by eliminating unnecessary moves.

When the fifties rolled around, Casey's crusaders are gearing up for major expansions to Common Car-

rier. They bring back air service under the brown label. It worked the same as before but better as a two-day air service between major cities coast to coast. Actually it did *very well*, but received little acknowledgment for its success!

Later I learn that while the air service was only 2% of their business, it was 10% of their profit. At that point in time, they just couldn't see the hand writing on the wall. The board simply refused to accept Casey's theory for air service. A very bitter pill they *can't* swallow to this day!

An old general once said: "he that rules the sky rules everything." Casey believed it, but no one else did.

The early sixties are the rallying point for Casey's crusaders full assault on the small package industry. His plan begins with Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and Delaware. Followed in time with New England, the South, the Mid-West and the last hold out, Texas.

It will take years, but James E. Casey won't see it to the long hard fought conclusion in 1962. Before much of the plan can materialize, the Captain of the tightest ship is ordered to step down. At 74, in good health and a quick mind, the Pharaoh of Parcels is put out to pasture.

I think it's more than strange that Casey will outlive his successor, George Smith, by eleven years! What purpose did it serve except to destroy an old man's dream.

Little do they know at this point in time, there's a bad moon rising and years of trouble are on the way for the depredators of dreams.

The usual testimonials that follow do little to ease the pain that Jim Casey will endure for the rest of his life.

Casey had no family here in the east. The few friends he thought he had were all at UPS. All this man ever wanted to do was what he did best — lead UPS as far as they can go! He lived another 21 years, years wasted!!

Although he was allowed to remain on the board, he was greatly out numbered. Besides, once you've been Captain, first mate isn't good enough.

Here's a man who wallowed in hard times, impossible obstacles and never ... never tell him "it can't be done". Casey cared about little more than the daily challenges that landed on his desktop every day!

Again, why retire? His wildest dreams were just beginning to materialize. From a 6 x 17 foot basement to the threshold of international domination of the small package industry.

I can't believe that this great man who was head honcho, chief paymaster and chairman of the board, suddenly surrenders his command in the dawn of his "finest hour"! How was that possible?

The way Gary Glasgow S.S. (supervisor, stockholder) told it to me back in the early sixties was that: "the new order of management at UPS were getting tired of Casey's 'old man' ideas!" So, all the fun guys at UPS headquarters in New York City bought Mr. Casey a nice Rolls Royce, chauffeur-driven of course, since he *never* owned a car before! He stated that a few of the young lions walked down the hall to Casey's office where they dangled the keys to the Rolls in his face. In essence what they said was: "have a nice retirement and stop and see us some time."

Talk about kicking an old dog when he is down, the new Captain orders 180 degree course change, canceling Casey's dream plan for overnight air ser-

vice in favor of their 48 state ground service link up. By doing so, they break the first of Casey's ten commandments for continued success. The future of the package industry is in the air.

The second — "a fair day's work for a fair day's pay." Casey devised a formula to fairly evaluate each days work based on the number of stops, parcels delivered and picked up plus your daily mileage. He called it the daily production standard — standard for short. His time allowances were realistic because they were the result of years of driver surveys he conducted personally.

I can remember when *every* driver in the Williamsport center ran *under* the standards just by following Casey's delivery and pick-up procedures to the letter. That went on for years until the advent of the computer standard, then very few ran *scratch* let alone run under! (Scratch) means to do the job in the time the company allows — not a minute more!

When I ask an I.E. man (Industrial Engineer) what happens if a computer pops out an impossible standard — the I.E. guy said *"only drivers lie!"*

The third — "don't make company demands that border on harassment." With this one they step boldly across that border in broad daylight. It begins with a total change in the palace guards. In the late sixties the new order is older, uglier, poorly dressed and lacking in any manners at all.

The only time a driver is spoken to is during the newly established daily drivers' interrogation period — better known as: "what happened yesterday?" A subject I will discuss in future chapters.

The fourth — "they are advised to constantly seek better, safer work methods." What they seek is faster, faster, faster work methods. This is the I.E. departments big thing "faster is better." They are an

elite group of "tiger troops" called industrial engineers. They perform all time studies. Their power is absolute, all time studies stand as written, even if "Jesse Owens'" himself can't run fast enough to get it done!

A case in point: Marlin Wolfe has nearly thirty years of driving time. Wolfe runs a long mileage rural route that he's been on for years. I.E. did a time study on his route that made him an hour over the standards every day *before* he leaves the building! That went on for years. They can't show him where the hour is, nor could they find anybody — management included — who could run the route with that time allowance. They admit something is wrong but it's not I.E.'s fault and they refused to correct it. Wolfe still took the flak for being an hour over every day!

The fifth — "provide the best possible service for the least money." The Mansfield center is the northern most outpost in the central district. At the morning propaganda meeting (PCM) the men of this center are warned about competition like Roadway and Federal Express, etc., stealing UPS customers away because we did not meet their needs.

This fine admonishment came from Chet Trout S.S. Division Manager, on one of his rare trips that far from Harrisburg. The drivers tell Chet: "that's great, give us the equipment we'll do the job!" Turns out, Chet lost a big shipper named Mid-America to Roadway because he wouldn't authorize a trailer to be spotted at their plant. Roadway had one there the same day!

Good ol' Chet, just another can't lead and won't follow in a management position. He's another long time super who never delivered a package in his life! With Chet on the job, Roadway won't have to take

any UPS business — he'll give it to them!

The sixth — "always promote from our own ranks." Some how down through the years something is lost in the translation. Casey believed a good street-wise driver made the best supervisor and maintained a balance of knowledge between management and hourly employees.

Very few supervisors spent more than a few months out in the street. In fact up until a few years ago, it wasn't mandatory to spend one day out on the street! Including most of the board members and especially board chairman and C.E.O., "Oz" Nelson. "Oz" as all the fun guys call him, came to us straight from the campus to the combat at customer service. He can show you the scars he received climbing the corporate ladder in his Brooks Brothers suits and Flourshiem shoes.

All he knows about delivering packages is that he doesn't have to do it. I can't believe the munchkins didn't get this guy on his way up the yellow brick road.

The seventh — "no stock outside the company." Casey believed it was essential to keep the UPS stock in UPS hands. "That way," he remarked "we don't have to listen to people who don't know our business try to tell us how to run it." Sound advice from the grand master of motivation!

"Oz" and the other eleven board members personally smashed number seven when they accepted two outsiders to the UPS board of directors. We can say what we want about the *Atlanta arrangement,* but one thing's for sure these two big city boys don't know which end of a truck the packages come out of either!

Vic Pelson is an executive from A.T.& T. in the field of communications. Vic has strong ties to A.T.&

T. and he's also chairman of a company called American Transtech!

Bob Teeter is president of the Coldwater Corporation. He's an expert in strategic planning, *public opinion analysis* and former senior *adviser* to the *Bush* for President campaign.

Kind of makes me wonder who's watching the store?

The eighth — "treat your people well and the company will flourish." Again, Oz suffers from hoof in mouth disease. When he states and I quote: "each employee should be treated as a *special asset* that needs to be appreciated and developed — when some one leaves our company that's a *failure.*"

This will come as a shock I know "Oz", but if all the people UPS management has fired or coerced into resignation were to meet at one time in one place, it would have to be at Giant Stadium (capacity 77,000). Well, maybe that's a slight exaggeration, but then if HR3221 is passed maybe not! If you haven't heard about this Bill, you will!

The ninth — "stay close to your employees." He didn't mean follow them around on foot or by car hoping to capture something on video, like having lunch after 2:30 in the afternoon.

Recently, the Williamsport center lost three people in one night! Management guys armed with video cameras followed the shadows through the partially darkened building to a high point where they lay and wait for things to happen. Sure enough things happened, Larry Weaver, car washer, was seen walking around eating a cookie! Later he and car washer Matt Butters engaged in a brief water battle and all on tape. The third person, a night mechanic was caught with the wrong work order on his work sheet. All were charged with *stealing time!* It

covers a multitude of sins!

Nor did Casey intend for his supervisors to knock on the door of men who have called in sick, demanding to see them in their sick bed because UPS management believes that if a driver's lips are moving, he must be lying!

Much less the use of sophisticated high-tech electronics from UPS subsidiary II Morrow Inc. and Roadnet Inc.! Their state-of-the-art vehicle surveillance equipment allows management to track any package car — stop for stop — electronically without leaving the comfort of their air conditioned bunkers.

The tenth — "personal pride and dignity are essential to each employee, without this management fails and the company will not prosper." In 1989 with Jolly Jack Rogers at the helm, the good ship "Parcel" and crew, steer a crooked course through shark infested waters as the tightest ship takes on water like the Titanic

While revenues rose 1.4 billion dollars, profits dropped by 86 million dollars. Casey must have rose from the grave when he heard this next report. The board announced that for the first time *ever* they would sell public debt securities on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange to the tune of 700 million dollars for a grand total of 786 million in the red. No, Frank it wasn't a very good year! It's safe to say — far worse then Casey ever had including the depression and W.W. II.

Another problem he never had, was employee turnover. I worked for UPS over ten years with a zero turnover but in the last 15 years of my 25, the turnover has reached 58%! That's not counting people who quit on the same day they were hired! Which are too many!!

However, the most disgusting and humiliating of

all their bad moves, the $50.00 ransom fee for the "refer a friend" program designed to entice loaders and sorters with seniority to bring new people to UPS who will stay — at least 30 days!

Then there is the "wine and dine" driver applicants' program. UPS picks up the tab and pays the acceptable person a $250.00 sign on fee with the promise of another $300.00 if they ever get seniority! That is, if any of the people that show up can qualify!

Sad isn't it? I can remember when 300 applicants showed up for one job at UPS and this was in a small town. But then those were the Casey years! Like once upon a time at UPS!

Sir James would be heart broken (more then before) to see what the heirs to the throne have done to UPS. But he needn't be ashamed, after all he gave them the keys to the kingdom and the ten commandments for continued success! They broke all ten of them, then cast them to one side like a toy no one cares about any longer.

He would, however, be extremely proud of the work his legacy has financed through his Anne E. Casey Foundation named in honor of his late mother. Casey never married, so he never had children of his own, but vivid memories of hard times in his youth made helping poor kids the Foundation's biggest project.

This quote by James E. Casey says it all: "let us not just home in on kids and families who need us most and help them, *lets save them!*" And save them is what he's doing by the hundreds in fifteen states. Kids of all ages, from different ethnic, minority and religious backgrounds. The average age is thirteen with a fair balance between the number of boys and girls. His case workers seek out the kids who need

help most, boys or girls who have had at least *six* previous foster homes. They are referred to the Foundation by school, hospitals, the courts and state welfare agencies. Once selected for care, the Casey Family Foundation will provide *what ever it takes* to make these kids become happy, healthy, productive adults!

Casey's main interest is children at risk and *family preservation,* but the Foundation is looking at other problems as well. Such as child abuse and neglect, teenage pregnancy, schools and possibly others.

The Casey Foundation also annually awards paid scholarships to promising students among both hourly and management employees. The scholarships range from two to six thousand dollars per year, depending on financial status.

However, it's somewhat lopsided. Management receives 35 to 40% of the scholarships but they only represent 10% of the work force! Apparently management picks the scholarships? For instance, "Iron" Herman Moyer who recently retired from loss prevention, a lot of you will remember "Hermy" he punched a few tickets in his day, well anyway his boy Richard has been honored with a scholarship. This poor kid spends his summers in Europe and would like to become a controller for a large corporation when he graduates. Like UPS? So how much did Richard receive? Hermy's more than likely got every penny he ever paid into the Thrift Plan, then with stocks and retirement plan, who knows?

By now you must be wondering where all this money comes from? As I said, Casey had no desire for material things. This shy, slender man loved the movies and train travel. When UPS headquarters was in New York City, he had a modest two bedroom apartment nearby. His clothes closet was

half filled with dark suits that were his trademark most of his life.

When corporate headquarters was moved to Greenwich, Conn., Casey bought a small two bedroom masonry home — his first! He lived a very frugal life style and never stepped into the lime light of fame.

This gentle man, the pioneer, philosopher and also philanthropist was unlike others of his era. He was not to be found on the tennis court or back nine of the famous country clubs. Nor sipping Mai Tais on a private beach!

The bottom line: his high was being on the job, building UPS. They, the (new order) didn't understand that, but you will when I tell you that most of his money went into the Foundation. Ten years after his death in 1983, the Annie E. Casey Foundation has had assets worth $667 million dollars while helping people in need, every day!

Ed Mitchell, a retired military man was hired by Casey as his secretary and the two became friends. He said Casey would always have his driver stop when he saw a UPS person! Casey would ask them what they thought of their job, but never told them who he was. He must have been shocked by their replies!

Ed commented on the fact that Casey never spoke of his accomplishments but rather the good other people did.

He recalls the last year of Casey's life because he was in and out of hospitals. When asked where he worked, he replied that he was associated with UPS, but that he did not have *medical insurance* through them. The nurse was reluctant to admit the ailing UPS founder. Ed recalls pulling the nurse to one side to tell her not to worry about

who's paying the bills — this man founded UPS!

Ed concludes by stating UPS was Jim Casey's *life!*

Sir James E. Casey died alone in a west coast nursing home in June of 1983. There was very little accolade, if any! He is to this day, referred to as *one* of the *founders* by this new order of heel clickers!

So this great man who worked so hard, spent so little and gave so much to so many, ends a brilliant life swept under the corporate rug!!

Gone and *forgotten* seems a heartless "epitaph." ■

BLUNDERS

The general public does not associate UPS with the words blunder, bad move or foul-up but the truth is — all of the above.

First and foremost, of course, is the violation of Casey's first commandment: get UPS airborne as soon as possible!

Well the new order saw things differently. They preferred instead to link up the 48 states for ground service. Meanwhile, one Fred W. Smith, Jr., scrambles a squadron of Dassult Falcons that quickly acquires air supremacy forever! Young Fred, who was not yet 30 years old, has an uncanny tactical resemblance to the late James E. Casey. In fact from a stand still to finish with each pursuing the same goal, it would be much like Rommel and Patton all over again.

In 1982, UPS introduces the next day air letter to 24 major metro areas, too little too late!

I remember supervisor Rick Hess telling me about day one of UPS air service ending with — a lot of people, planes and trucks on stand-by for tons of packages that *never came* — not one!

The hot shots at 25 Plaza Square, Greenwich. Conn. (which was then headquarters) are, to say the least, devastated! They learn the hard way! It's a new ball game and they aren't in it!

UPS struggles to catch Fred's Feds. who are light years ahead in every way. They scratch around for whatever crumbs the Feds leave behind. Adding insult to injury, they must do the same job for half pay, while maintaining twice the overhead!

They spend millions and millions trying to catch up. Like the 128 million dollar Philadelphia Air

Hub, 97 million dollar computer center at Ramapo Ridge, N.J. and more. But they still aren't number one — nor can they be as long as UPS is *union* and Federal Express isn't!

Next, is the great Dusseldorf disaster of 1976. This blunder altered the "master plan" for years.

UPS sends twenty of their finest tiger troops to conquer Germany, but they sort of got the cold shoulder. I think it was because none of them spoke German! They knew nothing about their culture! First of all, a truck driver in Germany is unskilled labor and doesn't appeal to them especially at seven marks per hour, which was far below average for such a demanding job.

What they got were migrant workers who worked when they wanted to. The Germans sabotaged the American management team. Stole everything that wasn't bolted down and used a cutting torch for what was.

The Germans disliked the pushy Americans from day one! When the hot shots from the states finally rounded up enough warm bodies to begin operations, they were told their operating permit only allowed them to deliver in a fifty mile radius of their center. A new license is required for each additional fifty miles after that!

I could go on and on but I think I'll just cap this off by letting you know that this one cost the big boys a whopping 59 million dollars before Uncle "Jack" sent some experts in to search for survivors in 1980. This was also a well kept secret that few knew about.

Next, according to the law, we must allow *everyone* the use of UPS delivery system which includes the average person on the street. They set up very limited time spans like 2:30 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. or

something like that for the public to bring packages to the center. The reason for these goofy hours were to abide by the law and discourage the "lugger" as they were called from coming in *too many, too often.*

I thought this to be a stupid move when you consider that the customer (lugger) brings the package to the center, often placing the package on the belt or into the sort area, so UPS had little or no labor cost involved!

I ask Gary Glasgow, who was my center manager back then, why we were trying to discourage so much business with little or no overhead?

Glasgow revealed that: "luggers are a *high risk* factor because the average person doesn't know how to package an item properly. They wrap them with string that gets tangled in the system, their addresses are bad or illegible and damage claims are too high."

Well the boys got the job done. They turned away so many people that one day one of them started Mail Box Inc. They have the kind of hours that serve everyone. They help you pack *or* address the package properly, all for a fee! Some for as much as three bucks a package or more plus shipping!

The money makers at UPS all said: "'let them have the lugger business we're glad to get rid of it!"

Years later, there are 28,000 commercial counters like Mail Box who UPS sheepishly admits accounts for a *hefty* percentage of UPS next day air volume and 60 million ground packages.

That must be why those brilliant business minds at UPS have spent over 11 million dollars buying the business back in the form of Mail Box stock which only gave them 17.1 percent of a business they once had entirely.

Speaking of *giving* the business away! I remem-

ber once when Al Spooner of customer service told me that the company was in a stagnant mode, that they (UPS) needed to cut costs by dropping *small* shippers who were not using our service on a regular basis.

Big Al knocked off three or four pick-ups on every route in the district. The pick-ups he canceled on my route were like F. W. Woolworth who I delivered to every day and who was always ready with their pick-ups when I delivered! So even if they don't ship, there is no cost to serve this shipper.

But, Al had his orders and he carried them out. Less than a month later, the guys from customer service announce the "silver dollar shippers contest" to spark the drivers to sign up *new* customers for which they would receive five silver dollars for each shipper who signs on. Hell, everybody just went back through their routes and resigned all the shippers Al canceled.

Now UPS says they are again seeking the small shipper to increase their volume. It was the *little shipper* who's business built UPS to what they are today. How nice of UPS to think of them again!

Meanwhile, the good people at Osha are not impressed with UPS and their lack of proper handling of hazardous material. A UPS driver in Nassau County, N.Y. suffered severe burns of hands and face when a box containing a carcinogen methlene chloride broke open and spilled.

UPS faces fines of $625,000 for this incident and failure to properly instruct employees to respond to a hazardous materials emergency. They were also fined $1,440 for repeated unsafe work violations at the New Stanton Center.

I don't know how UPS handled hazardous labels at your center, but ours at the Williamsport center

was unique! We were paid to come in early to take the test, Osha or Penn-Dot either one, and to make sure everyone aced the test we were given the answers also! That way it wouldn't take very long and we could all get in our trucks and go make money for the company.

But not to worry, UPS with all their electronic wizardry, is working as we speak to educate their people with (CBT) computer based training. It's a cute little electronic trivia game. The operator must rescue a little man from a dark hole filled with hazardous waste. Each correct answer aids in escape. Each wrong answer gives the man a wound that requires a bandage. If the little man is so badly wounded that he remains trapped, the operator is sent to the nearest supervisors basic training school. If the little man climbs out without a scratch, you get a ten hour dispatch and your ass chewed for having all the answers right while doing everything wrong!

As you know, when UPS began to build their airline, they went after the best pilots in the industry. Translation: they stole them from other airlines! Since they are UPS employees, now they come under a Teamster contract like the rest of us and as such, the Teamsters could pretty much keep the lid on their wages. Well boys, better go to plan B, because the pilots waited until they built a good size airline, then they dropped out of Teamster control and formed the Pilots Association — canceling all prior contracts! The lack of wage control places their pilots in the drivers seat and the sky is the limit!

Here's one of my favorites, the UPS employee opinion surveys which began in 1983. The survey was conducted by an independent company that actually thought UPS wanted a real survey with truth-

ful numbers.

Well needless to say, UPS management got their bubble burst! The bottom line was 85 percent of their people said in essence that UPS sucks as a place to work!

Well UPS just wasn't going to accept those numbers so they conducted their own survey and that one came out much better. In fact it was so good, that in 1989 they fixed another one by talking to more people, 2,500 to be exact, a 50 percent increase in the number surveyed. Which UPS thought would increase their odds! Wrong!!

You'll be happy to know that: "no matter what *you* say, most employees are happy at UPS." Then I lost my lunch as they went so far as to break it down in *happy* categories.

Maybe "Oz" should get off his corporate ass, jump into a set of browns and go *unannounced* to the nearest center for some real feedback! "You do know Oz, where the nearest center is *don't you*?"

How many of you heard about driver Tom Swartz of Mountain View, Colorado back in June of 1988?

Tom walked unknowingly into an armed robbery and hostage situation at a store on his route. Well ole Tom was having none of that. When the robbers fled, he jumped in old brown and lit out after the bad guys. But he didn't expect to meet them coming straight at him in a narrow alley! Tom responded by putting the pedal to the metal. When the dust all cleared, the car was incapacitated and two of the three suspects were captured! Tom was a hero to just about everyone except UPS.

When Tom's supervisor Jack Taujillo arrived on the scene, the hero received the usual verbal abuse: "endangering an UPS vehicle, loss of valuable delivery time and pick-up time and all the rest of that

corporate oratory we've all heard so many times before!"

The media jumps on this story and carries it coast to coast! Lucky for Tom, otherwise he'd be panning for gold or what ever they do in Mountain View!!

Of course UPS gets hammered by the media and rightfully so, it ends up with Tom Swartz receiving a public service award from Congressman Dan Schaefer and much praise from UPS via C.E.O. Jack Rogers in Greenwich (the Duck Pond).

Jack says the media got it all wrong. Tom's supervisor's only concern was for his drivers' safety. If you believe that, you're already in management aren't you?

He goes on about the power of the press and how they don't play fair! In conclusion Jack reportedly said: "because of the story, we continue to answer letters and phone calls from UPS customers and the public expressing outrage and dismay that an excellent civic minded employee would be censured for acting heroically to stop a robbery." Verbatim from the "*Big Idea*" September 1988.

Then there's the Houston hub worker, Gerry D. Dickens, who UPS charged with allegedly stealing jewelry while employed as a sorter.

A jury found him not guilty in 1986. He filed a civil suit against UPS for false arrest, malicious prosecution and outrageous behavior. The jury awarded Mr. Dickens 6.4 million dollars.

His attorneys, Michael Pohl and Ted Powell claimed UPS had until November 5, 1990 to either appeal or pay the judgment. They said UPS had done neither, so they got a writ to attach the carrier's assets. Armed with a writ to seize the carriers property, Harris County deputies and 14 tow

trucks rolled on UPS's Houston hub one hour before dawn November 5 and confiscated 25 vehicles.

The siege at Houston lasted two-and-a-half hours and the tractors and package cars were taken to an undisclosed warehouse.

Bob Kenney spokesman for UPS out of the "Duck Pond" of course cried *foul*, claiming that UPS had filed a timely appeal and bond to cover the judgment on November 2, 1990.

The legal eagles at UPS then filed a motion to have their equipment returned. Their motion was denied and the fleet was held for payment.

Again, Kenney said UPS intends to post a 1.5 million dollar bond to get their units back on the road again. Maybe they can borrow some money from *Willie Nelson!*

Isn't it nice to know that every once in a while David or in this case "Gerry" kicks Goliath right in the family jewels!

When UPS finally got in the air package business in 1982, it was like in name only. They have nothing of their own. Most equipment is rented, leased or borrowed. Worse then this, they are lost in a corporate jungle they have no knowledge of! For survival reasons, UPS tucks its tail between its legs and imprints everything Federal Express does — or tries to! So much so, that they try television advertising to see if it will work the same magic for them as it did for Fred W. Smith.

Back in 1974 Fred found himself up to his ears in red tape, crippling federal regulations and dwindling operational funds so he pumps his last $150,000 into a blockbuster television ad called "a whole new airline for packages only." It aired in six markets and jump started Fred's Feds from 3,000 packages per night to 10,000 per night!

Of course UPS tries the same thing and of all the costly times, *Super Bowl Sunday!* They should have saved their money. If there was a message anywhere in their TV commercial, I didn't see it or hear it and neither did anyone else. I made it a point to ask people if they saw it. Most didn't or didn't remember. Those who did, said it was something to do with UPS at an airport or something!! Hell, nobody got it! Are *dumb commercials* tax deductible for multi-billion dollar corporations?

From the world of high-tech communications, UPS has announced the purchase of $150 million worth of equipment and cellular service. Of course the system only transmits digital data because voice service will *slow* the *driver* down!

All the guys in rural area like Pennsylvania, New York, most of New England and everything west and north of the Mississippi are going to be thrilled with this helpful hint, since cellulars don't work very well too far from the tower!

Here's one for you. A television news woman in Waco, Texas reported that some of the boxes UPS delivered to David Karesh at his stronghold there, were found to contain ammo and hand grenades! Who was the shipper? Fidel Castro?

Finally the *worst blunder* of all: the daily production standard. It is the *root* of all UPS *evil!* Another broken "Casey" commandment and the major source of hatred between management and the hourly people who delivered an estimated 16.5 billion dollars to the corporate cause in 1992! How's that for a bunch of slackers!

It is designed by people who can't do it themselves and confirmed by computers that lack proper data to arrive at a fair solution!

Placing stockholders in charge of hourly people

with the expressed thought that service is first — is like turning a tiger loose in a meat plant. He'll devour everything in sight, puke half of it up then sleep for the rest of the day! Managers and supervisors are the same way! They preach service but it comes out stocks, dividends and bonus checks. Nothing else matters and to those who say different, I say "bull shit!!"

Bill Crain was a tiger, but one day he forgot to unload a 40 foot drop bottom trailer with 100% load during the Christmas rush. This had to be the service failure of all time! (Except at the hubs it happens more than anyone knows!)

I thought Jack Rogers C.E.O. would fly up here and personally shoot Bill in front of the men with out a blindfold but he didn't! Can you say *retire*?

UPS can save a lot of money on surveys if they would just put them where the sun doesn't shine. Face the reality that packages first and people last are the trues about UPS.

But more than this is the humiliation of a back breaking, head aching, sweat pouring day on the street — only to be greeted by a goon in an air condition office who wants to know "what took so long?" Add to that, the UPS corporate denial that such things happen.

Here are some quotes and statements gathered from the *Big Idea* and other sources:

> A training manager with 17 years at UPS made this comment: "The management style at UPS has changed. The mystique of the organization has not! The mystique is the belief that everyone who makes it at UPS must give 100% effort. The management style and *method* for *motivating* employees is *different*

now. We use *people policies*, based on *integrity* and *fairness not force*. At times we *used* to *inject brown blood with a two by four*, now we do through *osmosis*. I personally try to *understand every individual* I supervise and know what makes that person tick!"

Of course he was talking to a non UPS person at the time, otherwise he would have gotten their lunch all over his Brooks Bros. suit.

By the way, please don't read this chapter if you have a weak stomach or while eating anything!

Here's Jerry Zollenberg's version of "measuring up". Jerry is National I.E. spokesman and he says: "the time allowances for each job group at UPS are based on what the *average person* can do, if he or she follows the methods. If the prescribed methods are used correctly, and if the employee uses *reasonable effort*, he or she will have *no problem* in *attaining* the *standards* for quality service." You'll have to forgive Jerry he hasn't been well lately!

"To assure," Jerry goes on, "that the use of time allowances *remain fair* — UPS training schools emphasize to managers and supervisors that they should regard a "*scratch*" performance by their people as *good* and *not ask for more* than that!"

Hey, is this our kind of guy or what?

Last but not least, Jerry shows us that the brown blood surges through his veins with a vengeance when he points out that: "employees can, and do, ask for a reappraisal if they feel the time study expectations are unrealistic. In a time study, we are analyzing delivery area conditions, *not timing* a driver's *performance*."

"*Time studies* are not set in *stone*," Jerry quoted just before the drivers broke out of their cells,

stormed the wall and took him hostage!

The so called mystique at UPS is a false image projected by high ranking UPS managers to the media. Translated it means: if you "can't do it," go into management, then you won't have to!

Especially when they say pouring down rain, snow, freezing rain, temperatures over 90 or under zero are only a challenge and not an excuse for a poor performance!

Which reminds me of my last *fair* time study because it was just before I was fired, again! After numerous complaints from me and missed pick-ups and deliveries on a daily basis, center manger, Jack Gross finally called in I.E. for a study.

On the day of the study, my truck looks like it was parked outside most of the night. I can't believe my eyes there is next to nothing on the floor, but the shelves are full. It's July but it's the heaviest one in my 25 years. Then all of a sudden, I'm looking at an eight hour dispatch. To make a long story short, we're back in the center and off the clock in just over eight hours. No misses, no misloads and almost nothing for the university for the first time ever! The next day I.E. went back to Harrisburg, I went back to my real route with missed pick-ups and deliveries while I.E. knocked another 45 minutes off my standard. "How'd they do that?"

Speaking of management's motivation, it's easy to understand where theirs comes from. I mean besides the brown blood transfusion and the weeks of brainwashing, there's a thing called the UPS management incentive plan and stock option plans.

It goes something like this. Usually in November of each year S.S. are called to headquarters, wherever that may be, to receive their stock options. Managers and above receive two points for each

monthly salary dollar toward stock shares and supervisors receive one point toward shares, not to exceed 15% of the corporate profits. Plus the cash to pay the tax on what ever amount of stock they do get!

Furthermore, if they let the stock "ride" they are given a reward not to exceed two-and-a-half percent of their current stock or one month pay. Whichever is less. They can also purchase additional stock, all of which pays dividends of 2.6% annually unless it's a bad year like '89! Also, there's the after Christmas bonus if it's been a good year. And that boys and girls is why you get your ass kicked half way to Kansas and back — all day, every day!

Isn't it strange that when the media tells the truth about UPS it's bad press, as in the case of hero Tom Swartz! But, when a magazine like *Fortune* does an article on them such as "The Service Edge" by Ron Zemke and Dick Schaaf — it's the "Gospel Truth"! It's clear they (the writers) never spent a day on the street and certainly didn't know anyone who works for UPS.

This one question of theirs hit me like a 12 hour dispatch! "What makes UPS *stand out* is its ability to attract, develop and keep talented people?"

First, an hourly wage that would lure any young person to sign on if it meant driving through "Nam's iron triangle" during the late sixties. As for keeping them, we could fill the entire state of Rhode Island with thousands of good employees who were hired full-time, worked for 29 days then fired or laid them off, so UPS didn't have to place them on the seniority list as permanent employees with all the fringes and wage increases that go with it! Or maybe they just got tired of being a full-time, part-timer like "cover drivers" who fill in for regular drivers for years at about half pay for the same job! But then

that's one way to try and catch up to Federal Express or so they think! For example, a picture taken of the Williamsport center shows a crew of 23, only five are still there!

As for talent, no company anywhere in the world has a gathering of so many talented, dependable, hard working people. *All* 260,000 of them! Not even the Japs can out work these people! Question is: why do they treat them so badly?

If you don't work at UPS or know someone who does (unless they are in management) you may find a lot of this hard to believe. The truth is as I write someone at UPS is being fired, coerced into resigning or suspended!

Suppose you owned UPS and even though you and your corporation cleared 700 million dollars after taxes with assets worth 8.85 billion dollars according to the Teamsters Union for 1991, then someone plants the seed in your brain: look how much more we could keep if we can somehow lower everyone's wages, but not ours of course!

Now the wheels are turning. First whenever the opportunity arises, you must get rid of your senior hourly people. The most favored charge of all is *stealing time* because it covers a multitude of sins.

But most likely, they will scare the person into resigning. That's the new trend. It's safe because it holds up in Reading at the hearing. But if you can prove coercion, most court cases are won. However, few try because they say no one can beat UPS at their own game!

So at one end, guys like Gary Glasgow and Chet Trout fire people for a living, sometimes three and four at a time as they did at the small Williamsport center a few months ago.

Meanwhile, those hired are all young, healthy,

energetic and full-time, part-time drivers!

Then there's HR3221, a Congressional bill when passed will open the gates to part-time heaven for UPS and the rest of the overnight package business. Which is according to the 102nd Congress second session, a Bill which pre-empts state laws relating to regulation of rates for surface transportation of property services provided by certain motor and air carriers. Short title: Intermodel Carrier Competitiveness Act of 1991.

In essence, what it says is that the supporters of this Bill want to remove these carriers from state controls and place them under federal control and regulations.

Why? They say that state economic regulations of the express package industry costs the U.S. economy an estimate six to eight million dollars annually. It doesn't say how?

So here we are again, back to what makes the world go around — *money!*

The Teamsters Union says HR3221 will hurt everyone including the union. Furthermore, the union says that under federal regulations UPS, Federal Express and the others can legally do *anything* they deem necessary to increase profits. This means cutting or eliminating health and welfare, retirement plans and worse than all that, they have a free hand to do all at once! What they have been trying to do for years! Phase two of the "Master Plan" switch the troops to full-time, part-time drivers!

UPS says they need this Bill to compete with Federal Express but when the Bill is passed, it gives Fred's Feds the same breaks, so doesn't that take them back to where they were before?

Back in March of 1990, "Oz" Nelson stated that: "our presence has to become even stronger politically

— both at the *federal* and *state* levels. Politicians must understand the *value* of our service to the country in general and *support* fair *competition* — *Big Idea.*

In the same article "Oz" relates the pressure UPS is under to cut rates to meet their competitors rates and how UPS has to find more ways to cut costs in operating.

If HR3221 is the "cure all" to increase the already large profits at UPS, what's next — mandatory 14 hour days at straight time pay — Saturdays and Sundays included? Followed by labor camps and child labor? I have no idea what these people really want. I do know that they (UPS) will throw everything they have into achieving their goals!

You can bet there are a few lobbyist on the UPS payroll working on congress men and women to support HR3221 and it's nice to own several Hyatt Hotels especially the Hyatt Dulles and Fair Lakes in the Washington, D.C. area just in case they want to wine and dine *someone!* When Oz said they were becoming politically involved, he was serious!

I'm told as of May 3, 1993 (by Congressman McDade's office) the Bill is dead! But UPS and Federal Express along with the rest of the air package industry have gathered under a flag of truce to get this Bill passed. We're talking power and wealth that will surely resurrect HR3221 some time soon! Just knowing UPS tried to do it is enough to show everyone the empire's dark side. So for now, the Bill falls just a few votes shy of passage, but a lot closer than most of you know. You have not heard the last of HR3221!

Remember these are the same guys who spent 400 million bucks to quiet their aircraft engines — so the public would think they were a *nice corporation!*

Speaking of profits: here is a list of some of the other businesses that UPS has acquired quietly over the years and these are just the ones I know about.

As for hotels there are more Hyatts across the country and at least two Marriott Hotels all of which are in metro areas.

They have a 22 story office building in Wilmington, Del. that is home to Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company.

Their (IDG) Industrial Development Group is studying 17 possible sites for low risk investment on or near UPS facilities. Luring shippers to lease a UPS building with the advantage of being near a UPS operation.

IDG is also developing three buildings in Bolingbrook, Ill. in a joint venture with Trammel Crow Co. that is not on UPS land and all space will be up for commercial lease.

UPS Air Cargo which they say will fly a rock group or an engine anywhere, anytime is doing well.

They also have *Unistar* in a joint venture with Yamato Transportation, which is a freight forwarding company like air cargo but more flexible. You'll have to figure it out for yourself.

UPS truck leasing is operating in at least 27 states with a combined fleet of over 4,000 units.

Red Arrow *Messenger* Service, a L.A. based computer assisted messenger service, they (UPS) says is without equal!

The next two companies — Fechheimer and Herman Marketing to the best of my knowledge, UPS does not own but they make a few bucks with a piece of the action!

Now, Fechheimer will *sell* you insulated boots and underwear and anything else between the bottom of your feet to the top of your head. The key

word being *sell* since UPS provides their drivers with a uniform free of charge, such as it is! The more they can entice you to buy, the less it will cost them to keep the drivers supplied at their cost. While, as I said, making a buck or two.

As for the Herman Company, they sell everything from key rings to luggage all with the UPS logo. Guess what? The Herman Co. says they can't keep up with the orders!

Martrac has 1,521 temperature controlled trailers that haul produce east and packages west. They are an associate but independent company, using the railroads to make coast to coast connections. Here's an interesting note: the produce drivers are non-union independents.

Now from the world of high-tech comes *Roadnet* Technologies which UPS describes as a computerized mapping and vehicle routing company. It was reportedly only four days from bankruptcy when UPS reached out and grabbed them, although they were considered a *leader* in that business!

II Morrow, pronounced Tomorrow, is my favorite. They were purchased in 1986 for 15.3 million dollars bringing with them 167 people who UPS says can design any type of electronic device such as electronic *truck surveillance!* As I said before, now they can sit in the comfort of an air conditioned bunker push a button and find out where you are, how long you've been there and follow you until you punch out. Just another giant step forward for the company that cares!

The rest of this is what some call "speculation" actually it's pure conjecture on my part. Based on my knowledge of UPS and what they might do if no one is looking.

Years ago Gary Glasgow informed me that UPS

had purchased the conveyor belt company that manufactured all the belts for UPS. He said the company was in financial trouble and UPS was forced to buy them out because they were the only company that made the kind of belts UPS used on a daily basis. I do know that when ever the belt needed repaired, a serviceman driving a brown UPS Econoline came from down the road to make the repairs.

Glasgow also said that when the east coast opened up from Maine to Florida, UPS bought a train to move trailers piggy back up and down the eastern seaboard. But I never saw anything in writing!

Looking back, Glasgow told me a lot of things because as (car washer) then (porter) I was the only person in the building besides the mechanic.

In the early days (1965-66) we often leased a van or two and always from Avis, who they said cut us a break because we would lease for months at a time and maintain the van at our expense as well.

One day Glasgow handed me a plastic card from Avis Inc. with a big discount for all *UPS* employees who rent a car from Avis. I asked him why us? He replied because we gave them so much business that UPS decided to buy them out, so now we own them and ourself!

Well I'd forgotten about Avis until late in the 80's when the state of Pennsylvania fined them. Avis which by then are world-wide is forced into the limelight with a $120,000 fine from the state of Pennsylvania for deceptive advertising. Then the Feds got them for $100,000 for selling insurance without a license. Their logo "we own the company so we're trying harder" seems to say it all!

In 1992, out of curiosity, I call Avis Inc. to see if they still offer UPS employees a big discount. I'm

surprised to hear that they do. They offer to rent me a mid size car for seven days with unlimited mileage for $177.00 with a UPS discount and $219.00 without it!!

First of all, I never rented a car in my life nor has any other UPS people I've talked to, so it's not like they're a great potential for millions in business annually. Even the management team used their own cars for travel and were paid mileage in return.

Also, the fact that neither Hertz nor any other rental agencies offered *discounts* to UPS employees. As a matter of fact, the same deal, mid size car and all is $290.00 for a week with number one! That's too much of a spread and I checked the price at both places twice. They stand as written!

There is no way to know how many businesses UPS owns and I'm not saying they own this one, but follow me on this one even though it bounces around like a cork in a hurricane!

If you have worked for UPS for any period of time, you have more than likely noticed that they don't deal with a middle man. They eliminate all obstacles between them and their objective.

For instance, they are in the process of switching all their package cars to *natural gas*. Why? Because the U.S.A. has more natural gas than anyone, if there's another oil crisis UPS won't be in it!

They're working with electronically controlled fuel injection diesels on a number of feeders with great success.

Again, the goal is to stay on the road while everyone else is sidelined, that's why if they can't control it they buy it to make sure it's not a problem down the road.

With that thought in mind, I began to run a check on two things that are essential no matter

what — tractors and trailers. Everyone knows they use mostly Mack trucks and a percentage of Volvos, although we don't see that many Volvos in the central Pa. district. The spread is 70% Mack and 30% Volvos.

First I check out the only trailer sales company in the area. I'm surprised to notice that at the bottom of their sign it reads: Avis Truck, Sales Division.

I call this business to ask some routine writers questions and the lady *refused* to answer any questions and slams the phone in my ear when I tell her I'm doing an article on UPS! Well *now* I really am curious, so I check around and I discover that the man who owns the trailer sales place also owns a small but prosperous trucking firm that leases *Mack Trucks!* Mostly to himself but to others also. His business began in Avis, Pa. a small town in mid state, so this *they* say is where the *Avis* came from on the sign. Then I remember from delivering in that area, yes this is true!

Normally I would have bought that completely except for the lady hanging up on me when I mentioned UPS! Next, I call the 800 number for Avis Rentals which Glasgow said UPS owns. A lady answers and I tell her that I want to rent a truck and where would I have to go to do that. She asked where I lived and I told her. She punched in some numbers on her computer and said the nearest place was Harrisburg, Pa. That's when I told her about Avis Truck Sales near Williamsport, to which she replied: "oh yes, that's our truck sales division and there's another in Muncy, Pa."

Well now I was totally confused! How about you? Stay with me because it gets worse! A few weeks go by and I call Avis again, just to make sure that I'd

heard right the first time. Sure enough, same answer to the same question!

So, I go down to Muncy to check out the *other* Avis Truck Sales Division. Guess what? The same sign stands in front of the trucking company the guy started in Avis, Pa. — the one I just told you about.

I call Avis Inc. in upstate New York and ask for customer service. A nice lady tells me she never heard of either of these facilities I just mentioned and has no idea why anyone at their 800 number would give out that kind of information. Which I thought strange since she was in the same building where the 800 operator answered from!

She informs me that Avis Inc. is privately owned by an investors group and that she would get the name of that group and a company history and mail it to me in a day or two. Which is good because UPS uses a few investment groups to represent them from time to time. Like Moodys and Standard & Poors. Of course the company history never arrived.

A month later I call Avis Inc. customer service and another nice lady answers. She says she had all the information for me right there on her desk but it's been misplaced! But, she would see that I received the information as soon as possible.

Now, I know this lady is not going to tell me anything if in fact there is anything to tell. I recognized her voice as the same lady from the 800 number, so I decide to ask her a question she *shouldn't* know the answer to hoping to prod an answer: "I know you never heard of HR3221."

To which she quickly replied: "Oh yes I do."

I ask her why she would know about a Bill that has nothing to do with her business or does it?

Her reply was: "I can't talk anymore," and hung up!

To make sure I couldn't pump information from anyone else, they removed the Avis Truck Sales Div. information from their 800 number computer! Also, they notified Avis Rental at the airport not to give any company information over the phone. When I called the airport they were waiting with rehearsed answers as though they already knew the questions!

Well that's where the road ended. I never had the time or the money to take it any farther. It smells funny to me, how about you? I'm beginning to think I've penetrated the C.I.A. and national security is in danger!

The interesting concept here is if it were true that they own Avis Inc. and therefore the Trailer Sales Co. and the Trucking Co. as well, it's not illegal nor unethical! But it is smart! It means they buy trailers wholesale, sell them to themselves retail (as well as their competitors) and repair and inspect their own trailers making money both ways.

So I hang up and call the 800 operator at Avis Inc. again, to see if anything has changed since my last call. It sure did! When I ask the same question about Avis Truck Sales Div., I was put on hold and switched to another lady who informed me:

"Yes, we used to own that business but now we don't!" Then she hung up!

Mack Trucks Inc. is the biggest mystery of all. In the scheme of things, Mack trucks manufacture the perfect class A tractor (feeder in UPS jargon) for all their needs at the right price.

The fact that UPS needs feeders and not having some control like stock or owning all the land the Mack plant sits on — something solid — just didn't sound right for a company that is famous for covering all the bases and filling the bleachers too!

So I checked around as best I could, mostly talk-

ing to feeder drivers who ran the Bethlehem-Allentown run. One driver said UPS had their own office in the Mack plant, another said there was a special assembly line for UPS tractors which did not carry the Mack name anywhere on the outside of the cab.

I search a little deeper and I find that Renault Vehicles Industries held 44% and Institutions held 43% with shareholders owning 7.7% shares of common stock with warrants to purchase 5,034,160 common shares at $14.71 each (held by Renault Vehicles Ind.).

The 43% of stock held by institutions could be foundations like the three UPS has, so I called Mack Trucks Inc. in Allentown, Pa. to request their 10-K which I'm told should reveal the name of the foundations involved if there were any.

Their customer service people told me they were no-longer publicly traded since they were bought out by a European acquisition company in October of 1990, known only as I.T.M. which of course, means they are now privately owned just like UPS.

Like most people, I know nothing about stocks, bonds, Wall Street, or acquisitions, takeovers, etc. so I sort it out as best I can. Turns out everyone wants Mack truck stock. Renault wanted Mack — Mack wanted Renault. The shareholders liked it the way it was and Navistar (International Corporation) wanted Mack and a Czech Auto firm Skoda wanted Renault. What a mess!!! I couldn't figure it out, nor did I have to. When the bidding stopped and the smoke all cleared, I.T.M. Acquisitions (address unknown) bought the whole shooting match, every last bolt and nut!

As for me, I have no idea who owns Mack Truck at this point in time. What with warrants and acquisitions, buy outs and takeovers who knows?

I leave you with this thought. How many times have you seen the letters I.T.M. in reference to a large business of any kind, let alone a foreign acquisitions corporation.

Well, I only saw it once before in my lifetime!

UPS mentions a bankrupt company in the Detroit area as a victim of hard times in the auto industry. (Big Idea) The firm's name is Inland Tool and Manufacturing Company (I.T.M.).

I'm told it is not unheard of for a large corporation to buy such a bankrupt business, take the loss for a tax break and use the name as they please!

I know it is a long shot by a blind man, but, what if??? Again, not unlawful but somehow most of the pieces of the puzzle fit. Don't they?

Here's one you'll like. UPS has purchased a 212 acre site next to the Philadelphia Airport. Can you imagine what that chunk of land will be worth down the road?

Speaking of roads, the one that leads to this new UPS sort center passes through a swamp that is axle deep in history and folklore but UPS spokesman Irving Gerber disliked the name: number *One Hog Island Road.* He saw it as: "unfit for the "really neat, efficient image" UPS has of itself!"

Turns out *Hog Island Road* has been the name since the 1700's and Commissioner Adam German Jr. says it stays. Seconded by Ann Martin who said: "It's part of our history."

Besides, it's a little late for the high command to worry about a tarnished image! Hog Island Road! It works for me! ■

HARASSMENT AND STRESS

If you want state of the art information on harassment, contact UPS. They are experts in the field. Their supervisors are well trained in fields of interrogation, lying and spying and of course the planting of evidence.

One of my center managers, Bill Crain S.S. (which of course means stockholder, supervisor) best represents the resident scumbags who graduate with honor from the UPS school of anti-employee tactics.

Crain used to say things like: "every driver is doing something wrong every day, we can get something on you — on anyone — it's just a matter of time!" In fact, he said you don't have to do anything wrong! We can just say you did something. He sums it up with this phrase: "we can fire you for anything or nothing, and there's nothing anyone can do about it!" Even if it means reinstating you with full back pay, the power and reality of a firing *scares* everyone into running right through their lunch hour so they're not the next one fired.

Crain was by no means one of a kind. He just did everything so much better then the others. You'll hear more about "Bad Billy" and other members of the UPS goon squad. They caused pain and suffering to a lot of people. For what, to increase their pay, their stock and bonus checks? Is that what we're talking about here, "money"? To want money so badly as to push employees into drug and alcohol abuse! To push them so hard that UPS now has a 58 percent turnover among employees when once there was none! Something's wrong!!!

Crain said in essence that the number one

weapon in the UPS arsenal is a *firing!* No one knows better then me, how true those words are. They fired me three times in two years! He said the grass roots reality of a firing is beneficial in shaping up the rest of the center as well.

Once I had $10.00 left over from my C.O.D. turn-in money. I couldn't find the mistake that produced the overage, so I told Crain (the resident paranoid) about it. He acted like it was no big thing and said he'd look into it.

Well, the next morning the center is swarming with S.S., Iron Herman Moyer and all the guys from loss prevention were here on a secret mission. The mission: find out why Kane has $10.00 left over from his C.O.D.'s. They audit every C.O.D. turn-in, both cash and check for the last ten years. Billy Boy thinks he's got himself an embezzler. He was licking his chops and drooling all over his food stained tie. This was big time, it could mean both the Iron Cross and the Blue Max if he's right!

Turns out he's wrong. "Berlin" (Harrisburg) ailed to send the paperwork on an on call pick-up which I made, collected for and turned in. Overage was because I'd forgotten the extra pick-up and there was no company copy to remind me until a few days later when the copy showed up clearing me of all charges. But Billy Boy had just spent thousands of dollars on a "snipe hunt" that made the commandant unhappy and got Bad Billy an all expense paid trip to "Berlin".

Fortunately, Crain outlived his usefulness to UPS and was fired a few years ago. What's that quote? "He who lives by the sword, dies by it." Now that's what I call "poetic justice."

UPS drivers have been held hostage by high wages and benefits no man can walk away from but

after years of Gestapo like tactics the rank and file have said: "enough is enough." At the stroke of midnight on the 31st of July, the Teamsters Union will free the slaves! Hopefully this will make Atlanta see what they already should know — the management team needs purged!

This is a message to those fools who rule with an iron fist. It's a fool's theory, look what it gets you: 48 percent turnover in employees and those who do stay hate UPS clear to the bone.

As for stress, some of you may have seen an example of UPS stress on television on Channel 9, Secaucus, New Jersey.

In January of 1990 I was watching the noon news on Channel 9. The big story by Mike Swartz was that a UPS driver had purposely blocked an ambulance with a dying person on board, from getting to the hospital! Pleas from the paramedics and the patient's friend went unyielded. Mike said the driver was going about his business and could have moved around the corner, but refused to do anything until he was finished with his work.

Mike, standing in the street where this incident reportedly happened, vowed to get to the bottom of this terrible incident. He declared that this was the big story of the day. Furthermore, he'd have UPS officials on the 11:00 p.m. news to explain what happened and why.

I called Mike Scwartz at Channel 9 that same day to get an address or phone number of the driver involved and to explain as best I could the stress the driver was under! Schwartz never called back. I never found out who the guy was

I watched that night, all they did was repeat what I'd already seen on the noon news. There were no UPS people, no big story — only a printed news

release from UPS stating that the driver involved in the incident had *resigned!*

When a driver resigns, it's because the company made him an offer he couldn't refuse! Like — if you don't resign, we will *fire you!* If you do resign, we'll give you a nice letter of recommendation to your next employer!

It was certain that the driver was stressed out, sooner or later he would have done something else. They did the right thing getting him off the street, but to fire the man or coerce him into resignation just so UPS doesn't get mustard on their tie? They should have gotten him professional help!

In this country when the team does badly, we fire the coach not the players like UPS.

As I continued to watch Channel 9, it all fell into place like the parting of the Red Sea. Guess who sponsors the 11:00 p.m. news on Channel 9? You got it, United Parcel Service!!! "Land of the free, home of the brave and amber waves of grain."

Stress at UPS has become a way of life. Something you had to live with if you wanted big pay and benefits.

One morning while the drivers were loading, resident ass kisser Chuck Yohn, badgers Spike Fullmer about his load. Spike was six-foot-four and a peach of a guy but nervous. He was moving even when he was standing still. I never saw him riled, but I'd heard if he was you'd better hope you're on his side!

Yohn had been harassing Spike for days, finally Chuckie went too far. Spike picked him up and fired him about half way down the conveyor belt. Yohn wasn't hurt bad and he never got on Spike's case again!

Harassment is also a way of life at UPS, it is a

finely honed sword that never saw a sheath.

As I said earlier, after the '67 strike in Philadelphia there was this "changing of the palace guards." The new guys in town were bold and cold!

These goons would drive 90 miles in their own car just to spy on our center. They would park in a spot where no one would notice them, then armed with a 35mm camera and a telephoto lens, they would peep over the dashboard and start snapping pictures of everyone. Or they may wait until dark to sneak in the building to see what they could see. They would ask leading questions about the company, off the record of course. Those who answered, found those remarks verbatim in their personal file for reference by the company again and again.

With the spies, the lies and interrogation, the whole center was strung tighter then the bass string on a bow fiddle. We refer to ourselves as "hostages".

There were daily rumors of supers stealing packages from unlocked package cars, then accusing the driver of stealing the package himself just to see him sweat! At UPS the theft of a nickel will get you a permanent discharge!

It's July of 1990 and it's contract time. By this time UPS knows two things: their people hate them and a national strike is possible with world-wide complications! They do their "these are hard times" bit but in spades!

They put off raising their shipping rates until the contract year. This makes a great crutch for the corporate giant to lean on. That way they can also *blame* the drivers for the strike and any increase that follows. They have gone so far as to write every shipper informing them that their overpaid and ungrateful drivers have no reason to strike and they want them to know that UPS has done all it can to

prevent this senseless strike. But, they didn't tell them what their profits were from last year because they don't want anyone to know how much it was. Which incidentally was 295 million dollars after taxes. Not bad for a lean year!

Good old UPS, taking credit for all that's good and blaming the driver for the rest!

Like, "oh dear, see what you've made us do now. Our shippers shall be peeved, thus they shall surely seek another!" Cut me a break will you?

If these guys would work as hard for the drivers as they have against them, no one could beat them. Truth is there are some smart people at UPS, like the ones who figured out that 40,000 employees didn't vote on the last contract. Most of them part-timers or young drivers who didn't care one way or the other, except for this time every vote counts. The 1987 union rule states that only 51 percent instead of a two thirds *no vote* gets a strike.

UPS supervisors are sent to each center seeking those lost voters. They seek out the young home owner preferably with kids or one on the way and take both the part-timers and full-timers to a nice restaurant for the breakfast of their choice. On *company time* (like getting paid to eat), they chit-chat through most of the meal (about UPS of course). Then they are told if they don't vote yes on the contract, they are among the 33 percent casualty rate everyone is talking about. You *are* the 33 out of every 100 employees that won't be back if there is a strike. Now, how many of those kids kept their breakfast down that morning?

Wait, there's a dinner club too! Again each person selected for a reason. Usually no more than six or seven, (in case of a riot). These guys (they hope) could persuade others to vote for the contract or

perhaps be persuaded themselves. Hey, a nice meal, some cold beer, hell I'd even go!

Remember they are experts at scare campaigns, but something doesn't ring true. Why would a company spend all that money begging off a strike? Then offering the men less money then they did in Philly 23 years ago which ended in a strike that lasted over three years.

Believe me, something isn't right here. I've studied these guys for 26 years. If I didn't know better, I'd say UPS wants a strike. Think of it, what if they wanted to break the Teamsters Union? What better way then to force a strike the union can't afford! If they broke the union they could lower their wages to equal what Fed X is paying and recover their losses in no time! Sounds off the wall? It's what these guys are best at. The fruits of their labor are thousands who hate them and a real good chance for a crippling strike!

Here then, are a few of the victims of UPS harassment and stress. Those *gallant* enough to *tell their story!* ■

DRIVER MIKE MITSTIFER

Mike had a nice job with the S.P.C.A.. He lived rent free in a new home owned by the Society. All seemed well in Michaelsville until one weekend he got a surge of high voltage through the power lines into his house, blowing out every appliance he had. Mike went round and round with the power company. Finally they came to check the transformer that fed a large factory complex and Mike's house. It seems on weekends the power for the factory was diverted into Mike's house. The power company changed the transformer but denied any responsibility for his appliances!

The next blast came awhile later. Mike's boss and founder of that chapter of the S.P.C.A. retired. She was replaced by another women who Mike got along with as well as a bar room cat and a cornered rat.

It's 1972, welcome to Stalag 70 "you vil do as you are told, undt you vil like it!"

Mike became the company whipping boy. Mainly because for most of his UPS life he had a route that was not only close to the center but his whereabouts were predictable at all times. The route is long but narrow, with a cut off time of 2:30 in order for him to make fifty pick-ups before 5:00 p.m. This meant that everytime Berlin came up with a new harassment technique, the Bund squad would jump in their cars and race down to Third St. to test in on Mike!

Well, old Michael (like others) got tired of getting his ass kicked. He was fired or suspended so many times that he can't remember them all. Once he was suspended in "prime time" which is October, November, and December — or the Christmas rush — as they call it. Mike doesn't remember what the charge

was, only that they suspended the suspension until after Xmas because they didn't have enough men to replace him!

It was at this point in time that Mike began keeping a daily journal.

One incident he recalled rather quickly involved supers Keith and Tim. As Mike drove north to a mountain town called Bloss, he noticed a familiar sedan following him at a distance. He knew at a glance it was the super snoopers whose superb covert activities ranked right up there with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello.

Mike's first stop was just inside the city limits, as he approached the address on the package he saw the man sweeping his sidewalk. He pulled up to the curb side, opened the bulkhead, grabbed the package and sheeted it. By this time, the customer was only a step or two away from the truck. Mike stepped out onto the sidewalk, greeted the man, got his signature and was about to leave, when super Keith raced up to him mumbling something about leaving the bulkhead door open while making a delivery.

Mike angrily replied: "what the hell are you talking about, I'm only two feet from my truck, who's going to take anything with me this close?"

"We'll see you back in the center," the goon replied.

It was clear, the bulkhead doors were the new harassment issue! Later that evening, the S.S. waited for Mike to finish checking in so they could escort him "upstairs" to the interrogation room. Mike was outnumbered, they had the center manager, the district manager and super Tim all in an eight-by-eight-and-a half foot room minus space for two large desks. Standing room only! There were no bright lights but if you were claustrophobic, you'd admit to anything.

Mike's only defense was union steward Jay who did what he did best, puffed on his pipe while the hounds ripped the flesh off of Mike's bones!

They took turns ripping on Mike. The district manager cursed him up one side and down the other. He demanded that Mike be fired then he stormed out of the office sucking his thumb! In the meantime, the super suggested that Mike resign, it's better than being fired and we'll give you a clear record and good recommendations to your next employer.

Jay took the pipe out of his mouth long enough to tell Mike "not to sign anything!"

"Don't worry," Mike replied.

"Well if you're thinking about filing a grievance, go ahead. I'll see to it that it takes three months before your hearing comes up in Reading," Keith badgered. "Can you live that long without pay?"

With these words the S.S. crossed into enemy territory. They were unprepared for the lone wolf attack Mike had planned for them. He asked to be excused for a moment as he had something in his locker they might be interested in. Mike returns to the room carrying a little red book that he begins to read from.

"You see, I've been keeping an eye on you guys while you've been keeping an eye on me. When you screw with me that's one thing, but when you screw with my paycheck then your screwing with my family and no one does that!!"

"Now let's see here. Oh, here we are, item number one: it seems a certain super in this room hit a bridge out on the route and had the damage to the truck fixed at his own expense and never reported the accident. This, as we all know, means dismissal without a hearing."

"Item number two: the day a guy in this room

used a UPS (package car) I call them trucks, on a weekend to move someone from point A to point B. I can give you the time, the address and how many trips you made." "Shall I go on" Mike inquired?

The district manager broke the silence by requesting that Mike allow him to view the rest of the book. Mike agreed. He returned the book with his apologies for any misunderstanding between them and that he would take appropriate action against his staff. With the kind of evidence Mike had what else could he do?

Super Keith and Tim were transferred out of the district and later fired or advised to resign. Mike and I can't recall the district manager or the division manager's names because like most rodents every twenty eight days there's a new litter.

Sometime later under Bill Crain's command, Mike entered the hospital for a severe hemorrhoid operation. He had just came out of recovery when he received a phone call from Bill asking him if he was coming back to work this week.

"Yeah," Mike replied "I'll be back in about three months," and slammed the phone down.

In '72 his first year out in the street, Mike pulls up to his first stop of the day with a hundred percent load. He slides open the rear door and reaches to the top of the load for a package with a steel band. He tugs on the band with his finger tip, suddenly the package comes free with Mikes finger caught in the strap as it goes over his head dislocating his right shoulder. Mike calls in for help, he's told to do the best he can and file a report when he gets in that night.

That same year, Mike's in the Bloss area again just after the '72 flood. He's running along black top roads that have deep trenches on each side of them

caused by erosion from the heavy rains. Suddenly the black top breaks off and the right rear wheel drops into the trench, followed by the right front wheel. Mike struggles for control of the P-400 shaking and rocking until the front wheels come back up followed by the back wheels. The momentum throws the truck over on its left wheels as Mike does a "Joey Chitwood" down this country road with the right wheels off the ground!!

Now, here comes a little old lady who thinks she just drove into the twilight zone because here comes a UPS truck at her on two wheels and close enough to read the mileage on her speedometer. Finally it came down on all fours for less than a heart beat. It teetered from side to side for what seemed like an eternity, then it went over on its roof. Mike said he never heard such noise. When the dust cleared and the gravel and packages quit rolling around Mike realized he was upside down! Oil and gas poured into the cab, he grabbed the fire extinguisher and smashed out what was left of the windshield and crawled out on the bank and sat there and looked at it for awhile.

As he sat there, he realized he had better get to a phone and call UPS and report the accident, meanwhile a guy drives up and asks Mike if he's all right. He tells him he's fine but he needs a ride to the nearest phone. The man takes Mike to a phone, waits until he's done then drives him back to the truck. Like I said, it's a rural area and there are still good people who will stop to help any stranger in need.

Mike waits for about an hour, then he sees this motorcade of vehicles come up the road at him. There's a tow truck with another package car, the state police and numerous UPS cars conveying on the scene. There must have been a gathering of the "clan"

at Stalag 70 and they all raced up there to see what happened. Mike said he saw a manhunt once with fewer people!

He remained sitting on the bank and marveled at what unfolded before his very eyes. The tow truck backed the extra truck into position so the damaged one could be unloaded into the other one. Then all the "young lions" formed a bucket brigade and transferred all the packages from the wreck to the other truck in about fifteen minutes: last stop first and first stop last! Among those involved was a district manager who had fired Mike twice!!

When the transfer was complete (ass backwards of course) one of the supers walked over to where Mike was sitting. He handed him the keys to the truck and said "you're about two-and-a-half hours late!!" Until that time, no one had asked him if he was hurt, did he need medical attention or what happened? Nothing, just "you're two-and-a-half hours late!!"

Mike climbed into the little P-400 fired her up and sailed past the motorcade straight to the center where he parked it and went home.

By now the right leg that was jammed up under the dashboard was black and blue from the knee to the thigh. Less than an hour-and-a-half later, here comes Rommel and the sixth Panzer Division, every damn one of them. Up his driveway and into his living room, firing questions at Mike "why this", "why that?"

Mike waited until they all shot their wad then he dropped his pants and showed them a leg that was more black then blue from his knee to his hip. They all turned around and left, not one of them showed any concern for their driver. Only for their truck and their business! This best exemplifies the cold lack of

concern UPS has for their people. It was only the beginning of the new order!

Mike was suspended once for failure to complete all his deliveries. He was running a new rural area up north where he was making almost a hundred stops and driving 210 miles a day. Meanwhile the rest of the drivers in that area are running around 65 to 75 stops a day nearly 25 less stops per day. He's given a warning letter, two days later he returns to the center at 8:30 at night with nine stops left. The vultures were waiting, Mgr. Hopple and union steward Jay. Always a bad sign at UPS when these guys hang around so late!

Again Mike goes to the interrogation room. Mike's contention that the older, more seasoned drivers are running fewer stops, why should he be required to do more work than them? His question falls upon deaf ears. He's given a three day suspension. In 1974 that was the same as a fine of about $150.00. He went there so many times, Mike offered to paint the interrogation room if they would supply the paint and the brushes!

Many years and several suspensions later, Mike attempts to deliver an air-package to a small herb and spice store called "Deep Boots". It's a father and son business and the son who's in his early twenties, we'll just call him "Captain Lightfoot!" As Mike enters the business the boy grabs the package out of his hands, runs to the other side of the room and stands there smirking at Mike as he holds the package behind his back. Mike walks toward him requesting the shipper and tracking numbers from the package. The boy continues to taunt Mike by walking backwards from him! At this point, let's say that Mike is slow to anger. However, once angered you'd do well to put him away quick!! If not, all the gang at the emergency

room will know you by your first name!

Mike says, "come on man, give me the package I need those numbers!"

About that time, "Daddy" who's been sitting across the room, begins to holler and scream, "don't touch him, my God don't you touch him!!"

Now the boy takes this package to a desk, plops it down and sits on it. Mike looks around and suspects this is a set up!

Daddy is still screaming in the background, "don't you touch him, don't you touch him!"

Having had trouble with this kid before, Mike smells something foul and bails out. He goes across the street to C.A. Reed, picks up the phone and calls the center. Super Crain answers: Mike fills him in on the incident, he then tells him "it's your package you handle it," and hangs up.

Mike finished out the day and when he returned to the center that evening he was told that "Daddy" called! He told UPS "your driver was very forceful and demanding, and threatened physical harm to my son."

At this point let me tell you that anyone can call a UPS center and make any kind of accusation about any driver however bizarre, and they will act on this complaint without question. The driver will receive a reprimand, suspension or be fired solely on the say-so of the caller who they do not question! If the caller calls again to say it was all a mistake, the operator taking the call will not pass it on nor will they pass on a message from a caller praising a driver. How's that for a people company?

So anyhow, Mike is warned that if he has trouble there again, so long it's been good to know you!!

Three months go by and there's a bad moon rising, trouble's on the way. "Daddy's boy" has been

digging Mike every day. Mike enters Deep Boots and "Bruce of Bayone" starts to badger Mike again! "Hey there, are you still mad at me, huh, are you still mad at me?"

Mike bites his tongue until it almost bleeds, but says nothing as he's done every day for three long months!! He hands "Daddy's boy" the clipboard to sign for the package and after he's done, he puts it behind his back taunting Mike even more!

This was a bad move for the "Prince" because now Mike was "smokin." "I'm going to tell you what pal" Mike warned "as long as I have brown on I got to eat your shit, but someday, somewhere, when you least expect it I'm not going to have brown on, then you're my meat!"

"That's all I had to hear" Daddy's boy screamed, "you'll hear from me, I'm calling the center."

When Mike returned to the center, he was fired. No ifs, ands or buts, he was out. Three weeks and $2,200 later, he was reinstated and Deep Boots was given to someone else — which is what they should have done to start with — but then management teams have to have some fun too! Don't they?

Some time later, Mike runs into Daddy on a Saturday no less. He tells him, "some night when midnight rolls around and Sonny boy isn't home, let it cross your mind that maybe this is the night I found him!"

Daddy calls and yes, Mike is gone again. The union arranges a meeting with the company to get Mike back again. Mike contends that "everyone is a UPS customer, so that if I offend anyone on my time off they can also call in and have me fired?" Well, this was too much for the troops to answer intelligently so after one week and $700, Mike was back on the job.

Several months later Mike pulls his P-1000 up to

the front door to unload *returns* — packages refused for whatever reason. He steps down onto some broken concrete and breaks his ankle. Mike rolls from side-to-side on the hot macadam. The pain is intense, so is the heat 90 degrees — as his ankle swells till his skin is shiny. P.M. super Paulette, better known as the fat lady, comes to Mike's side, kneels by him and says: "*how many air* packages do you have and *where are they*?"

By this time, Mike is pleading for a doctor, "please, someone call an ambulance."

His pleas, as usual, fall upon deaf ears. UPS has a business to run! Air packages are big bucks so they make sure they all make it to the airport on time, no matter what!!!

Paulette gathers up Mike's pick-up sheets so she knows how many airs there are. When she steps down from the cab of Mike's truck, she hands him his paperwork and tells him he'll have to complete it so she can turn it in! What a sweetheart!

Oh, hey, it gets better! Mike is still on the ground when Center manager Bill Crain comes out and hands him an accident report and tells him to fill it out! By now Mike has laid there for a half hour and still no one calls for an ambulance or offers to take him to the hospital. He was later told the company dislikes having emergency vehicles on their property, it just doesn't look good!

The porter Larry Weaver, comes in the center and sees Paulette, Crain and Al Spooner standing over Mike doing what they do best, nothing. Larry pushes them aside and kneels next to Mike asking what happened?

"Aw Larry, I broke my ankle," Mike painfully replied.

Larry stood up, looked them right in the eye and

called them "ass holes" and told them to get away from Mike and they did! Larry brought a chair out of the office, helped Mike into the chair and unlaced his shoe and made him as comfortable as possible. He demanded that someone take Mike to the hospital. The supers all stood around mumbling to each other and finally agree that Spooner will take Mike to the hospital.

Crain tells Mike: "Spooner will take you to the hospital."

Paulette jumps in Mike's truck, takes it around to the pumps, gases up and backs it inside the building to be unloaded. Good ole Paulette, always taking care of business!!

Meanwhile, Spooner gets in his car and drives out of the parking lot and down the street. Larry runs after him hollering obscenities until Spooner finally stops. "Hey, you're suppose to take Mike to the hospital aren't you?" Spooner looks at him like he's speaking Spanish, puts his car in reverse and backs up to the lot. He parks the car and walks past Mike to talk to feeder driver John. A few minutes later Spooner pulls up next to Mike in John's pickup truck and says, "come on, I'll take you to the hospital." Apparently, Al didn't want to use his new car for an ambulance.

Two weeks later, Mike is ordered back to work or they will cut his compensation! Mike inquired as to what he was supposed to do since he still had a cast on his leg?

"We don't care what you do, kill flies, answer the phone, but be here tomorrow."

So for the next three or four weeks, Mike swatted flies eight hours a day keeping score of kills, near misses and cripples. It was by far, the longest day and the worst punishment any active person could be

ordered to endure all day, every day for four weeks.

Like I said, there are no riding breeches tucked into high black, shiny boots and no one carries a swagger stick — but the spirit is there!!!

Mike's wife Joyce, has had numerous verbal confrontations with UPS management over their demands that Mike return to work when sick or injured, but none more than once, for once angered the noble Roman blood surges through her veins with a vengeance. And anyone fool enough to oppose her twice is just that, a fool.

For example: Mike and Joyce were out to supper one evening and a young waitress kept hitting on Mike. Long about the third time she told Mike she had bikini underwear to match her mini skirt. Joyce grabbed her blond hair by its dark roots and marched her up on the dance floor, there she signaled the band leader to stop playing, which he did. When the music stopped, Joyce told everyone that this girl had matching underwear she wants you all to see. Then she raised her skirt over her head to a cheering crowd!!

As for Mike, he's safe for a while. It's as they say, an election year, the contract comes up for vote in July of 1993. The "Bund" is already sampling the air for any talk of strike!

MIKE MITSTIFER — UPDATE

Mike's update goes like this: sometime in 1989 or before, Mike is in the process of making a delivery to a downtown Williamsport office building.

He enters the elevator of this office building with a cart load of small but heavy packages. When the elevator stops at his floor, Mike wheels his cart into

the office across the hall. His delivery point is on the far side of the office, requiring much navigation around counters and desks to reach his destination.

In the area near the counter Mike loses a package that falls off his cart and strikes the office counter. At the opposite end of this counter, stands a women employee who claims that the tumbling package struck with such force as to cause her great pain and loss of work due to the surgery required to repair the injury.

The lawsuit is against UPS and "Mike Mitstifer" driver for UPS .

I was at that time unemployed, thanks to UPS who fired me months before, so I had lots of time to spend at the UPS trial. Needless to say, UPS had their people there also.

The trial was held in the Lycoming County Court House in Williamsport, Pa., the Honorable Judge Kenneth D. Brown, presiding.

The plaintiffs suing for damages, loss of work, etc. due to her injuries were represented by imminent attorney, Anthony Miele.

While UPS and Michael Mitstifer were defended by a likewise imminent attorney, C. Edward S. Mitchell. I found this to be a most interesting trial, much like the movie trial to "*Kill a Mocking Bird*" for which Gregory Peck received the Oscar for his portrayal of a trial lawyer in that movie.

The battle of legal eagles that followed was every bit as good as the movie (which was one of my favorites). After two days of attack and counter-attack by two superb barristers, the trial hinged on only two people! Attorney Mitchell and co-defendant Mike Mitstifer.

Mr. Miele with years of courtroom encounters was unable to shake Mike from his (cool hand Luke style)

of — tell them no more than necessary! He was unshakeable at the hands of a master.

But, I think it was the closing moments of the trial that pushed the jury over the edge.

When Attorney Mitchell questioned the plaintiff's husband as to the make of auto that they drove for transportation, he replied:

"I drive a Volvo."

Mr. Mitchell then asked him if that was the only vehicle he owned.

"Yes," he answered "except for my company vehicle."

"And what would that be?"

"That's also a Volvo."

Somehow this testimony was not reaching the jury as a hardship case! The jury's short deliberation in favor of the defendants — UPS and Mike Mitstifer — was more than I'd hoped for.

When it was over, the "barrister" and the "bad boy" had saved UPS a quarter of a million dollars plus!!!

To show how quick UPS forgets, in 1992 around Christmas time, Mike delivers a c.o.d. to a local business for which he collects a check for $200 from the business person to the shipper as instructed by UPS and the c.o.d. tag.

Meanwhile, this business goes under and six months later *loss prevention* gives the check *back* to Mike to *pay* or *collect* for himself!!!

Kind of makes me want to run right out and ship a package "Federal Express!" ■

DRIVER TOM JACKSON

Tom, sometimes called T.J. is our first and only black driver and his "on the street" credentials speak for themselves. To say Tom is fast in a world filled with fast delivery guys, just doesn't cut it. To say he's faster than a phone call does. He's one of the best and the kind of guy everyone likes. He's the first one out of the building in the morning and the first one back at night.

The best way to describe all UPS drivers is that — it's like having a baseball team where every one hits a home run every time at bat except one guy, he just hits a triple. This qualifies him as "least best" and a trip to the interrogation room!

As with most of us, things were routine for Tom for a number of years. The fact is, his constant speed keeps him in the limelight and causes his first firing. He returns to the building about 5:15 p.m., it's Wednesday and much of his downtown businesses are closed allowing Tom an early quit. Or so he thought! The office clerk warns him the Tiger Troops are looking for someone to send back out to make additional stops and pick-ups. Tom punches the time clock before his paper work is done, knowing full well they will send him back out on the street. By punching out before he's told to go back on the street, this means they must pay him another four hours or let him go home. Tom hopes for the latter.

He's nearly finished with his paper work which he did on his own time, when a guy Tom never saw before came strolling down the steps from the holding cell and into the room. At a glance, Tom knows this guy is S.S.. He I.D.'s himself as the new district manager and orders Tom back out on the street! Tom tells him he's off the clock. The new hit man is a goon named Rick Spenser. He asks Tom if he punched off early to avoid going back

out? Tom answers; "yes I punched out early, my family and I have plans for tonight, besides there's two other junior drivers out at the gas pumps right now!"

Rick blows his mind and fires Tom on the spot!

Tom counters with "man you don't even know me, you come up here one day and want to fire somebody, you got a hard on or what?"

Tom and Rick engage in verbal combat for awhile, then Rick (like some old school marm) tells Tom to sit down and explain why he shouldn't be fired! Apparently little Ricky was kept after school a lot! What a jerk, it's a good thing there wasn't a blackboard around. I could see Tom writing "I'm going to be a good boy tomorrow."

So anyhow, dimwit finally realizes there is no foundation for the firing and withdraws it! But this little incident placed Tom at the top of their famous hit list and a personal file almost as thick as mine!

Some time later, Tom suffers his first on the job injury. As with most of us the injury is non surgical but painful and requires daily trips to rehab. He's off 14 days, returns for a month then he's off again.

One morning about 6:00 a.m. there's a knock on Tom's front door! His wife hurries down the steps and opens the door. There stands the center manager Keith Wilmot and his understudy and tag along, Tim Pelzinski demanding to see Tom in person to see for themselves if he's hurt or not! In the truest tradition of the S.S., they were rude, arrogant and forceful!

Tom struggles out of the bed and with great pain appears at the top of the stairs in clear view of the S.S. asking them "if they're crazy or what?"

They inform him that he's missing too much work and that they have the right to check on him anytime they wish!

Tom tells them "before you go, look at the anger in my wife's eyes. Now I know what she would do to me if I

just woke all the kids at 6:00 a.m. so if you come back checking again, you're on your own brother!!"

Tom's injuries didn't stop there — but morning roll call by the S.S. did!

Unfortunately, his irregular work pattern and open defiance of the "master plan" attracts "Berlin" (Harrisburg). They send their very best Field Marshal Gary Glasgow, north to put out the fire.

Glasgow orders Tom upstairs to the interrogation room. He's informed that he's missing too much work. Tom tells him he's having a lot of pain in his back and can't work! (Now wait until you hear this one, only Glasgow and UPS could come up with this one.)

Tom is sentenced to a 30 day suspension — without pay of course for missing too much work!! That ought to "learn em" to mess with Berlin!

Again, as with the others, in the natural progression of things, his back gets much worse. In 1977 Tom is hospitalized for a ruptured disc.

I happen to be in there at the same time. One morning as they were moving me from one place to another, I saw Tom. He didn't see me, Tom didn't see anyone! He lay on a litter in the fetal position, he was comatose and his dark brown skin had a ghostly gray tone to it and I thought he was dead!! I wasn't in too good a shape myself, but I called out to him as our litter passed in the hall. Tom didn't answer. When I saw him several months later, I told Tom I saw him in the hall and that I thought he died!

"Man, at that time I probably wish I was," Tom replied.

In 1984 he's stricken again. This time it's a herniated disc and Tom goes under the knife for the third time. He's out of the game and benched for a full year!

When he returns in August of 1985, he's older and wiser. The city's "Black Flash" doesn't move as fast any-

more and the pain is still there at the end of each day.

Tom has a brother who makes a meager living by doing odd jobs for city merchants. One afternoon as Tom struggles to push a full cart load of packages into a local store, a few small packages fall off the cart. His brother sees them, picks them up and carries them into the store. Tom sees a chance to help himself and his brother at the same time. He knows his brother can't be in the package car (truck), nor can he sheet packages.

The next day Tom brings an extra cart for his brother. In no time, he and his brother have a delivery system so good even UPS looks the "other way".

The Jackson boys become a welcome sight for downtown merchants who not only like the easy going and pleasant "Jacksons", but also the fact their deliveries are much earlier then before. So, the merchants, UPS and the Jackson boys all lived happily ever after? (Now you know better than that!)

Two years go by and there are no complaints about the "dynamic duo"! At this point, Tom is running almost two hours *under* his standard (daily time allowance). UPS likes that.

Then the word comes down to me that UPS is head hunting for Tom Jackson. But why, no one knew. I called Tom to warn him. Like everyone else, I didn't know what to warn him about. It all became clear a day or two later.

Mrs. Bill Crain, the wife of a former Williamsport center manager, filed formal charges against Tom Jackson for having his brother on a UPS truck. The center manager at that time was a protege of Bill's named Denny Kelly.

Here's the scenario: bad Billy drives 70 miles a day to go to work at the Northumberland Center. Mrs. C. is pissed off because young Denny is here in Williamsport while poor Billy is down the road.

Now it just so happens that Denny's track record at

Stalag 70 isn't that good either! So the way I saw it was someone in Berlin planted the idea in Mrs. C's head, otherwise where would it have come from? The point being that Harrisburg wanted to dump Denny and make it look like Mrs. C. did it. The bottom line is, Denny goes back to being a supervisor with a transfer to Harrisburg. Bad Billy comes back to Williamsport and Tom goes to Reading to fight for his job back!

Meanwhile, back at the center Denny calls Berlin. They instruct him to get proof of Tom's brother delivering on camera. Denny, unaware he's just touched a match to the bale of hay he's sitting on, goes about his surveillance with a vengeance.

The hearing in Reading is like an episode from Laurel and Hardy. Like "well Denny, it's another fine mess you've gotten us into."

Two stacks of pictures showed everything but Tom's brother on the truck or delivering.

The charges are dropped, Tom gets his job back but nothing for the two week's work he lost in the process. He's warned not to allow his brother to help in any way ever again.

Tom's on the job injuries and job stress follows him home every night as it did with most of us. When the smoke all cleared Tom ended up divorced and like so many others, he began drinking heavy.

The last time I talked to Tom, he was back in the hospital with a brain tumor!

Tom told me that he'd quit drinking, was a recovering alcoholic who never missed a meeting. Furthermore, with the help of the man upstairs (whom he and I choose to call GOD) "I'm going to walk away from this one too!" And he did!!!

"But I know Charlie" Tom remarked, "I know I must be careful or they'll get me, just like they got you!" ■

DRIVER ERNIE FRYER

Ernie began his career with UPS as a car washer. He recalls a time when he repeatedly warned the manager that he was running out of soap. Well one night Ernie comes to work and there is no soap, so Ernie does the only thing he can do at 2:30 a.m. in the morning, he hoses them off as best he can and sits on his ass the rest of the night. Meanwhile, Ernie's new helper shows up. He asks why there's no trucks washed?

"Can't wash trucks without soap!"

Helper Denny, who will one day be Supervisor Denny, already displays management traits by obeying rule number one C.Y.A. — cover your ass. He tells the night clerk if anyone asks, he called in sick and vanishes like a puff of smoke!

When center manager Bill Crain arrived early that morning to 35 or 40 dirty trucks, he of course wanted Ernie shot. Lucky for him he kept all the notes warning Heir Wilhelm of the impending danger! Ernie got away with it because of the notes, but his name went to the top of the hit list.

Years later, Ernie suffers the first of three on the job back injuries each one worse then the one before it. The first in March of '78 did not require surgery, just rest and frequent trips to re-hab. Three months later he returns to work as fully recovered.

Then on July 31, just three months later, Ernie injures his back again. This time it locks up. His 200 lb. frame is bent over like 6:15 and unable to straighten up. Somehow he makes it back to the center.

Crain says: "you'll have to go over to the clinic and get a treatment."

Porter Jay helps Ernie into the car and drives him to the clinic. There he's X-rayed and told he has a

"tipped pelvis" and that he's going to have to be "re-aligned"! Ernie's told to go home and lie down and put ice packs on the swelled areas and return for a series of treatments as soon as the swelling goes down. He drives *himself* home. But before he can do anything Bill calls him at home. It seems "Berlin" didn't care for Bill's directions and ordered him to send Ernie to the hospital *now!!*

Ernie tells them he has a "tipped pelvis" and the surgeon told him everyone has a "tipped pelvis" if they're normal. What you have is a herniated disc in L4, L5. We recommend corrective surgery right away! Ernie painfully surrenders the "ice pack" for the surgery, but he knows it's the right decision.

He returns home to start the long slow painful road to recovery. UPS refuses to pay him compensation, stating that his injury wasn't job related and that it should be covered by the Union Welfare Plan and not by them!

Months go by and not a nickel comes Ernie's way. Meanwhile the S.S. armed with cameras and tape recorders infiltrate the neighborhood. They take pictures of Ernie's house, tape interviews with anyone who is willing to talk to them and ask questions like, "what kind of guy is Ernie, have you seen him mow the lawn or split wood lately? "Does he ever come outside, what does he do when he comes out?"

Then there's the black sedan that sits up along the highway, they sit there all day watching Ernie's house with a telephoto lens pointed toward his home. It's that old tactic of theirs called "watching you watch us!"

Often these "bold bastards" would come right to the house and question Ernie himself, hoping to catch him doing something. They'd ask questions like "that's a nice new storm door you got there, did you mount it yourself?"

Ernie finally received his compensation and then the company's harassment plan number two went into effect, phone calls asking when will you be coming back to work, personal interviews, more phone calls saying we want you back to work when will that be? He tells them he still has pain just walking up and down the stairs let alone lifting 70 lb. packages all day! They badger him until he agrees to see the company doctor. The company doctor informs Ernie that Berlin wants him back on the line. Ernie says "you're all nuts, I'm telling you I'm not ready for this!" The doctor gives him the green light anyhow.

On January 2, 1979, Ernie returns to work with the pain in his spine still there, he does his job somehow. What choice did he have, UPS cut his compensation the second the company doctor cut him loose!

Three weeks later on January 22, Ernie bends over to pick up a heavy package and locks up again. He struggles to a phone and calls the center. Bill answers and Ernie tells him he's locked up again.

Crain tells him "well, there is no one here to come and get you. You'll have to drive yourself over here."

Ernie drives himself back to the center, again! Again, it's porter Jay who helps him get his heavy boots off and get into his car so he can drive the fifteen miles to his house on a cold winter's night. It makes me puke when UPS labels itself as a "People Company."

Ernie ends up back on the operating table, this time he's hurt real bad. A sliver of bone punched a nerve and Ernie's going to be off for a long time. In fact, his doctor informs him he will never be able to work at UPS again! Now for the bad news! He's in for a long convalescence and his lifting days are over.

However strange it may seem, this is not the last of Ernie's hard times, nor the end of his tour of duty at UPS!! The "Bund" doesn't like prisoners to escape (em-

ployees to leave) especially when they're still drawing compensation from UPS!!

Nearly three years go by, Ernie finds himself working construction doing all the things he was told he could never do again and for very low pay. He requests reinstatement at UPS. Destiny has again cast a dark brown shadow upon his door, he passes his physical all too easily and is back in the trenches a day later.

Then in 1985, again on the job and out in the street, Ernie suddenly feels nauseated. He breaks out in a cold sweat and a numb feeling runs down his left side. He knows he's having a "heart attack", he also knows better then to call UPS. He drives to a nearby pay phone and calls his wife, he tells her where he is and that he's having a heart attack! Ernie returns to his truck and collapses. His wife arrives moments later and takes him to a local hospital.

Saint Patrick himself was riding with Ernie that day. In the words of his doctor: "if you're going to have a heart attack, yours is the best one to have. The artery affected is easily repaired with rest and medication."

Once again, "Big Ernie" bounces back from the grips of the "Grim Reaper" only to return to the confines of Stalag 70 and many more fun filled days out in the street! ■

CAR WASHER/DRIVER
DOROTHY KENDRICK

Dorothy was hired as a car washer at the Mansfield Center located in Arnot, Pa. She was forty-three-years-old at that time. UPS must have been under the gun to hire more women, it's almost unheard of for UPS to hire anyone over thirty. But, they lucked out, Dorothy is a good worker who does her job every day and she was a nice person every one liked!

A few years slip by with everything as it should be. Then one night Herb Bright union steward, was about to leave the center when Lenny "what's his name" and another "'trench coat" clad goon arrived at the center. Herb smells trouble!! It's awful late for "hit men" to be hanging around. He goes back in the building to check things out. Lenny does his impression of a *real person*, smiling, speaking softly and shaking Herb's hand!

Herb asks, "what's up?"

Lenny assures him nothing's up.

Just a routine stop. Just happened to be 125 miles north of the district office. Yeah, right!!

Herb noses around for a while. There's no one in the center but the car washer and the "goons." So Herb heads for home with a gnawing feeling that something was going down. But what? There wasn't anyone there but the car washer.

Meanwhile, Lenny and his trench coat order Dorothy into the office for questioning. They inform her that she neglected to tell them of some childhood illness on her application for employment. She's informed that UPS could file charges against her in a

court of law. Dorothy is scared to death and feels as if she's standing at the gates of hell! She is!!!

Between court action and losing her job, a tearful Dorothy Kendrick agrees to anything. Lenny's plan was perfect in every way. There were no witnesses, no steward, not even a center manager. Under duress and fearing for her livelihood, Lenny has her sign what Dorothy believes is a waiver to medical history, freeing UPS of any future problems!

But Dorothy's tear filled eyes don't see that she has in fact signed a resignation form. Lenny and the trench coat return to Harrisburg. The conquering heroes dropped that "old broad" in her tracks! They thought!

The next morning Herb hears the bad news, Dorothy resigned. Herb is furious, not only with UPS but with himself as well. He knew something was wrong, but he never guessed anyone would bother Dorothy.

Herb contacts Charlie Greenawalt, Local 764's main guy and freedom fighter. They file counter charges against UPS on Dorothy's behalf. Eventually her case was heard in Reading, Pa. the last stop for union action unless it's deadlocked and forced into arbitration.

The bottom line at Reading was: "is this a resignation form Dorothy Kendrick?"

"Yes," she answered.

"And is that your signature at the bottom of the form?"

"Yes, that's my signature" she answered.

She's informed by the committee: a signed resignation form clearly establishes guilt beyond a reasonable doubt! Request for reinstatement denied!!

Dorothy is devastated and more confused then ever. During the long trip back to Mansfield, Herb

suggests that she try the Board of Labor Relations in Harrisburg, Pa.

She does just that. When her trial comes up a few months later, Dorothy is assigned a feisty young woman — whose name we're sorry to say — has been lost somehow.

On the day of the trial, this little lady comes up shooting at a bunch of UPS's most skilled shooters! Talk about the "gunfight at the O.K. Corral" that was nothing compared to what this lady did to some of UPS's finest shooters. Whoever she was, she was the best of the best!

When the smoke all cleared, Glasgow's goons got their ass kicked for a "fair thee well"! They weren't happy but they had to give Dorothy her job back!

For the past six years, Dorothy has been a driver and a good one too! In May of 1991, she injures her back on the job. She reports the injury to a supervisor who makes out an injury report. Dorothy is told that everyone at UPS has back pain and injuries of one degree or another. She continues working with constant pain until November of that year when she is advised by her doctor to have corrective surgery to relieve the pain. She's at home recuperating now, but she's anxious to get back to work. Can you believe that? Where do they find these great people? And why can't they see that? ■

JOHN ECK

In 1975 John worked the Christmas rush — October through the 24th of December. His work was more than satisfactory, but the Williamsport Center, or Stalag 70 wasn't in a hiring mode so he was never recalled. Then in 1979, John is rehired. He will, unfortunately, spend the next six years a UPS hostage! As before, his delivery work is very good. However, his accident record still stands: three *chargeables* in a six month period.

In John's case, as in all of UPS, the word accident and chargeable are often misleading! For instance: his first accident involved scraping yellow paint off of a fire hydrant because he parked too close to the curb. He pulled away at such an acute angle that his rear bumper took a sample of yellow paint back to the center with him. He was charged with an accident because they knew he hit something yellow?

He worked the Faxon area known for its perfect landscaping with very green grass and all the same height, likewise all trees are trimmed to the legal height except for one and John found it. The branch cracked the fiberglass cowling that forms the roof over the cab. Yes, John gets another letter in his file!

The next one occurs when center manager Denny Kelly instructs John to take a P-400 and help someone make pick ups! He saddles up and promptly rams a UPS feeder tractor, punching a hole through the aluminum side of the P-400 with the tractor's extended steel frame! John draws a suspension for all the above!

Sometime later, he backs into a utility pole on a dark moonless night. Where the pole came from, John still wonders to this day, but the vee he put in

the rear bumper is no mystery. Say good-by John!

There are other minor scrapes and scratches that plague his career, but the worst comes in December 1984. John's backing a P-800 into a tricky loading dock at the hospital. He begins his approach by the book: horn blowing, lights flashing, eyes shifting from left to right mirrors and back again. The object is: to get through the intersection *before* the dock without an accident, even if help *is* close by!

The scene changes quicker than a green light. Someone tries to beat him through the intersection. There is the awesome sound of the impact of steel to steel as John's 800 is jarred to a full stop by another car that slipped through his blind spot! He jumps out of the cab and races to the rear of his truck. There sits what is left of a late model Volvo! There was no one hurt, but the damages came to $5,000.00. Talk about wishing this one was like their commercials! That's right, clean out your locker!!!

You may find this hard to believe, but John is allowed to return to work with time served. Oh, did I tell you John's dad Clarence Eck, *owns* the building UPS operates out of! Along with others he built for UPS in New York and Pennsylvania.

Bear this in mind as John enters his sixth year at Stalag 70. He draws a split off of Marlin Wolf's Trout Run area. In December of 1984 a lady called the center complaining that a UPS driver hit her mailbox along Route 973 east and kept on going! With the smell of fresh meat in their nostrils, the A.I.T. squad comprised of Supervisor Kelly and Spooner race to the scene. Yes, there's no doubt that someone hit her mailbox because it lay there on the ground. Detectives Spooner and Kelly bring the evidence (the mailbox) into headquarters for further analysis.

The lady admits she didn't actually see a UPS

truck hit her mailbox, but that one was driving by at the time she noticed her mailbox on the ground!

Now it turns out that the only person from UPS known to be in that *area* and we stress the word *area* was, of course, "John Eck"!!! Detectives Spooner and Kelly scanned delivery records to confirm beyond a reasonable doubt — that John was in that area — but didn't make a stop anywhere near the victim. However, with Laurel and Hardy, close counts!

I saw the mailbox marked "exhibit A" and found nothing to link this box with our company. I mean like brown paint on the box or some missing paint from John's truck! Not even a scratch!! Yes, John is sent to his room for several days. This was the deciding factor for him to seek employment elsewhere!

During his time off, John and his dad talk about him and his brother coming into the family business making them the fourth generation to operate the Eck dynasty!

John returns to work and says nothing until he's sure everything is set up for him and his brother to go on the Eck payroll.

In the meantime, John is trained on a new area which requires many man hours by his delivery supervisor in order to learn all the rural deliveries. After weeks of training his supervisor tells him he's ready to run the area alone. John gives his two week's notice and resigns. "At a boy John!!"

But that is nothing compared with the vengeance he gets years later as manager of Eck Inc. Remember I said the Ecks own the UPS building which incidentally, was built to UPS specifications, by Clarence, only to have the building blow out in less than five years. Meanwhile, another building in Northumberland built by another contractor, is twice the size needed and they're only 30 miles apart. Raise your

hand if you think they gave Clarence the wrong plans!!

So now, years later, UPS is stuck with a building they can't enlarge because the lot's too small so they build a new one to the tune of $3 million!! You should stop in and see it, $400,000 of *our* tax dollars went to this multi-billion-dollar corporation's building fund. How's that for your tax dollars at work?

The contract UPS had with Eck Inc. was unique in many ways. It was a 20 year lease with four additional five year options if desired. Renewal only required a 60 day notice with a side order to sub-let if they so pleased.

The rent from the beginning to the end of the 40 years remained the same with no chance of escalation.

At the time UPS moves into their new facility on Wahoo Drive, they apply for a second five-year option. By this time, John like his father and his grandfather before him, has become a shrewd and cunning business man. He already has hot irons in the fire to fill the vacant building now that UPS has vacated. He also knows that UPS will try to rent it to someone to recoup the money they have spent on rent these last 25 years!

John and Clarence talk it over and agree it's worth a try "to head 'em off at the pass"!! Clarence calls Greenwich — UPS Headquarters at that time. He talks with Tom Dudley who he's dealt with before on other UPS buildings. The mild mannered, smooth talking "Clancy" talks him out of his eye teeth. They surrender the other three — five year options. Pay backs are painful!! It gets better, John closes a deal with a large out-of-town corporation who just happens to be UPS's number one overland competitor, R.P.S. (Roadway Package System) for five times the rent UPS paid him for the same building. My math isn't great, but I figure John got UPS for about

half a million, then stuck a thorn in their side by renting to R.P.S.

As for the new 3.5 million dollar UPS building on Wahoo Drive, the so called UPS "mystique" seems to have cast dark shadows upon the newly completed package distribution facility on the northwest corner of Williamsport Industrial Park.

The Penallen Corporation purchased the land and their address just happens to be a post office box in Atlanta, Ga. Isn't that the new home of the corporate giants?

Then I hear a rumor that UPS received a federal *grant* of $400,000, so I call the office of the Honorable George Gekas who was in charge of the 17th Congressional district at that time. A woman answered the phone and I ask her if UPS received a $400,000 federal grant, to which she answered "yes". I then ask, "why did a multi-billion-dollar corporation like UPS need a $400,000 gift from the workers of America?"

She replied, "oh, I don't know, I guess they needed it to move from their old building."

"Four-hundred-thousand-dollars for all the drivers to leave from the old building and return to the new one the same day," I questioned?

"I'm not sure, I'll have someone from Grants contact you about this matter Mr. Kane!"

I soon received a call from a man who said he was Congressman Gekas's press secretary. He asked me what could he do for me?"

I explained about the Grant to which he replied, "that was not released from this office!"

So now I have a person in Williamsport who says yes, they received a grant followed by a man in Harrisburg who says he knows "nothing, nothing, nothing!"

This took place in 1990 and at that point in time, I was sure there were congressional records to prove

my point although I was confused by a yes and a no from the same office?

This year it became necessary for me to have documentation for the federal grant, thus began a phone call marathon that went on for weeks.

First of all, the Honorable George Gekas no longer rides herd over the 17th district. The honorable Joseph M. McDade who now has his office in the same place in the Federal Building, acts like they have no idea what I'm talking about but they are polite and courteous and promise to have someone contact me soon!

Weeks go by, no one calls or writes! I call them again, and they say they'll look into it! And so on!

Finally, I get a call from a girl named Teresa in McDade's Washington office. I gave her all the information, she says she'll get back to me in a few days.

Sure enough she does, I'm told there is no congressional record showing UPS or George Logue Inc. (the developer) as having received any kind of grant or low interest loan!

I ask her how could that be, when Williamsport has already confirmed that it did happen?"

"Well Mr. Kane, you *worked* for UPS why don't you ask them yourself?"

Okay, so now I know: they know — I know! What I didn't know was how.

So I call Pete Benjaminson who literally wrote the book on investigative reporting called oddly enough *Investigative Reporting* by Pete Benjaminson and David Anderson in its second edition, Iowa State University Press.

I told him the whole story and in the blink of an eye, Pete said, "maybe they buried it." "Buried it," I repeated "how?"

"They may have funneled it down through the state to the city."

Pete was right, I was looking in all the wrong places for the right answer! Then I remembered that Chet Trout was seen all too often in and out of the Federal Building which is only a hundred yards from City Hall.

To shorten a long story, it seems that the pair of sneakers Chet wore out between Congressman Gekas's office and that of Mayor Jessie Bloom, was worth the effort. Can you say $420,000! Yes, it's a grant! I'm told an Appalachian Grant through the Pennsylvania Department of Commerce, Harrisburg, Pa. requested by Mayor Bloom and awarded to George Logue Inc. and United Parcel Service jointly for infrastructure. In this case it was improvements to Logue Lane and Steel Way, also construction of a sewer extension.

Now boys and girls, here's a corporation that did 16.5 billion dollars worth of business in 1992!

The Chairman of the Board Kent "Oz" Nelson made $710,048 salary and bonus! Plus he owns $6,859,744 worth of UPS stock. Paul Oberkotter's salary wasn't mentioned by this article in TDU's Convoy Dispatch for June/July 1993 however, his stock was mentioned: $70,479,281 with dividends at fifty cents a share!

Which brings up the question: if they received $420,000 in grants on a $3,080,000 project, what would they get for the 150 million dollar, 240 acre complex in Cook County, Illinois?

As for the drivers view of the new structure, they tell me it's the same circus — bigger tent!! ■

DRIVER TONY MUSSARE

I call this guy "Tough Tony". He missed his calling, he should have been a prize fighter. He's of noble Roman heritage and although he's not of the great fighters era, he is of their vintage! His soft spoken, easy mannered and boyish appearance are misleading. If you anger him you have a grizzly by the teeth.

Tony was in college majoring in business management, a course that would prove valuable some fourteen years later.

He came to UPS as a pre-loader on the graveyard shift, 4 a.m. to 8:30 a.m. loading three trucks at the same time. Blinded by the big bucks and benefits, Tony goes full-time four years later. A move he would very much regret. He's a good driver but he hates the job immensely. Like most of us, he has a family and he's held hostage by a high-paying job.

Tony had just acquired the new mall complex as well as parts of other routes to form a new route for him. Much of the day was spent at the mall. Often he had to drive by small deliveries because they were covered by bulk deliveries for the mall. This particular day, Tony couldn't get all the load on and would have to go deliver the mall and come back to the center for a second load.

Pressure mounted as time whizzed by, each time Tony made a stop, he'd uncover a package or two for the stop he just came from! It's now 12:30 and Tony has only completed three stops although he's worked feverishly since he left the center.

Finally Tony can't take any more, he sits down on the deck of the cab staring out the door for almost an hour. He wanted to quit right then and there! But, there were other considerations: what would he do, how would he support his family? These and other thoughts rico-

chet through his mind until he thinks his head will burst.

Tony was still sitting there when his buddy "Stubs" comes along.

"Tony, what the hell are you doing?"

"I'm quitting the job. I can't take it anymore!"

With that revelation, tough Tony burst into tears. Not for himself, but for what he was about to do to his family.

"What, you're crazy Tony you can't quit," Stubs warns. "Lets get something to eat and talk this over."

So Stubs and Tony had lunch. It didn't help, Tony still wanted to quit. He calls the UPS center, Jay the union steward and porter answers:

"Jay, this is Tony I need to talk to Bill."

"He's not here."

"Then let me talk to whoever is there," Tony demands.

"There is no one here but me," Jay replies.

"What the hell do you mean there is no one there, I call up to tell them I quit and there's no one there?" Click, Tony hangs up. That in itself, makes him feel much better. Besides, it's too late there's no way he can even come close to dumping this load.

Tony delivers what he can until the stores close at :00 p.m. He hits a few small stops on the way back to he center. By now he accepts the fact that he will be ired for not completing his deliveries.

He returns to the center at 6:15 p.m. that evening, having missed sixty-seven deliveries and sixteen pick-ups and an unknown number of packages. This was no doubt a new company record!

The management team were not happy campers. To say they, flipped out, is as nicely as I can say it. But, they didn't fire Tony not even a suspension. Why, we'll never know. I can only assume that they were already

short of drivers or he surely would have been history. Down the road he's fired for something of a far less nature.

A short time later, the "vendetta" begins. Tony's constant question of company policy and their treatment of the men brings him onto the firing range and he's the target. Like me, he's labeled a radical — at UPS this is a person who speaks before he's spoken to.

Tony was an organizer and therefore a trouble maker. UPS can't deal with unity among the men. He was essentially a wolf among the sheep and he could scatter the flock anytime he wanted to, and they knew it! The company rules with an iron fist and they know no matter what, the sheep won't come to the aid of the wolf!

Harassment: look it up in the dictionary, there's a UPS shield next to the word. They wrote the book and can recite from it chapter and verse. Am I inferring that UPS management uses Gestapo-like tactics, no I'm telling you they did. Adolf would be so proud that others wishing to conquer the world would find his methods so useful. After all, they do seek world dominance of the package industry and they have the power and wealth to remove any obstacles in their way.

Usually when the company is unsatisfied with a driver's performance he's classified as "least best" and rates a supervisor to ride with him for three consecutive days to see what the problem is. Well, Tony got three supervisors for three days. That means there were three guys standing next to him as he drove, all in an area two-feet-by-four-feet. The four of them packed in that cab like sardines so they could follow Tony in and out of every stop. They looked more like the Keystone Kops than the famed UPS guys.

Tony wasn't laughing, neither were they! They were on him about everything: sheeting too slow, driving too

fast, taking too long to select the next stop, not correcting signatures, etc.

"You missed a stop, go back and get it!!" This went on until lunch time, then the "bold bastards" sat down at the same table with Tony in the restaurant. Well that "lit the burners" and Tony had "lift off." He stood up walked over to the wall phone near their table and called the union hall.

"Charlie Greenawalt, this is Tony. You've got thirty minutes to get someone from the union up here to this restaurant. If there is no one here by that time, these three supers — that have been on my ass — are going to be on their ass because I'm going to lay all three of them out. Better bring the paramedics and an ambulance!"

Before Charlie could respond to the situation, Tony glanced over at an empty table. The three stooges had departed knowing full well Tony was a man of his word! After lunch Tony found a note on his steering wheel it read: "have a nice day."

That ended the triple goon squad but not the harassment. It would continue until the day he quits for good.

Tony's number one problem is, he cares about people, even if he doesn't know them. He's the gladiator, a freedom fighter and Duke Wayne all rolled up into one.

A case in point, he's having a cold beer at the V.F.W. after ten hours out in the street. There's a commotion at the far end of the bar. Tony leans back on his stool to catch the action. There's a big guy over six feet, smacking a little guy around as he sits at the bar. The little guy remains seated, refusing to defend himself as the bully sadistically hammers him around. Tony looks at his own reflection in the mirror across the bar. He shakes his head and mumbles "I can't take this" a

phrase he uses a lot. He stands up and strolls to the end of the bar where the action is.

Tony doesn't know either of these men, especially the big one but this is a bad dude! The more he drinks the meaner he gets. Because of his drunken violence, he is not to be taken lightly!

He taps the big guy on the shoulder, "hey my little boy could give you a better fight than this guy, why don't you just leave him alone?"

At this point, five-foot-seven-and-a-half Tony is now six-foot-four Duke Wayne and don't you dare tell him he's not!

Speaking of chins, the big guy wheels around and hits Tony on his. The "thud" he makes hitting the hardwood floor sounds like someone dropping a bowling ball. In less then a heartbeat, Tony comes up swinging, gouging and kicking. The last thing he remembers is two guys pulling him off the big dude and being dragged to the nearest exit. Meanwhile the big guy was also detained.

A few years pass and things get steadily worse. We get a new "Commandment", I mean district manager. He's from the south and says "God bless ya" a lot in the usual southern drawl. He's ambitious "well they all are" but this guy wants to be field marshal and soon. This guy has his sights set for the "Duck Pond." In another time it would be called the "Eagles Nest" it's UPS headquarters in Greenwich, Conn. The building is an architect's dream, wall to wall posh offices overlooking a pond. It's the "Emperor's Palace" and number Ten Downing Street as well. All the King's men live here, they make great decisions like not to expand their air service at a time when we could have had air supremacy.

But a college kid named Fred W. Smith saw things a

little differently so he started a company called "Federal Express."

Now, the new district manager's name is Larry Grizzle. From the day he arrives in "Berlin" I mean Harrisburg, it is never again "quiet on the Eastern front." The changes he demands will put me, Tony and Grizzle on a collision course!

Grizzle wants to hire a lot of part-time people to fill in for vacations and personal holidays — in theory the plan has merit for both sides. Unfortunately, the rank and file read it as an attempt to replace all full-time drivers with much lower paid part-timers (which it was) and the proposal is unanimously voted down! The subject is dropped, or so we thought.

The following January when the new vacation schedule came out, it was quite apparent Berlin was very unhappy with our decision on part-timers — they had cut the schedule in half!! The number of drivers allowed off during the summer months were reduced from five per week to two. Many weeks that once allowed three per week were reduced to just one. The bottom line: all the guys with small kids were forced to take winter vacations or get none at all! Lucky for me, my kids are grown and even though I had over 20 years and ranked tenth on the seniority list, all summer vacations were taken before I could pick.

Tony was among the young guys who lost summer vacations. He took it upon himself to contact Grizzle in an effort to untangle the mess and request a new meeting between him and the men. Grizzle agreed and arranged a new meeting after hours at an executive room of a local motel with a half keg on tap. Most of the men were there, that in itself was a first. It was an open question and answer forum. I sat quietly for about an hour, everyone was asking small questions and getting small answers. Finally, I stood up and said "Larry, can

we cut through the bull shit and get to the heart of the subject here tonight?"

"By all means, let's do that," he replied.

The room was silent, they were all waiting for me to say what they themselves wanted to say, "Larry, what do you want from us in order to restore the vacation schedule to the way it was last year?"

"What I want from you guys is simple, the right to use part-timers wherever I need them. I benefit because of the lower rate, you benefit because we will have the people to cover you when you want off. Right now I can't do that. Every year there are more and more vacations but we still have the same amount of drivers to cover all the vacations, personals and sick days. We can't do it! If you want off, we have to have the part-timers and that's it."

When the meeting was over, Grizzle came over to the beer tap where I was standing and drew a beer. He looked, smiled and said: "your one question was the one I came to hear, the others were a waste of time." He finished his beer and left.

The next time we meet, it's on much less agreeable terms!

It turns out that after the meeting they took another vote in favor of the proposal. However, this vote is questioned by the union president as a violation of the contract. He accuses Grizzle of renegotiating the contract and that shot it down for good. When the next schedule came out it was more of the same. Tony didn't handle it well at all!

It was unknown to me at the time but Tony had his own "master plan" and it was about to unfold with a bang!

I remember it all too well, that day of days, our day of infamy. It was Wednesday, January 26, 1987, I entered the building at 2100 Marydale Ave. and

saw the usual grim faces one sees every morning at UPS but this morning there is a buzzing among the men. I couldn't read it at first so I went in the locker room to change into my browns and came back out. That's when I saw the signs. They were small, maybe four-by-six inches and one read: "Bill Crain (he was center manager) don't care about his men" and the other read: "No scratch jobs, no summer vacations!" Which meant that job in the street. Every driver doing a ten hour dispatch in the company's recommended time of ten hours, which very few can do because of all the daily contingencies. In plain words, no summer vacations and Bill Crain couldn't care less!

Well the signs weren't actually posted anywhere, they were just laying there on the counter underneath the time clock. As I picked up the signs along with some tape I noticed the time clock indicated it was 8:20 a.m. I took the signs to an open area near the conveyor and stuck the signs to frame work where everyone could see them. Bill Crain was standing on the steps leading from his second floor office waiting for 8:30 to give the men their a.m. propaganda and pep talk for which they have an acronym I can't recall right now (they change a lot). Maybe it was "*G.I.T.*"

Standing behind him at the top of the steps is (I swear) a shifty eyed guy in a W.W. II trench coat observing the whole thing. Bill tells me to take the signs down, I ask him about the land of the free and the home of the brave and free speech and like that?

"Not here, you don't have any rights," Bill declared and seconds later the signs were crumbled up and thrown in the waste basket.

At that time, I didn't know that Tony made the signs, nor did I know that the trench coat at the top of the stairs would report the incident to S.S. headquar-

ters as an attempted work stoppage although everyone knew it occurred before 8:30 a.m.

The message is brought to the attention of Gary Glasgow, a S.S. of the highest order. Heinrich Himmler would have made Glasgow a field marshal too! Glasgow contacts Bill Crain and orders both Tony and I fired, over the phone!

Crain fires Tony the next day, I'm not fired right away because I draw jury duty for the next two days.

Tony calls me to let me know he's fired and that I can expect the same thing. But for a work stoppage that never occurred, how can this be? With all those witnesses? That's when Crain laid those immortal words on us that still ring true!

"At UPS you can be fired for anything or nothing, we don't need a reason!"

Tony and I both filed a grievance through our agent Charlie Greenawalt. The company sat on it for a few weeks more making their point. Finally, Tony and I along with Charlie Greenawalt and Dave our union steward, were ordered to Reading, Pa. for the execution, I mean hearing! We all rode with Charlie so he could go over our case and in general prep us for what we were about to witness. He left a lot out! Tony and I still talk about that day. It's one we will never forget.

The hearing is held in a large motel in or near Reading. The dining area is full of company and teamster officials, all having breakfast together! Grizzle picks up the tab for everyone. Tony and I can't believe our eyes! Greenawalt's been there many times before and he's kept busy shaking hands with just about everyone. It's like old home week for everyone except me and Tony. The grand finale is Glasgow and Grizzle come over to our table to shake hands with us like we were up for some sort of award. Tony and I are dumbfounded!! And it gets worse.

It is time for the hearing to start. Grizzle and his entourage of about twelve guys including Crain, Glasgow, Chet Trout and others I don't know, all enter a large room along with many of the teamster guys.

I ask Charlie "what's happening now?"

He says: "They are selecting the panels."

"Wait a minute, are you telling me *Grizzle* is selecting both the company and the teamster panels?"

"Sort of," he answered.

Tony and I began looking around for a friendly face, there wasn't any. We reviewed our case: false charges by the company, to be heard by a panel hand-picked by Grizzle.

"Hell," Tony said "we're going to get the max this whole thing's fixed!"

He was right, but he also knew his days at UPS were numbered The business management course he took years ago would open the door for him to start his own business under contract with a large Texas based firm. It was all but finalized, still Tony would say nothing until he knew it was on for sure.

Tony's case is heard first. I'm told to find a seat in the lobby. It's going to be a long day!

While I wait for my turn, I engage in conversation with a young guy charged with theft of company funds or something close to that. It doesn't matter because anything of that sort, brings instant dismissal — period!!! I ask him what happened. He said he'd been a driver for a few years until he injured his back on the job. Well, turns out that this guy was hurt bad. Had to have surgery and went through a long convalescence. As he told it, he could never lift 70 pounds again. When a clerk's job came open in his center, he asked for it and the company gave it to him. This at least, got him back to work and off of compensation. It sounds like too happy an ending for a UPS story, I'm right — it's not the

end.

Now, he says, he used to call his wife on his lunch hour on the company phone. Well that's a no no, one doesn't use the company phone for personal reasons. But, it seems a flimsy reason for permanent discharge I thought until I remember why I was sitting there too. Flimsy was the rule that day, not the exception. He went on to say that the charge came from the fact that all the calls were long distance. He claimed his home was only a short distance from the center and couldn't be long distance.

The company said that the line separating one region from the other ran between the center and his home. What's worse, Ma Bell substantiates their claim with a record of each call to the tune of $1,200. Which brings up the question why did they wait until it got so high? Unless they wanted to have a good case against this guy. That didn't make much sense either when you hand pick your own panel. Sometime later I heard he lost his case with no chance for appeal. Hell, everybody lost that day. I don't know why they go to the bother and expense, they could just send us letters stating the charge and the sentence and let it go at that. It's just another phase of UPS harassment. Make you spend five hours on the road and nine more going through the motions of hearing the outcome of which is a forgone conclusion! What a swell bunch of guys!!

Tony's hearing is over but he's kept away from me. I found out later they didn't want us comparing notes. Besides, Charlie had me believing we would both get the "gas chamber" for what Tony told them they could do with their hearing. But that wasn't the best part of it.

So anyhow, Charlie comes out of Tony's hearing with his hands over his ears and bending over and straightening up like he was doing a rain dance. All the while, mumbling something like "oh my God, Tony

killed us, Tony killed us, we're dead Tony killed us!!" You can imagine how I felt when the only ally I have is giving us both last rites.

Greenawalt finally calms down after the other teamsters assure him we won't be shot on sight when we enter the hearing. Charlie, me and Dave are seated at one table and in that order. Across from us are the three teamsters chosen by Grizzle and he covered all the bases. There's a black young male, a middle-aged white female and an older white male. To our distinct left is the company's table manned by Chet Trout, Bill Crain and Gary Glasgow. Across from them were the three "yes men" that made up the UPS panel.

Grizzle taps the face of his watch to signal to the teamster chairman to start the hearing. He and his entourage are allowed to stay for the hearings and they all do. Because Larry said so!!

The company presents their case first since they are the prosecutors. They attack me as though I'd just shot the company's president and blew up the "Duck Pond". It was grim. The company's panel fired questions at me right and left until I began to think I should cop a plea like maybe second degree manslaughter and throw myself on the mercy of the court. Meanwhile, the teamster panel searched the ceiling for enemy aircraft during their oath of silence. These people are suppose to be a buffer zone between UPS and the rank and file. I had the feeling we were keeping them up!

The company rested their case. Charlie launched a counter-attack that fell upon deaf ears. He cited the violation of Article 44 which states that the company can't fire an employee unless he's already had two letters in his file for some charge. Plus, he must be notified in advance of firing by mail.

The company panel responded by reading the second paragraph of Article 44 which also states that if

they feel the charge is serious enough, they may bypass all that and go right for the jugular vein. I read it for myself, it was true and much worse most of the contract read in the same manner. For every article that states a right there's one that takes it away. I had to admit it was brilliantly written to serve UPS and 150,000 drivers voted for it thinking it would save them from Parcel perils and the evils they weave so well!!

When the last shot was fired and the smoke all cleared, we lost of course and I was sentenced to a three week suspension which amounts to a fine of at least $2,000. Tony got four weeks off or a loss of around $2,700. In closing the chairman of the company's panel reminded me that there's a notice enclosed in plastic on the bulletin board that warns everyone about the posting of signs of any kind in or near any UPS building. Now, how's that for the land of the free, home of the brave and amber waves of grain.

On the way home that night, I found out why Charlie was so upset, it wasn't so much what Tony said during the hearing, but rather what he said after the hearing.

After Tony exits the hearing he walks down the hall toward the lobby, he stops Grizzle and asks if he could speak to him, Trout and Crain. Grizzle agrees, Tony faces the three of them who literally have their backs to the wall.

"Listen you guys," Tony commanded "I don't care what you do to me but don't you lay a finger on Charlie Kane. He's a damn good man who's been with you for over twenty years. He had nothing to do with this thing. I planned it by myself, Kane got in it by accident. If he loses his job or anything at all happens to him, I'll hire someone to hunt all three of you down no matter where you are and kill everyone of you!!"

Tony turns and walks disgustedly away from them.

Larry, Moe and Curly all go a different direction.

His sentence ends and Tony surprises me by coming back to work. He tells me things aren't finalized yet, that it could take three more weeks! I look at him, he smiles. "I'll give ya three days tops and you're out of here." Tony just smiles and nods his head.

Tony goes to his truck and quickly reads the warm welcome Bill Crain has prepared for him. His load is so tightly packed no daylight shows through anywhere. He checks under the belt, there's at least another forty stops stowed there for later. He's angry, not only at them but at himself for coming back to work for these blood suckers!

Tony pulls out and heads for his delivery area. He somehow had the feeling this is his last mission. The more he thinks about it the better it sounds. Being somewhat paranoid about UPS's ability to reach out and touch anyone, he calls his good friend attorney Mike Rudinski to check on his legal rights. Mike assures him he can quit anywhere, anytime he wants! Tony hangs up and calls his wife Mary, she's shocked but not surprised. He tells her to meet him at the most remote part of his route a place in the mountains called Ravens Rest.

Tony then calls Stalag 70.

Bill Crain answers: "UPS Crain speaking."

"Bill, this is Tony, I quit come and get your truck. It's parked at Ravens Rest. You best be there by 5:00 p.m. or they'll close with your keys inside."

"Do you know what you're doing," Crain asked?

"No, I can't think straight. My minds all screwed up," Tony answers. Tony still fearing reprisal of some sort, leads the resident goon to believe he's perplexed and confused. Actually he's up for an academy award for this one act play at the Ravens Rest!

His wife Mary and the kids arrive at the Rest and the kids have supper while Tony and Mary wait on the

S.S. Soon Bill and his protege Denny arrived, they walked into the Rest and requested the keys to the truck from the owner. Crain then asked Tony for his paperwork and c.o.d. money. Tony said: "no way, I'll turn them over to Tom (the UPS clerk) personally." Crain left mumbling to himself as he often did.

Tony escaped from Stalag 70 in February of '87. He's had all his shots now. He's in business for himself and doing just fine, still there are nights when he wakes up in a cold sweat thinking he missed a pick-up or a delivery or maybe he's short on his c.o.d. turn in. Then he smiles and lays down, comforted with the thought: "Tony doesn't work there anymore!!!"

As for the S.S., Tony still don't like guys in trench coats.

UPDATE — TONY MUSSARE

In December of 1990 after losing the car and having my house going in the same direction, Tony Mussare reached out and grabbed me just as I was about to go down for the third time.

Tony and his wife Mary, own Rainbow Fire Restoration Company. A disaster clean-up and reconstruction business that is ranked among the best in the East.

Not only did they hire me and my wife, but gave aid and comfort to Pat Delaney and Dick Stubler two other drivers who are also in this book! ■

DRIVER WAYNE DELKER

Wayne was a feeder driver. He drove tractor and trailer, including doubles from Williamsport to Harrisburg. Next you should know, Wayne has been a thorn in UPS's side for 15 years. Why is that? Well, Wayne likes things a certain way, his way, and he had the seniority to back it up. As I told you before, UPS doesn't like grievances although they win most, if not all of them depending on the union president, who at this point in time was the late party loving Jackie Presser.

As for Wayne, he has filed more grievances than the sum total of all the grievances ever filed at Stalag 70. Worse than that, he's won too many! So now, Wayne makes a mistake on his timecard and who picks it up but the loyal UPS super herself "the fat lady". Yes folks, she's back with a vengeance!

Here's what happens, Wayne reports for work and punches in. He's assigned to haul doubles (two trailers hooked together) now he shows this on his timecard by writing the fifty cents more per hour in the appropriate place. He then goes outside to hookup and (the fat lady) Paulette Paulhamus tells him he's not hauling doubles today. She doesn't change his timecard nor does she tell Wayne she hasn't. This goes on for a few days, Wayne punches in on doubles, the fat lady says no, do this or that. The next thing Wayne knows, he's fired for falsifying a timecard and/or theft of company funds.

At the preliminary hearing in the center, Wayne tells them it's his job to haul doubles and to show that on his timecard. They said he should have checked his timecard to make sure he wasn't being overpaid. Wayne says, "no, Paulette should have

made the correction since she made the change."

Which brings up the question where is the fine line between theft and error or oversight? Let me run this by you. All my adult life I've always given to the United Fund. Having lived in an orphanage for four years, I got to see first-hand where the money went and who got help. Every year I gave! Then out of a clear blue sky, UPS suddenly became involved in the United Fund. It was a 180 degree turn for these self centered slobs. For instance, they never gave a dime to local or state police groups who held rodeos and other events to raise money for poor kids. They have never sent a penny to the Volunteer Fire Co. across the street who has served them for the last twenty years! These self-service jerks only volunteer when the television crews are filming. After all, a free ten second spot on national television is worth a lot to their false nice guy image.

Next comes these I.B.M. cards with each driver's name on one of them. There are check squares for the amount of money you wish to give. Anywhere from $5.00 to an hour or more wages per month. I donate an hour's wages per month ($16.00) as do most of the drivers and some more than that. Then we hear that Jack Rogers, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer, is given a first time ever "Presidential Citation" from the United Fund for the most contributions from one company, *ever*.

Next we hear Jolly Jack and the national United Fund Chairman are golfing buddies. And yes, Jack you put it where the sun doesn't shine! I don't contribute to your corporate image any more.

So now the next year comes around and all Uncle Jack's little do gooders are anxious to have 100% from every center. If not, why not? Honest Bill Crain is the center manager at that time and a resident ass

kisser and boot licker if there ever was one. He hands me my I.B.M. card but I don't give it back. That year I sent a check to the United Fund on my own as I did years ago. Funny, but even though I never handed my card to Crain the center was 100%. As you may well have guessed they took the money out of my pay check just as if I'd signed the card authorizing them to do so!

I don't mind the money going to the United Fund even if I already gave, what I do mind is that this company *took* money *from my pay check* without my permission. The fact that it went to a good cause, doesn't alter the fact that it was taken without my permission! Who do I fire?

Strange isn't it, UPS takes money from me, it's a mistake. Wayne Delker is overpaid through error and he's a *thief*. UPS makes up the rules as they go! But like others before them, their quest for world domination of any kind is on the fringe of failure for all the same reasons. You can push some of the drivers all of the time, and all the drivers some of the time but you can't push all the drivers all the time!!!

It's appropriate at this time to tell you that UPS also received for the first time ever, the United Way's "Spirit of America Award". It's the first national honor for a corporation, amazing what can be accomplished on the golf course! As for Steve and all the guys at the Northcentral District, they collected $154,000 in 1987. Steve asked for $231,000 in 1988 and got $266,000. For 1989 Stevie Wonder wants $293,000 and that's just one of six districts in one state. Believe me when I say I'm all for it, the more money they collect the more people we can help.

The figures for 1988 show that the employees gathered up 17.5 million dollars while the corporate giants in Atlanta coughed up 4.5 million in *tax free*

donations. At the same time, collecting all the accolades as the television cameras roll!

Of course Delker is ordered to stand trial in Dusseldorf! Wayne and Greenawalt arrive in Reading early so that Greenawalt can sniff around to see what's cooking or "who"!! He quickly learns that Delker is the first case. This is not a good omen! The rule is bad cases first.

Sure enough, Wayne is the first Christian into the arena. It doesn't last very long, that's a bad sign. The grim look on Greenawalt's face is another bad sign. No one is supposed to know the outcome of their hearing until they are notified by mail weeks later. But Greenawalt is well known and respected among the Teamsters and he was told: Wayne Delker was discharged with no chance for review. The hard rules of the game are if they (UPS) say you stole a nickel, you might just as well have stolen a thousand. Wayne was devastated as we all were. The sum of money in this case was less than $20.00. An error on a timecard, not theft of company funds, not falsifying a timecard, but the fat lady told a different story. Between her and Glasgow they sealed another coffin. They were pleased as punch!! The fat lady and the ugly bastard — together again!! ■

DRIVER TIM PELCZYNSKI

Nickname: the Polish boy. Tim was a big handsome dude who came to us on the ricochet from AAA baseball where he pitched for the Boston farm team. No one knows what happened for sure, except that he had some sort of injury to his "pitching arm" that would keep him from the majors forever.

Having worked for UPS as Christmas help on the West Coast one year, Tim decided to try it with us full-time.

It was right about that time that I went to driving and our areas crossed in a small town called Athens.

Tim had everything north to the border which wasn't more than a mile or so. I had everything south to the Bradford County Home.

Sometimes we'd stop for coffee at a little place on the outskirts of Athens called the "Red Wood Diner." The owner's daughter was a smashing good looking lady! To prove the point, she was chosen Home Coming Queen at Penn State University that year. Tim puts the moves on her throwing curves, drops and change ups, but she shook them all off and it was Tim that took the walk!

That was my first encounter with the Polish boy. But things got better as time went along.

One night I came in and saw Tim's truck sitting outside the center fully loaded. Now I know he went to work because I followed him up the road within a few miles of his area.

Come to find out, it seems Tim got the diarrhea on route and he shook the locked doors of every public building in Sayre. Then it came to him that it was a holiday of local, state and federal employees. It was about that time he relieved himself so that his shorts

were now the same color as his UPS uniform.

This is a good time to mention that the Polish boy has a very bad temper. Although he's slow to anger, when he gets there, all hell breaks loose!

So now Mr. Macho decides he isn't about to go among all the town's "lovelies" walking funny and smelling like an "out house." He gets in his truck and drives back to the center, parks it and goes home. Remember these were the early days at UPS, today he would have been shot without a blindfold in front of his family!

But at that point in time, he received only admonishment from the center manager.

However, from the troops it was different! When Tim came to work the next day, or the day after, there was total silence as he entered the building and punched the time clock without making eye contact with any of us. We waited outside the locker room while Tim changed into his uniform. By this time everyone knows what happened to Tim. But his buddy, Herb Bright, who is already laughing so hard his eyes are full of tears, wants everyone to gather around when Tim comes out so Herb can ask Tim what happened the other day? Now Herb is one of those guys who would ask "Custer" on his death bed if he wanted to buy an autographed picture of "Sitting Bull?"

Tim comes out of the locker room to find himself encircled with straight face drivers except for Herb who is splitting his sides with laughter as he says, "hey Tim, I hear you shit your pants the other day?" The Polish boy's face turned fire engine red as he charged Herb hollering "you little son of a bitch!" In a micro-second Tim has Herb in a bear hug lifting him off the ground and waltzing around the center with Herb ordering him to put him down and ending with the two of them sitting on the floor laughing till they cried and the rest of us right along with them.

Sometime later, Tim and Dick "Sarge" Reis take in a movie at the Rialto Theater. It's almost 9:00 p.m. when they arrive only to find all the parking spaces filled. Tim tells Dick to park in the Sears fenced in parking area across from the Rialto. Dick finds a spot, parks and the two hurry across the street to catch the flick before they miss any of it.

Now it's 11:00 p.m. when they get out of the movie, so the gate to the Sears "customer only" parking lot is closed and locked. It is also ten feet high and topped off with barbed wire. Dick looks at Tim and says:

"Now what?"

Tim says, "don't worry, I'll lift you over the fence."

"And do what, hand the car over the fence or drive it through the gate?"

The Polish boy just shook his head and walked away. This was one out of forty times the "Sarge" lost his car after a night on the town, that it wasn't his fault!

Tim bids a city run with a lot of pick-ups so he is assigned the largest truck in the center, a P-800 which also serves as the DuBois feeder at night.

Eight hundreds are big (800 cubic feet) and they sit up high. So high that if you get too close to a car, say like a Volkswagen, one must remember that it's there even if you can't see it! So now we find Tim in just such a situation. He stops at a stop sign behind a young girl in a Volkswagen, Tim does some paper work while he waits for the girl to pull out. Unknown to Tim is the fact that his 800 is slowly creeping up on the Volkswagen to the point where they almost touch. Next, the guy behind Tim, who can't see the Volkswagen either, beeps his horn. This startles Tim who looks up and not seeing the Volkswagen, pulls ahead driving the P-800 up over the now crushed Volkswagen, demolishing the car and injuring the driver who reported bad neck and back injuries. At that point in time, it was the worst accident on

UPS records in the state. Again, Tim is not fired, not even a day off without pay! The boy has a charmed life!

Five years go by and Tim is awarded a gold watch by the company for five years of safe driving. Tim is proud of his new watch and the five years without an accident. Remember these are the Casey years!

All the drivers stop for coffee at a nearby coffee shop. Someone asked Tim what time it was. The bad thing about this is that the watch is on the wrist that is connected to the hand that holds a full cup of hot coffee, which the Polish boy quickly dumps in his own lap while simultaneously coming to attention and calling himself a "dumb Pollock."

Sometime later I sell Tim four *15* inch tires for his car, which he takes to the local filling station along with his *16* inch rims! Well, needless to say the only reason I'm alive today is that he couldn't find me that weekend to "kill me!"

The guys in the garage must have split their sides laughing and I would have still been in serious trouble on Monday morning had it not been for the fact a neighbor bought the 15 inch tires from Tim over the weekend. Now it's Monday morning and I'm about to get a cup of coffee out of the machine in the center, when in stomps the Polish boy exhaling fire from his nostrils. He grabs me and lifts me off the ground and holds me there against the coffee machine. Long seconds pass before he breaks the silence with these immortal words, "you little son of a bitch, if I'd a had you Saturday morning when those guys laughed me out of their garage with your 15 inch tires and my 16 inch rims, there'd be a new tombstone somewhere with your name on it!!"

Tim slowly lowers me until my feet touch solid ground again and I act like I have no idea what he was talking about. In a matter of seconds I convince Tim it was Herb that told me he had 15 inch rims.

Tim confronts Herb before I can warn him. Herb who's one sharp dude, reads the thing right away and tells Tim that his Olds had 15 inch tires and that he forgot he was driving that big Pontiac now. Tim bought it, we both lied.

Then came St. Patrick's Day. Some of the guys wore green bow ties or something else green, but me, I wore a kelly green turtleneck sweater under my brown shirt. There's not that much green showing but too much for the Polish boy, who has assumed command of the center for the day.

Tim turns bright red as he *orders* all the green removed. Why this lad's crazy and me with Irish-Catholic ties all the way to Northern Ireland.

He orders me to remove the sweater or go home. Bad move, never offer an Irishman the choice to work or go home on St. Patty's Day. I went home, it turned out the bad move was mine!

When I returned to work the next day, the real center manager Tom Lyons, was waiting for me with the firing squad. Lyons and I never got along anyway so he was going to make the most of this. Lyons was an ex-Marine who must have seen a lot of combat without his helmet. I wasn't the only one who thought he wasn't too tightly wrapped. The "firing squad" Lyons, Tim and another supervisor Wilmot, were gathered in the interrogation room. Lyons hands me a driver resignation form and a pen and says, "sign it."

"What the hell are you talking about, I'm not signing anything."

"You walked out of here yesterday, as far as I'm concerned you quit!"

"Lyons I don't much care what you think. Tim sent me home, I went home."

"Guess what, hot shot, you're going home today too! You're suspended as of now."

I went home and called the Union Hall to report my suspension. The union representative at that time was Paul Regopoulos. I told him my side of the story. He said he'd make some phone calls and call me back. An hour or so later he calls me back and says we are to meet with the company at the center the next day at 1:30 p.m.

The meeting was lopsided and going badly for me from the time the door closed and latched! Besides the usual crew, the District Manager (who's tenure was so brief I can't recall his name) was there. Like I said, they (management people) were like rodents every 28 days there's a new batch.

My agent is taking a hammering from the District Manager who is launching a personal attack on him that would have made the Pope fight! By this time, my agent is so befuddled, my chance of being fired has just doubled!!

I ask for a private conference with my agent. The sharks agree. We step out of the office and walk a few feet away from the door so the paranoids can't hear. I tell my agent that when we go back in the office he's not to say anything unless I ask him to! I explain as best I can that we, no I'm, in over my head now because these guys are all hot about something that has no bearing on my case. Mainly, my agent!

We go back in the room and I defend myself well enough to get my job back. Only because I had ten years with the company. Of course I had three days off without pay which at that point in time was like a $300.00 fine.

Sometime later, I'd heard that Tim was remodeling his home. This cast visions of water spraying from the gas stove burners and gas from the kitchen faucets with the lights going out each time the toilet is flushed!

I used to be a mason and I heard Tim was also doing some of that as well. One morning he was standing on

the other side of the conveyor belt when he asks me, "how high is an eight inch block?"

It struck me as funny, although I knew what he meant, I let on that I didn't and answered his question with a question that made him blow his stack, I ask "what color is a white fence, how high is a six foot wall?"

Only the conveyor between us saved me that morning since it is against rules to crawl over a moving conveyor.

A few days later, Tim tries to shove a package larger than the opening in the lower office window (which is much like a movie theater ticket booth with an opening to talk through and one for tickets) he managed to get the package through the smallest opening but he knocked out the whole glass front doing it!

Later Tim transferred to Philadelphia where it's rumored he becomes involved with a company nurse which seemed odd to me since he was already married to a nurse! The last we heard, the Polish boy had been ordered by the High Command to cool it with the nurse or one of them had to leave! They both left. Some say they went in opposite directions.

Herb Bright told me that Tim is a successful carpenter in the Philadelphia area and that he made a damn good living in the winter running the National Trap Shooting circuit.

As for me, I haven't seen him in years, but if this book is ever published: "you can bet your life savings the Polish boy will show up on my front porch soon after!!" ■

DRIVER MIKE KRALL

Mike started with UPS in Houston, Texas in 1975. He was 29 years old and full of ambition, willing to work hard for the good life.

He told me that he heard UPS was a family oriented, high paying job with good benefits. Unfortunately, he heard it from people who never worked at UPS! What he learned the hard way, was that UPS destroys families and relationships as well as the one between the company and their own drivers!

I ask him how a born and raised Williamsport, Pa. boy ended up in Houston, Texas? Mike explained that when gas prices went to an all time high, he figured that if all the oil was in Texas that's where all the money was also!

He was right, Texas was booming. It reeked of wealth and fortune — for as long as it lasted.

Texas was the last state in the Union to allow UPS to ship parcels in and out of that great state. Like the "Alamo" for which the lone star state will forever be famous, they fought to the last man in the courts to keep the big brown army outside their borders. Like Santa Anna, they simply out numbered them and overran the fort!

To make sure that they lost no more time, UPS sent their most seasoned (S.S.) to every center in the state.

UPS was pleased with Mike's performance from day one. Why not: he ran from start to finish. No lunch, no breaks! The older drivers (in this case a year was a seasoned driver) tried to tell him "watch your ass" these aren't the kind of people you think they are!

Mike's delivery area included the Astro Dome,

Buffalo Speedway and the Houston Oilers to name a few. His trial period of 30 days flies by and he's inducted into the Teamsters Union and false security that goes with it!

Mike realizes that the older drivers are right. No one can run 10 to 12 hours a day, five days a week without stopping for lunch and a late evening break! In thirty days he loses 20 pounds. So, he begins taking his hour lunch which of course gets him back to the center an hour later with the same amount of stops. At that time Mike was running (and I mean running) about 150 delivery stops dumping off 450 packages, among them as many as the most time-consuming delivery of all. Then on the way in he picked up another 200 packages at 20 pick-up stops!

A few days go by before he's called to the interrogation room for his first ass kicking. He's questioned as to why it's taking him an hour longer then it did a few days ago? Mike admits that he ran through his lunch hour and skipped his break to impress them because he needed a job real bad. "We never told you to skip your lunch" the manager said!

"You are obligated to maintain your 'on street time' just as you did before and if not why not?"

Mike tells his manager that he only stopped long enough to drink a Coke in the 105 degree heat.

The manager calls him a liar and warns him that: "If his time doesn't come back up where it was, life could get real bad for him around here."

So, the first shots were fired in the war between Mike Krall and UPS. The next day a supervisor rides with Mike. He pushes him hard chanting faster, faster, faster — at the same time snapping his fingers in Mike's ear! It goes on for days then they change supervisors, this one walks so close behind that he keeps kicking Mike in the heels, only to

apologize then to do it again! Continuous harassment and dehumanizing humiliation! Bringing true meaning to the word stress!

He soon learns to decipher management jargon like "skin em" which means: push them till they run scratch or drop! "Bum em out" simply means: if they don't respond to the usual "therapy" fire them!"'

Mike recalls a young women with a little girl to support, who came in every night with tears streaming down her face because they were pushing her so hard she couldn't take it. She told Mike that she had to have this job because she was the sole support of her child.

He tried to explain the rules of survival to her as best he could, but she didn't make it and Mike felt badly for both of them. It may sound cruel but the truth is she's better off "waiting tables."

For some reason they pull off of Mike for awhile and attack some other poor soul. That's their system: bust this guy for a while then jump on someone else for a time. Sooner or later they get on everyone, then it starts all over again. During the cease fire, Mike goes on with his work as before.

While on route he speaks to a guy who has lost his job and is trying to get into UPS. He tells Mike he's sure of a job because he knows the guy who does the hiring. At that point Mike wishes him all the best and keeps on moving! But in the back of his mind he hopes this guy flunks his physical or driving test or something. He seems like a nice guy. I didn't want to tell him what will happen if he gets hired!

A few days later the same guy shows up for work at his center. Mike shakes his hand and says:

"You're in for a world of shit, you know that?"

The guy looks at me like I'm nuts. Seventeen days later this guy is history! Fired for who the hell knows what.

I ask Mike if he was ever hurt on the job?

He remembered well the time he lifted an unmarked box of sulfuric acid up on his shoulder on a hot July day, suddenly he felt a hot spray on his face, neck and arms. He ran to the wash room to rinse the burning chemical off his skin. There was *no hazard label* on the box, a direct violation of both state and federal laws.

Like all of us, Mike climbs in his truck and goes out unaware of how badly he's burned. As the day progresses and the temperature rises, his burns fill with salt deposits from his own sweat! In pain and needing medical attention finally, he calls his center manager requesting that he'd be allowed to return to the center so he could get proper medical attention.

The center manager threatens to fire Mike if he returns to the center. He orders Mike to remain on his route and that since he's lasted this long, he can certainly finish the day! That's if you want a job here when you get back!

Mike did finish the day, but it was a long and painful one!

It reminds me of a story UPS once published in their monthly propaganda sheet called THE BIG IDEA! Which is full of shit they want you to know. But no more than that.

Anyway, there's this classic story of a UPS driver who breaks his leg somehow on route. He calls in for help but as usual, there isn't anyone to help because there are only the supervisors and they are either out to brunch from 9:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m. or lunch from 11:30 a.m. until 2:00 p.m. The clerk who takes the call tells him he's trying to get help for him, meanwhile this kid is so scared for his job he continues to deliver a residential area with a broken leg. When help finally arrives the guy has finished his route. No

one called 911 nor did they send a relief driver! But, these insensitive slobs had the audacity to publish it as a lesson to all: see what can be done when we try harder!! I'm not sure if the subject of the article is at this time a supervisor or a cripple!

That story reminds Mike of an incident with a feeder driver out of Dallas. The driver signed the daily car condition report stating his tractor wasn't working properly. The mechanic "red tagged" the vehicle indicating it was out of service until parts arrived to repair it. By so doing, the mechanic declares the unit unfit or unsafe for use!

The following night, there's a shortage of tractors. Someone (guess who) removes the "red tag" placing the faulty tractor back into service. The same driver who condemned the vehicle ends up behind the wheel of a faulty tractor he thinks has been repaired! Mike does not recollect the particulars, but something went wrong and there was a fiery accident that cost the driver his life!

Mike recalls that there wasn't a lot of publicity, "maybe UPS bought it off, I don't know for sure," he concluded.

By now, the cease fire has ended. They've gone full circle. It's Mike's turn again! He's called into the interrogation room for his therapy! The center manager warns him he's not running fast enough and he's got to do better or else!

Mike reminds him that:

"You're the one who said I was one of the fastest guys that ever worked here!"

"I don't remember saying that and if I did, it's no longer true!"

Mike goes back out on the street as before. The next move they make is the let's be friends approach. His delivery supervisor suggests that they have a

beer or two after work to see if they can't work something out that would benefit all of us!

Mike informs him that he'd rather have a drink with a snake. He recalls more than a few drivers who lost their jobs after a few beers on an empty stomach. It loosens the tongue and frees the subconscious into revelations of treason!

Sometimes they'll "plant" a driver who is being considered for management to circulate among the drivers sniffing out the most discontent. Often they locate a coffee shop where three or four drivers stop to finish their paper work and have a cup of coffee, all of which is per the teamsters UPS contract!

One such place was on Mike's area but he never stopped there because he believed one of the drivers was a "rat"! He told the others but they refused to believe that such a nice guy (one of our own) would turn against us. Mike assumes they must have talked against the company or revealed short cuts they did or something, because three of them were fired and the "rat" went into management!

From that day on it was full scale paranoia! "I trusted no one but me, I mean *no one!*"

One morning Mike reports for work and he's told one of the drivers called in sick and that "area" will be split among all the drivers and that his share of the load would be the V.A. Hospital. His truck was packed to the brim with 356 stops on an area he'd never been to, much less delivered to!

His center manager calls him at the hospital about 11:00 a.m. to see how many stops he's completed. The manager blows his mind when Mike informs him that he's only delivered 12 stops.

"Twelve stops" he screams.

"Yea, that's it *12*" Mike confirms.

"Well, how many stops do you think you have" he

asked? "just made a quick count, there's 345 stops left" Mike answered.

"What?"

"I said there's 346 stops left!"

"Well, can you get them off by 8 or 9:00 tonight?"

"Hey, I'm telling you right now I'll be here until midnight and I'll still bring back 200 stops!"

"Klank" went the phone. So Mike went on trying to deliver a large hospital he'd never seen before! A short time later his manager dressed in browns and three or four other drivers arrived to lighten the load. Mike was in by 6:00 that night. Like I said, they give to me — I give it back to them!!

Joe, Mike's center manager, calls him into the interrogation room and threatens to fire him for turning in consistently bad time. He's informed that a big shot from the district office is on his way to explain how the corporation runs.

It's past 8:30 before the corporate "hit man" shows up at the office. The hit man asks Mike if he knows how much money he makes.

Mike answers: "Yes, I know how much I make!"

"Good, because for that kind of money if I ask you to jump off a fuckin' 12 story building, you'd better fuckin' well do it!" "Are these words you can understand," he snarled?

Mike looked the "hit man" right in the eye and said: "You guys are like a revolving door, ya come in ya go out. You'll be no different! I'm going to watch your ass come in and go out and I'll still be here!"

Now the UPS strategy was beginning to work. The pressure and stress was taking its toll. He'd stood up to the bad guys but these were not kind words for a corporate hit man to hear! Thus began the assembling of Mike Krall's "firing squad"! Yes, he's placed himself in harm's way. The very next day,

he's placed on a new route — in a predominately black district. This was no place for a shy white man just trying to do a day's work for a day's pay. On route kids threw rocks at his truck, others threw worse things!

Often he had cash only C.O.D.'s for powerful blacks who hassled and jerked him around day after day in an armed camp they call the neighborhood.

Mike recalls stepping out of his truck on a hot Houston day when the temperature hit 120 degrees, plunging knee deep into an ant hill. He was in an area with few buildings, surrounded by large craters and remnants of a past civilization. Before he could say "ants" they were up to his arm pits! Sweating hot and red eye angry, Mike jumps back into his truck, closes the bulkhead door and strips to his underwear! He flogs his uniform against the side of the truck in a desperate attempt to kill the ants. In the enclosed package area of Mike's dark brown truck, the temperature is now around 150 degrees — the ants are all dead. Mike wishes he was too!!!

Mike's philosophy was: "one day at a time"! He'd seen guys burn out from stress in a year or less. He vowed this would not happen to him. He was right! It took six years!

UPS seemed to be waiting for him to resign. He didn't, but sometimes he wishes he would have. "But I had a family to think about, that's what kept me going back for more!"

A lady on his route asked him if he was the night shift for UPS. Mike told her he was the day shift until night, then he became the night shift also. Sometimes he was out as late as one o'clock in the morning and no one checked to see if he was all right!

One night after getting in late, I found myself without a ride home so I thumbed. The cops busted

me for hitchhiking along a major highway. I spent most of the night in jail. My wife bailed me out in time to shower and go back to work!

I began to live for the weekend, like everyone else at UPS. Saturday night most of the guys were bombed out of their minds. Most of them were alcoholics and I was drinking more then ever before. But the sad fact was that we took it home with us. God bless any guy who has worked for UPS for any amount of time and remains married! It ruined my marriage, it ruined my life! That was twelve years ago. It still hurts!!!

Mike was a victim of the worst, most cruel and relentless mental torture tactics this side of the V.C.! It's called UPS management! They did their job well. His wife left and went back to Pennsylvania. With his wife gone and his whole world in doubt, Mike steps over the line. Which is just what UPS wanted. He tells a supervisor who has plagued him for days: "to get off my ass!!!" Of course he's fired. But bad goes to worse, he learns that his mother who has a history of heart trouble, has gotten worse. Mike heads back to Pennsylvania to see his ailing mother and hopefully mend his marriage. He begins to see his life as a puzzle no one ever solves.

"But you know," Mike said, "the camaraderie of the guys was great! It was like war time, because it was a war! Sort of a brotherhood of battered boys in brown. It was a horrible experience, I won't forget for the rest of my life." Mike's nightmare in Houston lasted six years. In that period of time, he went from the bottom of the seniority list to the top. In six years!! How's that for keeping those troops moving!!! ■

DRIVER RICHARD "DICK" STUBLER

It's October of 1979, Dick has just turned twenty one. He's bursting at the seams for the chance to slay the dragon and conquer the world!

Around that time, veteran driver Roy Walters makes a delivery to Dick's house. He asks Roy how to get a "gravy job" like he has. These are not kind words to a UPS driver, so Roy tells him who to see and where, thereby opening the gates of hell for one more fool! Dick and a friend went to the UPS center at 2100 Marydale Ave. the next day. It just so happened that the supervisor in charge of hiring was interviewing that same day. His name is Lenny something or other, you know what I mean — the name looks like the alphabet and you can't say or spell it!

Lenny asks Dick what makes him think he can do a hard job like delivering for UPS?

"After working with hot roofing at 104 degrees in the shade all summer, I think I can handle your driving job just fine," Dick replies!

Impressed with this bold youth, Lenny hires Stubler on the spot. But as time goes along, Dick learns that telling it like it is isn't a virtue at UPS. Their "speak when spoken to" house rule will clash with Stubler's free spirit and his uncontrollable urge to speak of all the evils he sees and hears.

Dick works the Christmas rush and gets laid off. He's thankful for that!

Late January of 1980, Dick receives a phone call from center manager Bill Crain while shooting pool at a local hangout. The manager of the pool hall

puts the message over the p.a. system:

"Phone call for Dick Stubler."

For one fleeing moment, Dick considers not answering that phone call. Memories of the stress, the thankless attitude and the run, run or you'll be late, late syndrome already had his stomach tied in knots and tiny beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. For what must have seemed an eternity, this young, single guy struggled with his conscience as to suffer the agony for the money or try something else. With a pool stick in one hand and the phone in the other, he lays down the pool stick! Bad choice! Welcome to the dark world of UPS where evil thrives because there is an endless line of "proselyte" who have received their brown blood and are willing to siphon all the red blood they can get!

A year later Dick marries. They buy a nice home, install a beautiful swimming pool and there's a white Corvette in the driveway. As with all of us, the last leg iron has been locked! The free spirit is captured and he becomes a hostage like the rest. Like any prisoner he constantly plans his escape, but it does not come for seven-and-a-half long years!

In the meantime his outspoken manner and refusal to heel or roll over on command, draws the hounds of Harrisburg into his cell: truck #18803. Two of them show up in the usual Brooks Bros. suits and Florsheim shoes. They don their browns and climb in Dick's truck for a full day of harassment and humiliation!

In the old days the guards used a rubber hose so it wouldn't leave any scars! UPS gives a verbal beating that scars for life. But Stubler doesn't respond to their verbal abuse! If the "goons" tell him to go right, he goes left. If they tell him to speed up, he slows down. By the end of the day, both of them are sitting

on their ass in the rear of Dick's truck holding their heads in their hands! Stubler finishes out the day his way!

Unfortunately, one battle does not a war win! All Dick has done is to scatter the hounds, but the smell of blood only makes them regroup and attack again and again!

Dick goes to the top of the hit list. They begin to suspend him for anything they can think of, like not fueling his package car at night. Bringing packages back because he had too many to start with.

The burden of stress and hatred for UPS — not the job — but *UPS*, begins to build at an alarming rate. Constant schemes for escape coupled with flak from his wife to stay where he is because its a good paying job, mushroom into a powder keg with a short fuse.

The opportunity presents itself for Dick to get off the street and onto an inside job. He's sure this will be his salvation. All he has to do is wash 45 trucks before the sun comes up the next morning! Most of them in the 600 cubic feet to 1,000 cubic foot series, which is about the size of a 30 foot trailer.

It's hot in the summer and so cold in the winter that ice forms on top of your wash bucket between car washes.

The first week or so of Dick's new night job goes well and he thinks he's done the right thing! There is only one supervisor, the "fat lady" which is the nicest thing anyone can say about this person. She is known to carry her many personal problems to the job.

Soon a new problem comes to the surface. Paulette asks Dick if he would help unload the incoming trailer so she would be ready for the delivery drivers when they come in at 8:30 a.m.

Dick didn't mind the first couple of times, but

when it became a nightly order he began to get that feeling in his guts like he did when he was driving. That sensation of everything being tied into one huge square knot! There was nothing he could do. She was the only supervisor in the building all night long and so she ruled the night!

Dick Stubler is a hard working guy, Paulette was using him to compensate for her own inability to motivate her four man crew into completing the unloading of trailers and reloading of the package cars before the drivers arrive.

When Harrisburg says you do it with four people and if you don't, they fire the coach and get a new one. What Paulette was doing was using a fifth person to help enhance her own loading time. Since Dick was the car washer she had no reason to show him as working her sort time. The bottom line is she had a five man crew with only four listed on paper. Paulette was getting accolade from Harrisburg for something she had nothing to do with! Meanwhile, Stubler is drawing flak for not getting all the cars washed before he's off the clock. Overtime was a no, no on inside work!

The plot thickens. Dick, like most of us does not read the hand writing on the wall! You're being set up "Sir Richard", defend yourself. You are headed in harm's way! Weeks go by, Paulette pushes and center manager Bill Crain pulls. In the middle his wife laughs at him challenging his ability to do anything other then be a UPS guy.

Dick and his wife separate after nearly seven years of marriage. This lit the short fuse on the powder keg! That night when Paulette calls him to help with the unloading, Stubler steps momentarily into the "twilight zone"! He throws the wash brush into the nearest corner, kicks the water bucket over and

storms up on the conveyor belt where Paulette stands doing what she does best, nothing!!

Dick launches a verbal attack on her that if each nasty word were a bullet, she'd be hamburger! Stubler is in her face and pointing one finger at her that at times nearly pokes out an eye! When Paulette asked Dick to unload she had no idea that he really would!! He finishes by telling her not to bug him again! When he's done he goes back to washing cars.

The next night when Dick comes in "Bad Billy Crain" is waiting for him. He's told not to bother punching in that he is to come upstairs to the office (interrogation room) that Chet Trout, Div. Manager wants to see him.

Stubler tells him: "he's punching in, if you want to talk to me then you're paying for the privilege," and hits the time clock.

When he opens the door to the 8 x 8½- foot room — minus the filing cabinet and desk — Chet Trout is there with Crain, supers Kelley, Glasgow, Paulette, Union Steward Heckman, Union Rep. Greenawalt, and two other S.S. in trench coats!

There is standing room only with Dick on one side of the desk and Trout on the other.

Chet reads the charges with an academy award winning performance — second only to Marlon Brando in the "*Godfather*."

Dick silently hums "Yankee Doodle Dandy" as he gazes back at the stern looking circle of accusers that surround him.

Trout removes his glasses after reading the charges and softly massages his eyes with the tips of his fingers. He looks at Stubler and begins a five-minute oratory that always starts with: "never in all my years at UPS."

Dick searches the ceiling for enemy aircraft until

Trout is finished. He stands, looks all around the room and says: "Everyone of you are liars! You've lied to and for the company, you know it and you know I know it! I'm telling you now, Paulette is a liar. It's her word against mine, so you can do anything you want to! Have your little kangaroo court down in Reading, Pa. or anything else you want to do!" (Of course he didn't say it that nice.)

"But you can bet your ass on one thing, I'll be back if I have to take you to court to get *back!* Because you don't have enough on me to fire me!"

Dick told them what to do with their slimy company and walked out! Two weeks later, UPS calls him to return on one condition: he must apologize to Paulette!

"What, me kiss the fat lady, you go to hell," Dick swore.

"Okay, okay come back to work and just try to be nice to her for now. Maybe, you could say something to her later," Bill begged.

A short time later, Dick Stubler resigned to go into business for himself. He's doing very well now.

Still looking back on those dark years in the world of madness called UPS, Dick says I might suggest you cut yourself a break: the next time you see a UPS driver, don't ask if UPS is hiring! They just might be!! ■

DRIVER LISA HARBACH

Lisa is 27 years old, a college graduate who was hired as a "cover driver" at the Williamsport Center in 1990. That is to say that she covers any and all routes for whatever reason, like vacations, sick days, holidays, etc.

They work her three or four days a week on and off until October — the start of the "Christmas Crazies" that accelerate into the "Holiday Horrors"!! Thanks to the real (Grinch that stole Christmas) UPS!! This madness runs until the 24th of December. During this time Lisa worked 10 and 12 hour days every day! But, she doesn't gain any seniority because UPS doesn't count the Christmas rush toward your "trial period."

So now Lisa has been with the company several months, yet she hasn't completed the 30 day trial time to get on the seniority list. She's a good worker, reliable under all conditions and does her job in the required time! That in itself is all that should be required, but not at UPS! See, Lisa has this one fault: she speaks before she's spoken to!

Finally, Lisa is given seniority as a full time "cover driver"! She works every day from then on.

Her first brush with the "Master Race" comes in the form of a customer complaint. (Remember UPS does not question customer complaints for true or false!) The complaint states that Lisa was rude to a customer at a pick-up in the Raystown complex known as "Cobblers." She's invited to the interrogation room for her first lesson in "how not to run a large corporation."

Lisa tries to explain that: she arrived at the pick-up around 4:00 p.m., the shipper got all excited and

complained that he wasn't ready because the regular driver didn't make the pick-up until 4:30 or after. She tries to explain to the shipper that she is new and that her instructions are: not to return but to take what they have at that time. But, since the shipper seemed so pushed out of shape, Lisa agrees to finish her deliveries and return around 5:00 p.m. She returns at five minutes past five, the doors are locked and the lights out. Lisa is charged with a missed pick-up and being rude to the customer!

The bottom line is this: the customer delivered the packages to the center himself, which is only about four blocks from his place of business. He's late for supper and his wife tears his head off so he files a complaint against Lisa who was doing her job as she was instructed by management people. She will more or less, take all the flak for the incident in the form of a warning letter placed in her file. Two of which in a 30 day time period, will result in suspension or termination of her employment at UPS!!!

Lisa steps deeper into the mine field when she consults newly appointed union steward, John Aderhold, who is "Legion of Gallantry" for the brave pursuit of his duties, but also headed in "harm's way."

So John advises Lisa to file a grievance against the company for unfair treatment because of the letter they put in her file.

Jack Gross the center manager, informs Lisa she does not need to file a grievance that a letter means nothing (unless you get two of them) but worse than that: "She shouldn't have confided in the union steward, that he (Jack) is the only problem solver around here! Taking your problems to John is the wrong thing to do! In fact, we think your main problem is your attitude!!"

When the "Christmas Crazies" begin, Lisa is assigned the Loyal Plaza. A multi-stop, high volume shopping center usually assigned to a seasoned veteran, she does it anyway and in grand style. They increase the "voltage", she's assigned to all the "splits" — the parts of every route in the center the regulars couldn't get on their trucks! Again, this is one of the most difficult runs to do, even the older guys have trouble with the "splits!" As soon as she would finish one run of nearly a hundred stops, she would return to find another truck and another. She took their best shots and didn't break and didn't complain. Now, they didn't know what to do with Lisa Harbach!

Lisa's tough and she knows it. Now UPS knows it too!! After all, what would you expect from an officer in the military, a college graduate with five years of law enforcement? Shades of *Swartzkoph:* UPS has their own "Desert Storm!"

Lisa gets through the Christmas rush and things settle down — but not for long!!

She's out on a new run with a heavy load and light on time. Lisa cuts down a back alley to save herself a few "clicks"! Passing through a narrow opening, she straffs the overhang on a garage and stops to check damage. First at the contact point then her truck! There is no apparent damage to the structure and she sees nothing on the truck at that time.

Lisa checks her truck again at the next stop. Upon closer examination, she sees some scratches the thickness of the paint but not very long. We're talking a blemish she can cover with her hand! As per instructions, she fills out her accident report form in detail, then calls the center to officially report the accident. As per usual, the one phone line this 16 billion dollar per year corporation has for forty driv-

ers, is busy! Pushed to meet her commitments before closing time, Lisa abandons the effort to report an accident that is without injury or damage. Good thinking Lisa, but a bad move!!!

As always she gets the job done and heads back to the center. Upon arrival, there are no heel clickers except those in trench-coats doing some sort of audit. Although they are from Harrisburg their jurisdiction is international. For lack of a resident goon, Lisa reports the accident to one of the auditors who checks the damage and her report. She's told not to worry about it, everything's in order. That in itself should have given her cause to worry. But since she's young and new there's two good reasons.

She turns in her paper work, signs the car condition report describing the damage and leaves a note and the accident report on the center manager's desk.

The next morning Lisa reports for work at her usual time, five or ten minutes after eight. No one says anything about the accident. Another bad omen! She's told to run off the air packages in her truck and return to the center to finish out the day washing tractors.

At this point, Lisa should be selecting the blindfold of her choice.

When she returns from the air deliveries she begins to set up for car washing, when center manager Jack Gross approaches her with a great line:

"Oh by the way, Lisa would you step into my office?"

Once inside the "bunker" the interrogation begins. She's accused of a cover-up because she never called in and never contacted the property owner. Chet Trout stands by as Gross loads the cannon!

Lisa informs them (Gross and Trout) that she did call in and the line was busy. There was no visual

damage to the garage and furthermore that there was so little done to the truck, she missed it the first time!

Trout accuses her of being dishonest! *Saddam Hussein* is the only other person who could have said that *with a straight face!*

In a nutshell, it was all the usual garbage. Jack Gross hands down the verdict:

"Lisa Harbach you are fired for trying to cover up an accident!"

Lisa turns and walks away, perhaps to fight again another day. And fight she does! Armed with a degree in criminal justice with law enforcement background, she launches her own investigation.

She starts with the property owner who has no complaint nor can he see any damage! She seeks out the person who gave her permission to use their phone to call Jack Gross. Lisa uses her investigative talent to reconstruct a detailed scenario of the whole event.

Three weeks go by before she is notified of her hearing at the Williamsport Center.

Lisa's grievance is so well written and detailed that the corporation's case is flushed down the tube, due to a lack of proof of any and all their accusations!!

Gross and Trout poured salt on the wound when they accused her of having someone write her report — inferring that she wasn't that smart. Knowing full well she was, but not allowing her to bask in the sunshine of a great victory!

I used to think Trout studied under Ho Chi Minh — now I believe he was the instructor instead of the student!

So now, Lisa is back to work and it's Christmas time again and do they have some surprises for her!

She's given a P-800 with 270 stops and 455 packages! Translation: there is a wall of packages from the floor to the ceiling from end to end, loaded *backwards!* (Yes Lisa, there is a Santa Claus but he's not here today!)

Lisa requests a P-1000 so she can have some room to sort the load so she has some idea of what's on the truck. She is told the P-1000's have been transferred to Mansfield for the "rush". By Chet Trout, no doubt!!

She bites the bullet and takes her punishment week after week until the last week before Christmas. The bad loads along with hundreds of stops and packages finally rattle her chain to the point where she writes: "piss poor load" on her daily load card! "Shame on ye!!"

The next morning she's invited into the interrogation room, which with the holidays near is the only "bunker" decorated for Christmas.

Lisa is warned that profanity will not be tolerated by this company from any of its employees! Next she is suspended for bringing 25 packages back to the center that she did not have time to deliver before closing time. The reason for the suspension is: she didn't say "May I"!

Then, there's the time she noticed her right rear tire was nearly flat so she notifies Jack Gross who assures her he will take care of it. When the "sort" is over, Lisa still has a flat tire. Jack tells her to pull it over to the air hose and he'll pump it up. She does and he does and Lisa is off and running — or so she thought!

The rain that had been falling most of the day, began to smack against the windshield as slush. A sharp change in temperature now converts the rain to freezing rain that coats hard surfaces with "black ice"

Lisa eases her P-500 down a dirt road that quickly changes to black top. In less than a heartbeat, her 500 with a rear tire flat, goes out of control down a narrow winding country road. Lisa fights the steering wheel to regain control of a crippled vehicle on an ice covered road! Her heart continues to pound long seconds after she brings the P-500 to a halt with only minor damage.

She calls the center, Jack Gross answers. Before Lisa can tell him what happened, Jack says, "don't tell me that tire blew out?"

"No, worse than that, it went flat and I spun out on ice covered black top!"

Jack never asked if she was okay. They never do!! There only concern is for their packages and their package cars! Jack tells her to call a nearby garage to have the tire changed. He admits he never should have sent her out with that tire the way it was.

The guys from the garage couldn't get the lugs loose by hand because they were installed with air tools so Lisa had to follow slowly behind the guy to his garage so he could remove the tire with his air tools. When the mechanic saw the baloney skin UPS had for a spare, he advised her to pump up the tire she had — because the other one wasn't safe!

Lisa spent the rest of the day delivering between air pumps! That night when she came in she had union steward John Aderhold check the tire. John finds a nail hanging out of the tire. He tells Lisa to stay with the tire until he gets back, knowing full well the nail would disappear over night He returns moments later with a Polaroid camera to take pictures of the tire with a nail protruding from the tread!

UPS "those seekers of truth" order the mechanic to inflate the tire to the required air pressure and

allow the tire to sit for eight hours. At the end of that time (of course) it only lost a few pounds. John suggests they try setting a P-500 on top of that tire over night for a really fair test. Odd as it may seem, they listen to him. The next morning the tire was flat.

They accused Lisa of tampering with the tire!!! Meanwhile the accident investigation team (A.I.T.) arrives at the scene — a day later! The ice is gone and the road is dry. They inform Lisa that they were unable to see any rim marks in the dirt or on the black top, "how could that be" they questioned?

Lisa tells them that the tire wasn't completely flat, but low enough to cause her to lose control.

"Now, which way was it," they questioned?

"Was it flat or was it low?"

"It was low."

"What do you consider low, one pound?"

"No, it's low when I can't control my truck because of the sway of an almost flat tire!"

The A.I.T. follows with the usual: "we think you were driving too fast for conditions."

So, that's the way it went down. Lisa is charged with driving too fast for conditions. A charge serious enough in the eyes of UPS for her to be fired, *again!*

If I haven't said it before, I'll say it now! Any accident you have at UPS is your fault because they'll find a way to charge you with it! I don't care if a Russian Mig falls out of the sky and hits your truck, UPS will say you shouldn't have been in that block of that street at that time of day so it's your fault!! If you were somewhere else it wouldn't have happened.

John decides he'd better help Lisa investigate this accident. He talks to the mechanic of the garage, goes to the accident scene, checks the spare and the whole nine yards!

The company and the A.I.T. are again taken back

by the detailed accuracy of her statement and the distinct possibility that they could lose at a hearing! They cut their loses by giving Lisa a *one day* suspension — knowing full well she wouldn't fight a "day off!" Plus, by so doing it's the same as an admission of guilt. UPS wins *again!* Or is that *always!*

Upon returning to work a day later, Lisa learns that the light at the end of the tunnel is just another *train!*

She's given a P-600 that loses its brakes and an alternator at the same time. Two days later, Lisa is given the same P-600 which loses its brakes again on a mountain road! She manages to maneuver the brakeless 600 two miles to the nearest phone by down shifting and working the hand brakes!

Lisa is, of course, shaken by the incident but she handles it as good as anyone and better than most! When she calls in, the first thing Jack Gross wants to know is: "can she finish her route?" Next he asks her if she can drive the 600 to meet up with a supervisor in another truck?

Lisa informs Jack she's had enough "hell driving" for one day. That she's staying right where she is until someone brings another truck!

For a change, they do as she suggests without comment or threats. Of course her file fattens with yet another incident duly noted and recorded!

It seems that when UPS isn't picking on the lady, God is!! She's stricken with strep throat, her doctor places her on 15 days of antibiotics. She takes three sick days plus a weekend to heal herself.

Jack Gross calls her after the fifth day. With his own cute style of sick UPS humor he asks Lisa "if she died or what since she's been gone so long?"

Lisa explains her condition and that her doctor suggests she stay on the medication for the full 15

days. Also, that she shouldn't drive while on the *medication*.

Jack cuts it right to the quick. He *demands* that she be on the job the next day or she won't have *one!*

Tired and groggy Lisa reports to work with a full load and a ten hour dispatch. All the supervisors were, of course, busy with other routes so there wasn't anyone to ride with Lisa to help her out!

Before she left the building that day, Jack Gross told her that if she didn't like working for UPS her termination slip was on his desk ready to be signed anytime she wanted to! Is this a nice guy or what?

Lisa Harbach is a superb delivery person and Jack Gross does not deny this! But, Lisa will not stand accused of something she didn't do. Worse than this, she asks questions about things she thinks are wrong!

In a nutshell she's not a good little "*Bundist*"!! She is also living proof that the "Master Plan" is in full swing. Lisa is a *full-time, part-time* driver! She works full-time for part-time wages. She does the same job as a full-time driver for $3.00 less per hour, times 260,000 drivers world wide that's a savings of $780,000 per hour. Now that's what I call cost reduction!

Here's the "grand finale"! The name on the inside label of Lisa's UPS jacket is C.L. Kane! Who ever heard of a "haunted Habit?" Then there's the broken commandments, what's next the parting of the *Brown Sea*? ■

DRIVER JOHN ADERHOLD

Nickname "John the Baptist" — no disrespect intended to either! You might say John came to us by Divine guidance. His story begins long before his tenure at UPS.

In April of 1970 (while John is still in high school) his father Harrison, a supervisor at Glyco Chemical Co., is severely burned in an heroic attempt to shut down an overheated vat of cromowax. The vat burst and overflows.

He is rushed to the hospital, the diagnosis is grim with burns over 70% of his body. His chances of survival are 20%, even then there will be much surgery and loss of his left leg and right arm!

When hearing of his dad's accident, John calls his Pastor Rev. Shirey who meets him at the hospital. The Reverend grasps the thickly wrapped hand of the semiconscious victim and held it firmly as he and John prayed. Harrison's bandaged body lies still and unlife like, while a struggle for life raged on within him!

His heavily sedated body lies motionless and seemingly without change through mid May. The fact that he was still alive was encouraging but the narrow path to recovery is a long and uncertain one.

These were difficult times for the family. John wanted to quit high school to help out, but his mother wouldn't hear of it.

John prayed a lot, not just for his dad but for himself as well. He needed direction, guidance, perhaps an exchange — John's life for his dad's!

The weeks rolled by and Harrison hung on. He began to show stronger life signs, although still surrounded by state of the art life support systems.

Then came that hot June day when John was to

graduate from high school. He saw two nurses standing on each side of a doorway at the far end of the auditorium. Moments later, John's dad was wheeled into the room to see his son receive his diploma. John was stunned and elated! The crowd responded with a standing ovation. Two men were born again on that day of days!

Not only did Harrison survive, but he did so without any major surgery or the loss of any limbs. His attending physician and a most eminent surgeon, declared it a "miracle".

John knew it was "dues paying time". He wanted to serve the Master who had served him and his family so well. He entered college with the thought in mind of becoming an Evangelist. In this way he could spread the word of God's miracle to many people, but the man upstairs had a different plan for this man called "John".

Like most students money was tight so when he heard that UPS was looking for part-timers on the p.m. sort unloading trucks, John applied and so begins a most awesome pilgrimage!

As time went along John was chosen for p.m. supervisor. In the meantime, he had earned a certificate to teach and was ordained a minister in the Church of Christ. By this time, John was also both teacher and administrator for a Christian School from 8:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. forcing him to go directly from the school to UPS. Then on Sunday he was pastor of the Baptist Church.

His UPS job became more complex and demanding as the 18 to 20 hours he was promised became 33 to 35 hours with no increase in pay! God did not prepare him for the new order of heel clickers and the armed camp he had entered.

John's primary objective was to unload all incoming package cars and transfer the packages to the appropri-

ate trailer or "feeder" as they say in the business. All feeders *must* depart on time! Even in the event of "nuclear attack" if the feeders are late, you better be *dead!!*

The long hours at two jobs and a weekly sermon are beginning to show on John. He is about to get his first lesson in UPS harassment, something they are good at. For John, he will see the dark side of hell!

Late one evening, during critical feeder departure time, there was a tractor break down. There was no backup, no mechanic on duty or on call! John calls "Berlin" (Harrisburg) for instructions. He's told to rent a tractor somewhere and get that feeder on the road, *NOW!* John scrambles across the street to another trucking firm to try and rent a tractor. Before he can make any arrangements, the UPS office clerk comes over after him for two phone calls. One is on the office phone and the other on the employee's pay phone. John hastens back to the office, Harrisburg wants to know if the problem is solved. John tells them no and asks them to hold while he answers the pay phone. The second caller is "Colonel", or rather Division Manager Frank Molten. He questions John on his progress, John tells him he is trying to rent a tractor. Molten tears into him launching a verbal attack that among other things, threatens his job and future at UPS. John was in the process of building a new home at that point in time and this was perhaps the "proverbial straw".

He never hears the full tongue lashing Molten serves up so well, John collapses right where he stands. When he wakes up, he's in the hospital where he's told he had a "mild stroke", if there is such a thing! For the next three months John suffers slurred speech, partial paralysis of the right side and loss of memory. As usual, the "Bund" sweeps the incident under the rug. It's company policy not to burden the men with the hardship of

others. It takes their minds off their jobs and therefore takes them longer. So, what they don't know won't hurt them!

As for the company policy book, they think it's the "Bible". There's an article to fit every situation, even if it has to be altered a little so it does fit. It's required reading for all management personnel right after "*Mein Kamph*".

When John returns, his job is waiting for him, but with a new twist! The resident paranoid wants him to do some cloak-and-dagger work to see if the drivers are doing their jobs.

"Like what," John asks?

"Well, all you have to do is take a three-by-five card, write the driver's name and truck number on it. I'll give you a key that fits each truck, you'll go downtown and locate a driver, wait for him to leave his truck and then get in there and steal a package so we can see if he knows it's missing. And if so, will he report it to us?"

John hands the pack of little white cards back to a slightly angered center manager stating only: "that he didn't do these kind of things nor was he ever told he would have to!"

"Well, here's something you do have to do, it's a new company policy, all supervisors full or part-time must do at least a full year out on the street as a driver!!!"

John agreed to go full-time even though it meant giving up his job at the Christian School. A short time later a city run came open and John made a smooth transition from part-time supervisor to full-time driver. As soon as his 30 day trial period was up, he joined the Teamster Union thereby severing all ties with the corporation for the safety and sanctuary of Hoffa's rank and file.

At that point in time, the union proclaimed we can and will protect you against any charges by the com-

pany except of course, drugs, drunk driving or stealing from the company. Unfortunately for all of us, the Hoffa era ended and the new order of heel clickers stepped from the shadows into the limelight. Their proclamation: "at UPS you can be fired for anything or nothing." No one found that to be more true than me!!!

For the next few years things were as routine as they can be and John blends into the woodwork just like the rest. Then one afternoon while making a loading dock pickup at Trimtex Co., John was hurt when an employee of that company dropped a heavy package on his shoulder while he was bent over in his truck. The injury, a shoulder separation, would keep him off work from November 1979 until July 1980. For reasons that escape us, John wasn't harassed on this one at all.

Once again things are as routine as they can be at UPS but fate is a hunter who never sleeps.

In September 1981, John makes a delivery at (you guessed it) the Trimtex Co. His truck is backed up to the loading dock as before. There's a difference of four or five feet between the deck of his truck and the deck of the loading dock. John lifts the package up on the deck then climbs up on the deck himself to get a signature for the delivery, he returns to the dock and is about to climb back down into his truck when the dock collapses. John drops five feet landing on his own rear bumper, then the steel plate from the dock falls on him pinning him there until an employee comes and frees him!

In shock and disoriented, John tells them he's okay. Then, (as per company policy) he calls the center to report the accident. He begins to feel pain in his back that wasn't there a few minutes ago, the pain gets rapidly worse. He finally makes contact with the center and is told "there's no one here to come and get you, you'll just have to drive yourself back here!"

John doesn't remember much about the ride back to the center, pain and shock had numbed his senses. Later that evening, they heard John has a compression fracture of the vertebra. He's fitted with a corrective brace. It will be months before John can work again. Now, the infamous UPS harassment technique comes to surface again. First, they accuse John of neglect. How? He was where he was suppose to be, doing the job the way UPS trained him to do it!

It would be seven weeks before UPS releases his first compensation check, only after John threatens legal action.

Then the phone calls every day, but at different times so there was no pattern to make sure you're there all the time. The same person asking the same question: "when is John coming back to work?" The same answer: "the doctor says not before January, if then!"

Plan number two, the drive-by. They do it nice and slow so you can see them see you. Hoping to catch John doing something like mowing the lawn or splitting wood, etc., none of which he could do even if he wanted to. This went on for weeks, but the grand finale came Christmas Eve. John's wife Fay, went to the mail box for the mail. There was a letter from UPS addressed to John. Fay opened the letter with trembling fingers and suspicious reservations. It's from the safety department, a man named Red Flack has informed John he should seek employment elsewhere as he no longer works for UPS!!

Now how's that for an old fashioned stocking stuffer? Of course they ruined their Christmas, but that was the object!

John did get his job back many weeks later, but he still wore the brace for a long time before he could work without it.

The insurance company investigated the accident,

found the dock was faulty and sued the manufacturer for their losses and won.

The paranoids at UPS still think John faked the whole thing. What a swell bunch of guys!!

While trying to put things in their perspective so it was clear in my mind, I ask John "why would anyone with your credentials come here and face this loony tune job every day when you could teach at the Christian School, preach the Gospel and not endure this daily pain? It's not the money, I know you spend your extra money on religious videos for the kids at church. You also support foster children here and abroad."

"I know you kept a journal of events here at UPS and that was taken from your locker the last time you were off, why do you keep coming here for more?"

"It's my congregation, the one God chose for me, I can reach more people on a daily basis out on the street as a UPS driver then I ever could as Pastor of my own church. Many of my people don't go to church for personal reasons, some never went. Most have never seen the sun shine through stained glass windows. There is no pulpit, no special Easter service and no collection. I pray just as hard for those who have never been to church, as I do those who sit in the same pew every Sunday. But they all know in their hour of need I'll be there for them."

So, this man called John like others before him, goes among the people to do what he can for whoever he meets.

In 1989 John enters the high rise building, a multi-floor low income apartment house for the elderly. He walks toward the elevator at the rear of the hallway. There is an elderly man and woman sitting on a bench near the elevator, the woman coughs a few times. John pays no mind, older people often cough a lot. He puts the elevator doors on hold as he stows the packages on the

floor in order of delivery. As the doors are about to close, John hears a dramatic change in the elderly woman, it's more like a gasp for air. He pushes open the doors and races toward the woman who is now bent over pointing frantically to her back. The elderly gent is confused and has no idea what is wrong.

John does the "Heimlich Maneuver" on the victim, she doesn't respond. He tries again, the object is expelled and he lays the elderly woman on the bench to confirm that she is breathing on her own, she is. By this time, there are other people there including her daughter. The paramedics are called as a precaution because of her age. In the confusion, John steps into the elevator and goes about his deliveries.

Words of praise pour into the center, yet they (UPS management) never mention it to the rest of us at that point in time. There was, however, a small paragraph mentioning the heroic deed in the company propaganda sheet "The Big Idea". The only reason it was mentioned is because the person who writes that column was in the center when the phone calls came in.

So, was it destiny? Did John just happen to be there as he said or was this in fact a life saved for a life saved!!

Here's a footnote to John's chapter. In the years that passed, he's become union steward at the Williamsport Center. He's helped a lot of people keep their jobs and is a constant "thorn in the corporate's side"! In so doing, he has placed himself in *harm's way!*

The last time I spoke to John I reminded him of his dangerous deeds, to which he replied:

"Yes, I know but God and I have talked about *this*. He watches *me* while I watch *them* (UPS)!" ■

DRIVER JOHN BIBLEHIMER

John's a driver at the Mansfield Center which is actually in Arnot, Pa. It is the northern most outpost of the Central District for which Harrisburg is headquarters.

His tenure with UPS began in October of 1966 after his discharge from the Air Force. There was no way he could know what future Octobers would bring.

John is the kind of guy everyone likes. He does his job, takes care of his family and asks nothing of anyone that he wouldn't give back in spades! Why fate or destiny, places one family in harm's way more often then others, is a question man has asked since the beginning of time.

John's problems began several years ago, when he became light headed while on route. He drove to a nearby hospital where he's given an E.K.G. and the usual cardiac symptom search. In laymen's terms, John had a minor heart valve malfunction that was remedied with medication. In a matter of a few days, his doctor clears him to return to work. But UPS in their usual heartless manner, forbids him to return to work in spite of his doctor's declaration of fitness. Dr. Friedman, top UPS medical man at headquarters in Greenwich, Ct., backs up the theory that John could pass out while driving and injure himself or a package car. After all it's company policy and so noted in the corporate policy book, that the company has the right to refuse a job to anyone they feel can no longer safely do the job!

Herb Bright, the consummate driver and astute Teamster, is John's union steward. Herb files a grievance in John's behalf. For the legal battle that ensued, one might think it was a murder trial, but it was only UPS showing its true lack of concern for the people who

built their shaky empire. The corporation sends in the big guns from Greenwich and Harrisburg. When the smoke all clears, the corporate giant is slain because they couldn't prove their case. So John is reinstated and paid back pay for loss of work. Yes, his name goes to the top of the hit list.

This is only the beginning of more hard times for John and his family. In the years to follow, John is flooded with unpaid medical bills for his daughter's long-term illness. Dark clouds continue to gather around John's home. Fay, his wife and best friend, dies suddenly while on her way to work. She was an RN at the hospital. There was no hint of illness!

On October 4, 1990, John awakens to find himself sitting upright in bed with his arms crossed in front of him, each one firmly holding the other in place. But why? John cries out for his daughter. Someone calls 911 against his wishes. At the hospital, more bad news. He's told he had a seizure and that both arm sockets were fractured when his arms popped out of joint during the seizure!

It gets worse, he's told this may all be caused by brain cancer! Every test known to medical science is performed on John while he lay helpless in a hospital bed — wrapped in a plaster cast that locks his elbows at his side with arms extended like he were skiing. Unable to fend for himself, John suffers beyond the pain. He is embarrassed and humiliated as any man would be, to be tended to like a child for eight weeks! But more than all this, it's not having Fay that has made the world too heavy for John.

After all tests have been analyzed, there is one ray of sunshine — he doesn't have brain cancer! At this point in time, his neurologist assures him the seizure was a one-time thing and can be controlled through medication.

The months of healing and rehabilitation that follow

are legion of gallantry for courage and a true test for any man!

I did not know of John's situation until late summer of '91. After speaking with him by phone for sometime, it was apparent that John was physically fit but suffering from "depression" unable to drive while he served out a full year of pure hell without a seizure. Which is a state law in Pa.

He assured me there was nothing I could do, that all he needed was to get back to work at UPS which the company said would be no problem when the year was up Oct. 5th.

I remember hanging up the phone and noting his return to work date on the calendar. "My God," I thought to myself, "he doesn't know, he's turned fifty years old and the "Goon Squad" (Chet Trout and Gary Glasgow) will never allow him to return to work!"

Late September the word comes from Harrisburg, the UPS Medical Director (who like all the supervisors has received the brown blood transfusion and likewise is also a self-serving, insensitive, slob) has decreed that John shall not drive for another five years!!

Armed with this order from headquarters, Glasgow begins sending John from one doctor to another hoping to find one in agreement with the resident fruit cakes in Harrisburg. There are none. In fact they all said the same thing: with his medication he's safer behind the wheel than most people!

Well, needless to say, Glasgow refused to accept reports from any of these doctors. After all, here's another senior driver he can discharge! While Glasgow rants and raves, Herb Bright jumps in to do verbal battle for John against the wounded rhino from Harrisburg.

Glasgow stands firm on the order not to let John drive!

"All right," Herb said "then you'll have to let him

bump somebody inside until this thing is settled."

"We don't have to do any such thing," Glasgow replies.

"The hell you don't Glasgow," Herb countered. "It's duly noted and recorded in the Union By Laws negotiated and signed by you!!"

Herb shows him chapter and verse. He may even have to read it to Glasgow as well, so he wouldn't have to wait for him to sound out his vowels!

Glasgow reluctantly acknowledges that such a law does exist. As if he didn't already know! But he still refuses to allow John back to work.

"Have it your way Glasgow," Herb says, "but meanwhile I'm filing a grievance for back pay for every day it takes until John is back to work!"

Glasgow mumbles something about UPS having a business to run. We can't have drivers passing out or having seizures in one of our package cars.

Herb tells him what a swell human being he is. Glasgow heads back to Harrisburg!

On the same day he's told he can't return to work which was Oct. 5th, John learns that his daughter at college has just had a burst appendix. John says if it weren't for bad luck he wouldn't have any at all.

A week later John reports to work on an inside job at the Mansfield Center.

Sometime later John's grievance is approved for six day's pay. Scumbag Glasgow calls John at the center and tells him that they may not get to his grievance for a long time and offers to pay John for three days as a peace offering. Knowing full well if Glasgow's lips are moving he's lying, John tells him he doesn't care how long it takes he wants six day's pay and not a penny less! The misery merchant hangs up. The following week John receives an extra six day's pay in his weekly check!

Sure, with Herb's help it's a happy ending — for now!! Can you say "*Hit List*?" ■

TOM RICKER — PART-TIMER

Tom started as a loader at UPS on the 26th of October, 1972. He was a little guy who could slug packages better then some guys twice his size. In time, Tom would memorize ten areas, loading four 800's by himself (800 cubic feet)! He was the kind of guy who would help new people or anyone else who seemed mired in a mountain of packages as time ran out for the a.m. sort.

Tom had to get up as early as 1:00 a.m. in order to drive the 30 miles to work and be on time. Which he always was and never missed a day's work in 18 years.

So, what's wrong with this guy? Answer: he's the highest paid, highest ranking part-time loader at UPS, that's what! Tom makes almost as much money as the drivers. Now, we can't have that at UPS! Not when we can fire this old bird and hire a young one for $8.50 per hour! Right!!

In October of 1990, Tom is asked to report to the interrogation room after the load is finished. They waited until afterwards so the *night sort* wouldn't be one man short! (What a swell bunch of guys!)

So, Tom reports to the office having no idea what they were jerking him around for this time! After 18 years, one learns to accept the fact that if something's gone wrong, it is the employee's fault! UPS doesn't make mistakes! Just ask them!!

As Tom walks up the steps to "Gestapoland" he racks his brain for anything that might give him a hint of what was in store for him!

He and the (Fat Lady) Paulette, A.M. supervisor, had words a while back about the imbalance between work loads for the women and those for the men. Like any brainwashed supervisor, she resented Tom speaking before he was spoken to!

As he enters the packed room, Tom has the feeling he has just entered an armed camp! He sees only his union steward Dave Brennan on his side.

He quickly assessed his situation as being alone and unarmed in a hostile environment! Bottom line: "he's going to get his ass kicked!"

The S.S. stare at him like a pack of wolves scenting the blood of a fresh kill! The apprehension that gripped him on the way up the stairs has faded to total fear and confusion second only to a Hitchcock thriller!

As he gazed around the room, Tom suddenly knew what it was like to face a "firing squad" *literally!!* No matter how bad a shot they are: at this range one of them will hit him!!

Of course Gary Glasgow is there to: pull the switch, lower the saber or release the pellets. It's what he does!!

Backing him up are: Center Manager Jack Gross, Dewey Day, Paulette and a surprise guest! A lady lawyer Glasgow brings along for fire power. Two others are missing — Iron "Herman" Moyer and Lenny "what's his name." Without these guys no investigation would be complete. Perhaps they were already feeding on another carcass somewhere else!

So finally Glasgow gets to the point: he informs Tom that he's charged with creating a "bad work environment" for the women who work with him!

With these accusing words, Tom became more scared and confused then ever!

Glasgow informs him that his foul language is the basis for the complaint signed by four women. Two hourly's and two supervisors.

Odd as it may seem, Tom is truly baffled by the accusations. He swears on the job — hell yes, who doesn't? But so do they! We're talking about women who can curse a sailor into silence. Not to mention the fact that most of these "ladies" have been working around

Tom Ricker for over ten years. Why now? Are his words offensive and theirs are not?

And where are the other three ladies involved in this case? Lets see if I'm reading this right. Only one of the four who signed the complaint is here but there's five UPS "Goons" who will play judge, jury and executioner! While the accused is represented by "Daffy Duck" and the union hall isn't notified at all!! Does that cover it?

Glasgow unchains the lady lawyer, or at least that's what he said she was. In the truest tradition of the corporaton, she immediately sank fangs and claws into Tom's body informing him that the law comes down hard for men accused of "sexual harassment" of four women co-workers. That's one we didn't hear before! She lays it on thick. Tom is told that each woman could sue him for at least 50 thousand dollars and win!!

There is no rebuttal because there is no one in Tom's corner. His steward is speechless as he huddles in a far corner like a whipped puppy! What else is new!

When the shooting finally stops and the blindfold removed, Tom finds himself resigning. Glasgow promises no bad work records for future employers, Tom can stay in the "Thrift Plan" a profit sharing plan set up by Casey before Glasgow was born and Tom can draw unemployment until he gets a job! Lies, lies, lies!!! None of the above!

As for the four ladies who were offended by his distasteful oratory, lets do a character check on them. Sort of a let he or she without sin cast the first stone!

Of course the first one is the "fat lady" Paulette who has by now fired or helped to fire at least five people. That we know of! Besides being meaner than a gut shot grizzly, she's grossly overweight. Her job allows her to unload the frustrations of her personal life on anyone

who gets in the way, like Kane, Mussare, Stubler, Jackson, Ricker to name a few!

The other supervisor is a frail little lady who was helped by Tom Ricker on a daily basis for years before she became a watcher instead of a doer! Apparently she has learned a lot from the "Fat Lady."

The third is a lady driver who broke up a married man's home, leaving his wife and two children to fend for themselves. Meanwhile, she divorced her husband and surrendered her two-year-old daughter so she would be free to live with her new friend!

Last but not least, this last little lady not only sleeps with the enemy but has been brought up on drug charges as well! Which works out well because the supervisor she's been sleeping with likes those funny Mexican cigarettes! He's almost as goofy as his last name which sounds like someone with a speech impediment saying good bye, good bye!

So it was, on the 26th of October 1990, Tom Ricker was coerced into resigning from UPS, 18 years to the *day* since he started at UPS. All this to save money!

Glasgow knew that he couldn't fire Tom without running the risk of him winning a hearing and the fact that he must keep Tom on the payroll until he's proven guilty, so he coerced him into resigning. Resignation — the same as admission of guilt even though he wasn't guilty!

I sent Tom the article about part-timer Gerry Dickens who was fired without just cause, then sued UPS for 6.4 million and won!!

I hoped this would be fuel enough for Tom to load his sling and take a shot at the brown giant! ■

THE CHET TROUT UNIVERSITY DELIVERY PLAN

I'm told that there are as many as 20,000 supervisors and managers at UPS. If they are all like Trout the entire corporation should self-destruct in about a year!

His new delivery plan is a real study in economics and diplomacy that makes Russia and China look prosperous!

It took *me* 15 years on campus to obtain the trust and confidence of both the staff and faculty at Lock Haven University, otherwise, I would have had to spend three times as long on campus as I did. In prime time it's two-and-a-half hours any other time it's one-and-a-half hours, never less!

The seven dorms were the most difficult to deliver to. The students were either in class, library or off campus. Either way, I couldn't locate them. For years I brought more student packages back each day than all the others put together. It made a lot of extra work and loss of time for me, but worse than that, the kids weren't getting their (care packages) on time. Many were far from home, some depended on packages from home for survival or just to chase away the homesick blues.

I found out who was in charge of all the counselors, a nice lady named Judy Cochran. Her and the great crew at the student life office, Tim Susick and Carol Rinaldi worked out a plan on my recommendations that they have either a central delivery point or some sort of fail-safe in the event that there are no counselors to obtain signatures from.

The idea for a central drop couldn't be worked

out, but what I did get was just as good. I still had to go to each dorm, but I didn't have to locate each student. The counselors for each dorm were instructed to be in their office between 1:00 and 3:00 p.m. each day. The counselors would sign for all the packages of their respective dorms but no others. The fail-safe was, that in the event that one or all the counselors were out of their office for a meeting or whatever, all packages for all the dorms could be left with the secretary of the student life office, Delores, who would sign for all of them. You can't imagine what a time saver that was for me.

After years with no problems, in the spring of '89 the whole program went down the tube. Thanks to some graduate of the UPS school of dimwits class of '88. Here's what happened. I delivered some packages to Smith Hall, they signed for them and placed them in the mailroom which is locked until later that evening when a student hired part-time by the University hands out the packages to students who have been notified that there is a package in the mailroom. Well some packages disappear, not all at once, one here, one there.

The student who doesn't get a package after they're told they have one there, files a complaint. They also contact either their parents or the company that shipped the package to them. They in turn notify UPS about the lost packages. UPS contacts the University and informs them: "That whoever signed for the package is responsible for that package and they refused to discuss the matter any further."

Some of the counselors paid for losses out of their own pockets and the University paid the rest, to the tune of $800 and then the bottom dropped out! And rightfully so!!! The word spreads across campus like the plague — don't sign for any UPS packages unless you

can afford to pay for them like some others!

I checked with the P.U.C. to find out if they (UPS) could legally do that. Their answer was yes, they can require the person signing for the package to be responsible for it!

Legally, I'm not sure if it would stand up in court but for now their getting away with it. But then, what are they getting away with? To me they've done what they always do, make trouble for themselves in pursuit of the almighty dollar and world domination of the package industry and who knows what else?

The bottom line is now the driver must locate the room the student is in. It's rarely on the package, and if it is, the student's name isn't on it! Either way, you must locate the counselor, find out the room number and deliver every package one on one. There are times when the driver will have a cart load of packages for each dorm, what a nightmare over the holidays, thanks to the goons like Trout who never get any smarter but a lot richer!

As usual, the driver suffers for all the corporate blunders. Both the student and the professor are in class, there's no way you can interrupt a class to deliver to either one. After class the professors go home and the student goes off campus or to the cafeteria. Time won't allow us to chase after either one. I warned Chet Trout, Division Manager, about the problem on campus and how I thought it would get much worse if someone didn't square things with the counselors.

Chet said, "we can handle that, we're already delivering one on one at Penn State and other places."

"But why do it if you don't have to?"

Trout refused to talk about anything that day except what he came up for, to fire me *again!*

He was probably in a hurry to get back to his

$400,000 home he lives alone in near Berlin!

This "can't lead" and "won't follow" once told me he went five years without a *vacation*. Well, that explains what is *wrong* with him. As for the company's dire need of his presence, Chester doesn't even have an office — he works out of the trunk of his car!!

Going from bad to worse, Chet was never out in the street. He rose from feeder to bleeder without having delivered one package. Like we always say: "if you *can't do it*, go into management!" So he did!

Of those few who were street wise, it's been such a long time since they ran a route they can't remember it!

As for Chet Trout, he reminds me of an old cartoon character "Fearless Fosdick" a takeoff on "Dick Tracy". Fearless was involved in tracking down poison cans of beans.

Working much like Chet, Fearless would locate someone with the poison beans and shoot them — to keep them from being *poisoned!!*

Chet and his loss prevention guys stuck the University with over a thousand dollars from lost or stolen packages. Meanwhile, the *new* driver spends most of his day on campus. A job I did in a couple of hours at *Christmas time!!*

Those five years without vacation Chet? You're the only one who can't see the damage that caused!!! ■

CONFRONTATIONS

The first confrontation with the irate public was all verbal, but they progressively got worse. I was parked in an alley between the 100 blocks on E. Main St. and E. Church St. making a rear door delivery to 'Addies' retail store. We try to make as many back door deliveries as possible to take the heat off of double parking on the main drag. It was going for noon and I'd already had several minor attacks of four letter words from people I had parked in on Main St., most of them little old ladies late for their perm at the Lovelier You Shop.

I anchored package car #18803 an ancient 600 series, the 600 indicating cubic feet of capacity. As usual, I'd lost some time on Main St. and was pushing to get it back which is the rule every day 'out in the street'! Addies had gotten a lot of bulk as usual, along with several 70 pounders. I was just about done when here he comes, lights flashing and horn blowing, shouting obscenities among which was get that ... truck out of my way!! I stood up like someone had just checked my prostate gland and threw my clipboard on the floor. "Now that tears it" I said charging out the back door toward the resident fruitcake in a dark Mercedes. In one giant leap, I was standing along side of him as he quickly cranked up his window jammed the dark German in reverse and sailed wildly down the alley and straight out into Vesper St. without touching the brakes.

The next incident occurred with the same truck in the same alley, only a block east and close to five o'clock, the deadline for making my 28 pick-ups. Once again I had the alley blocked but Clinton Electric was a small pick-up that usually had all the packages

sitting on a cart near the rear door so it rarely took more than a few minutes. When I anchored the 600 so my rear door matched up with theirs, as per instruction in the UPS manual, as soon as I turned off the key I hear a horn blaring full blast from a car behind me. When I walked to the rear of my package car there sits some kid in a beat up old Chevy shouting the usual choice words! I nodded my head and informed him I'd only be a minute and that's about all the time allowance there is for this pick up! I went in the back door and grabbed the cart full of packages and returned to 18803 in time to see "Fonzey" back his wreck out onto N. Grove St. and lay a patch of rubber toward E. Church St. I knew what was on his evil mind, I also knew he had two slow red lights to come through before he could come at me from the other end of the alley. I quickly finished loading the pick ups, closed the back door, shoved Clinton's cart out of the way, pulled their door shut and jumped behind the wheel.

Six hundreds have to start out in creeper gear or they tear the clutch out because the engine can't take it, so I jammed it in first and started for the far end of the alley hoping to get there first. With my pick ups on the old girl just couldn't get up enough steam before we were even close to the end of the alley, here comes "nutsy" launching a frontal attack on 18803. I stayed on course and I ran straight at him. When the kid saw a big brown blob coming at him in a hostile manner, he anchored the old car in a micro second. When the dust cleared I had already removed my seatbelt and was on my way toward him. The confined quarters of a UPS truck is no place to be trapped in your seatbelt with an irate citizen intent on introducing you to all the gang at the emergency room!

Now, when he sees me step out of my vehicle, he retreats into his car locking the doors and lowering the window enough to shout threats like I'm not moving, you'll have to back up! My time was running out and my patience as well. I informed the kid he had two seconds to back up at which time me and 18803 are going to shove you onto Jay St. By the time I'd said it, it was time to do it. I started the engine and eased the 600 toward him until our bumpers touched. Suddenly he put it in reverse and shot out of there like a Mark 15 rocket and I never saw him again or least not that I know of!

Two years later, on my way to lunch at Kentucky Fried Chicken, I attempt to make the turn at the intersection of Bellefonte Ave. and W. Church St. It's a very narrow street with parking on both sides and connecting with Bellefonte at an angle that makes it impossible for trucks unless the motoring public stays back behind the white line that says stop here on red. Well, I was already into the turn with half of me still on Bellefonte. This street is a bottle neck when traffic is moving and now I have it stopped!

There he sits, in an old white Cadillac staring straight ahead like he was in some sort of trance. I slide the door back and leaning out, I ask him if he'd back up to the line so I can get off of the avenue. He paid no attention to me at all. This was a long light on the worst intersection in town and I had to make that turn. I shut the engine off, put on the flashers and stepped down from 18803. I asked him again "would you back up just so I can make the turn?" He said nothing, then turned and reached for something on the floor behind the front seat. A second later he comes up with a hard ball bat. By now horns are blowing, traffic has jammed and a crowd is starting to gather. All this within a hundred yards of the Lock

Haven Police Dept. When I saw the bat, I said something appropriate like "aw Jesus, not again"! Meanwhile another guy starts to get out of the old car from the other side, that's when Bob Bloom another UPS driver stepped out the side door of K.F.C. and hollered to the guy to get back in his seat. The guy looked at me, looked back at Bloom (who was now standing on the curb next to him) and climbed back into the car. The driver who hadn't yet uttered a word, threw the bat in the back seat, fired up the white ghost and floored it through the intersection and out of sight.

I looked over at Bloom, he shrugged his shoulders, shook his head and went back to lunch. I pulled into the rear parking lot, when I got inside I asked Bob if he ever saw them before? He said no, how about you? I gave the same answer. To this day, we're still not sure what happened there or what was about to happen. I guess we'll never know!

The worst one occurred on a cool gray day in April of 1982.

I was making a residential delivery at 402 W. Water St. I parked in an alley next to 402, running north and south. As I walked toward the front porch, a small blue car pulled up in front of 18803 with his horn blowing and mumbling something about illegal parking. I continued to make the delivery, he continued to make an ass of himself.

UPS, as do all trucking companies pay a fortune annually for the I.C.C. right to park anywhere long enough to make the delivery. The lone requirement being that your flashers be on at all times, as mine were.

By the time I arrived back at 18803 he was waiting. I should have seen that this man was more than annoyed, little did I know that in less than a heart-

beat this goon would cross over into the "twilight zone" and take me with him.

He slobbered as he demanded my name so he could have me arrested for "illegal parking". His big hands shook as he cradled a small blue note book and ball point pen at the ready position. I could see there was no talking to this guy, so I simply stated that I wasn't illegally parked and brushed by him at which time he curled one of those big hands into a fist and rapped me a good one behind my left ear. Lucky for me I was not only stepping up but also away from this unknown assailant, or I might not have gotten up so quickly. The punch knocked my sun glasses out the other side of the truck and me right behind them. As a matter of fact, we may have hit the street at the same time!

For a second I stood outside the truck stunned, disoriented, then it came to me that this goon had just hung one on me! I raced toward him, angered by the blind punch. He also made tracks for the little blue car. I caught up to him before he could open his door and make a clean escape. There were no words spoken, we exchanged punches as we crashed through the eight foot high wood fence Mrs. Ryan had around her pool. The fence went into splinters as we rolled around on the ground through the hedges and almost into the pool. He was heavier than me, so I found myself on the bottom a lot. At one time, we rolled in under the overhanging bay window on the east side of the brick house. I remember looking into the cellar window he had shoved me up against. He was making strange sounds now and I knew I had to roll him off me, so I grabbed one of his fat stubby fingers and bent it in the opposite direction until he rolled off. When we stood up, I realized my right shoulder must have gotten injured crashing through

the fence because I couldn't move it!

By now, looney tunes was all over me. I saw his big meaty paw coming at me again, I took the punch with the palm of my left hand forcing the shot up and away from my face which he never did lay a hand on. By now, I can't move my right arm and the last punch stoved my left wrist. There was no way I could protect myself, I'm sure he knew that but before he could move on me, Cpl. Gallagher of the Lock Haven Police Dept. arrived compliments of Mrs. Ryan and her son who had a ringside seat for the whole thing!

Cpl. Gallagher asked who started this fight and goofy blamed it on me and of course I blamed it on him. "Okay smart guys, you're both under arrest." "If that's the case, lets forget the illegal parking charge" nutsy demanded.

"First of all," Gallagher countered "he's not parked illegally and you're not dropping nothing because I'm arresting you both for disturbing the peace. Now, either of you hurt," he asked? I told him about my shoulder, nutsy said I broke off one of his teeth. By the end of the day, I could hardly steer the truck but I got it back all right.

The next day, my right arm wouldn't move at all without a lot of pain. My right hand was swollen and my left wrist was sore as hell!

I called the center to tell them I was going to the hospital. The X-rays showed two wide collarbone separations and a stoved left wrist. Since it happened on the job, I drew $320.00 a week compensation plus $50.00 a week from the guys at UPS. I think the corporation must have thought I might sue them because I was off for seven weeks and they never said a word — after I told them I had a lawyer! ■

MATT BUTTERS

In the fall of '91, college student Matt Butters like most students, finds himself struggling for financial survival. He's told that UPS is looking for a few good men to work nights loading or unloading feeders and package cars (trucks). He learns that Lenny (what's his name) is in the Sunbury, Pa. center interviewing applicants for part-time work.

Matt jumps in his car and drives from Williamsport to Sunbury which is about 40 miles one way. Lenny is impressed with Matt's desire for work and hires him on the spot.

He works the P.M. sort (unloading) for about eight months then he's assigned to 30 year veteran Larry Weaver as assistant car washer, working the 7 to 12 p.m. shift.

Late one night, Matt observes four or five people standing around in the parking lot drinking. Fearing problems from underage drinking, plus the fact they were all trespassing, Matt dials 911. In seconds the suspects are surrounded by squad cars from the Williamsport Police Department.

Surprise! Surprise! Guess what? They are all UPS supervisors including Dewey Day, Williamsport Center Manager. Now what were those bad boys up to at that hour of night, drinking beer and all? Maybe a little search and destroy mission for the night crew? You know, search for a reason to destroy someone's livelihood!

Then Dewey got in Matt's face with a verbal attack that in essence suggested that those who play with fire get burned!

Five or six months later, those smoldering embers burst into flames and Matt Butters, mechanic

Tim Smith and car washer Larry Weaver are caught in the "back draft"!!

It all starts with Loss Prevention Randy Rook, who conducts a night visual with a video camera that lasts for five nights!

On the afternoon of March 11, 1993, Matt reports for work as usual and is greeted by Lock Haven Center Manager Keith Moyer, who informs him of the video tape and the fact that Chet Trout is at that moment firing mechanic Tim Smith for "stealing time" and that Trout would see him next!

Matt's turn comes to face the "hangman" and Moyer escorts him to Trout's office where he places the noose around Matt's neck. While Steward Aderhold reads him his rights, Rook (loss prevention) and Moyer (center manager) bow their heads out of respect for the prisoner!

Trout jumps on Matt about things like snowball and water battles and talking to Smith during Smith's lunch hour which is not Matt's lunch hour. "Sounds serious to me!"

All of which are supposed to be on "video tape" that Matt was never shown. Unable to shake Matt so far, Chester moves quickly to the violent stage calling him a liar and accuses Matt of coming to work from a bar which was witnessed by a UPS supervisor who did not know how long he was in the bar or if he'd even had a drink! Which he didn't, because he only goes there to shoot pool with a friend.

Nor was he tested in any way for the presence of alcohol on the day in question. Not to mention the fact that even if he did drink it was over four hours before work. The legal limit according to the contract!

Trout calls Matt a "goof-off" and demands his resignation or be fired on the spot with a tarnished work record!

John Aderhold cautions Matt against signing anything! But Matt's young and single and smarter than the average! He says "screw this, I hate this place" and with that he resigns. All that hatred built up in only a year-and-a-half.

Matt had a new job the next day and is happy not to have to work for UPS ever again!

Meanwhile, scumbags like Chet Trout continue to shorten employee tenures while increasing the turnover percentage! "Oz" the "Wizard" still proclaims that UPS is a people company! Yes, disposable people, it's what UPS does best!

But wait, Chester isn't finished yet! There's a third person. *Thirty year veteran*, car washer Larry Weaver, who Trout accused of screwing off for 2.9 hours and all video taped by UPS loss prevention's roving camera over a five day period and the time oss being anything other than the washing of cars.

Larry Weaver sits down before charming Chester strongly suggests that he either retire, resign or be fired for *stealing time!* Here's a guy who was one of the original seven drivers hired at the old Nash Garage on Elmira Street in February 1963.

Almost one month to the day, the same corporate scumbag "Chet Trout" was presenting Mr. and Mrs. Weaver with their 30 year achievement award with the cake and the handshakes. Just like real people! With dishonorable mention to Randy Rook and *Dave Starr* for their contributions. If you were worried who will replace Glasgow and Trout forget it, here's two replacements that can take over now! Keep your eye on the Starr!

Larry Weaver and his wife have raised seven of their own kids and helped raise five of his sister's kids when tragedy struck her family. He and his wife are 60 now and both on medication. His heart condi-

tion alone should have been a consideration to "normal people" but that lets Trout out of it!

Lucky for *everyone* Larry Weaver did not go into a full cardiac arrest right then and there! Little do they know, much less care, how close he came that night when Chet threatened to fire him. Larry Weaver broke down in tears fearing the loss of his job would mean the end of his wife's expensive medications and all this less then two years from retirement!

Trout leaves the room! He returns a while later, offering Larry his job back but he has to pay back the 2.9 hours of so called lost time. Which brings up the question: why didn't he do that to start with? Because that's no *fun*, right Chet?

I must admit at this point, that I was sure Tim Smith the mechanic who I mentioned earlier, was gone for good! Don sees a faint glimmer of hope for Tim when the heel clickers change the charge from *stealing time* to altering his work sheet which revealed unauthorized repairs to employee cars. Don checks out the work sheets and sure Tim fixed a lot of unauthorized vehicles — every one of them belonged to management people! Can you say "following orders"! UPS loses and Tim's back on the job.

But just as the Seventh Panzer Division was about to overrun our position here comes (Patton) Don Deivert and John Aderhold flags waving and cannons firing! ■

GARY GLASGOW — THE EARLY YEARS

Gary Glasgow, stockholder — supervisor — S.S.

I first met him in the spring of 1964, he was center manager at Williamsport's original building in the Old Nash Garage, which they quickly outgrew. We talked briefly and he assured me that the very next driver hired would be me. He asked me about covering summer vacations, I told him I was available for whatever he needed.

There must have been an instant conflict of personalities from day one, with each encounter I disliked him more!

I was working for a pipeline company at the time and winter lay offs were a fact of life. I'd already informed my employer that I was on call for UPS and that I may have to fill in for weeks at a time until a permanent opening came my way. Although I worked independently with my own crew, in an area no one else would work in, I was paid laborer's wages with no benefits.

Finally in October of 1964, I was hired as a car washer at $3.05 per hour, but not by Glasgow. Although he had the final say as center manager, I was hired by personnel staff out of Harrisburg.

Glasgow was one of the original seven drivers hired in '62 to form the Williamsport Center. His background as a *former prison* guard, more than qualified him for UPS management. His six-foot-one, 230 lb. frame is home for one ugly face whose coal black hair is chopped close to the skull so there's no need for a comb. He has the intelligence of a tire iron and the personality of a cobra.

His quick rise from driver to center manager is as questionable and shaky as is the rest of his career. The story I'm told goes like this. Glasgow and a young supervisor named Roach are involved in an accident on Glasgow's big 25 stop rural route. Now, the rumor is Roach was driving and that's a no no unless you're instructing a driver in a new area, which he wasn't.

They have a wreck, no one gets hurt but the package car! Which there were damn few of at that point in time. The bottom line: Glasgow takes the heat for driving and he loses a year's safe driving, no television or popcorn for a week! Roach is promoted and transferred and Glasgow assumes command of the Old Nash Garage and UPS history is in the making.

I began washing trucks second shift 3:00 a.m. to noon. It was a piece of cake after some of the jobs I'd had. Then Glasgow changed my hours from 2:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. with an hour off for lunch, or in this case breakfast!

My dislike for him begins to grow, we're like the alley cat and the junk yard dog. As long as I stay on top of the fence the two of us will never tangle, or so I thought at that time.

We moved from the Old Nash Garage to a beat up old barn at the foot of Locust Street. No one could believe what a dump this was. Hot in the summer and cold in the winter! And dirty!

It was here that Glasgow and I had our first real confrontation. As I recall it was a hot summer night and I just finished washing one of the small Metros that we were using then. I drove the Metro outside and parked it in front of the old Gas Co. building. By small, I mean 150 cu.ft. as opposed to 1200 cu. ft. of today! I turned off the key but didn't

pull it. When I reentered the barn some 70 or 80 feet away, I thought I heard a car start, followed by a thud sound. I looked all around, there was no sign of another car in the pitch black night! When I parked the next washed car next to the Metro I noticed the car was up against the building instead of three or four feet back. I started the car and moved it back to where it was before. That's when I noticed the bent front bumper. Then I remembered, the sound of a car starting, followed by a thud. Boy, was Glasgow going to have fun with this one!

It's 6:00 a.m. and mechanic Sam Driver — "that's right, Driver" pulls the ignition which reveals three copper contacts. The constant on and off had ground it into one complete circuit from being turned on and off 150 times a day for years. He explained it to Glasgow who found it a little hard to believe that a car starts up by itself and runs into a wall, bending a steel bumper! He didn't buy it for a second but wasn't about to inform Berlin, (Harrisburg) of such a dumb story. The bumper was straightened by Sam and the incident dropped but not forgotten.

Little did he know that I'd gotten that same Metro's bumper once before, but that wasn't my fault either, "all together". This was back at the Old Nash Garage, before they hired Sam we had our trucks fixed by outside help, like a gas station! But, they didn't always get there every night. On this particular night, I found this same Metro sitting by the door at the far end of the building about 150 or 200 feet from the wash rack. Now there's a thing called the driver's daily car condition report, which I never paid any attention to. What for, I wasn't the mechanic, I'm just the car washer, right? Well, I learned to read it from that night on. I fired

up the old Metro and sailed down the long corridor toward the wash rack. I shifted down and pumped the brake pedal that hits the floor boards without slowing me a bit! In a micro second I jam it in low, yank on the emergency brake, make a hard right toward the south door and hook a hard left into the wall at the end of the wash rack. How I made the second turn to keep from crashing through the south door, is something I think about from time to time.

The sudden stop slams me up against the windshield but not hard. The engine stalls and I just sit there for a minute before I release the hand brake and let the car drift back away from the wall. I stepped out expecting to see the whole front end pushed in, but it's not! Hell it ain't hurt at all, not a mark! The bumper hit the wall where the drying towels were hung, it wasn't even scratched. Don't ask me how I did it. It was then that I read the car condition report for the first time, which clearly stated the Metro had no brakes!!!

I never told Glasgow and he never found out until now.

Two years go by and we finally move into the newly built UPS center at 2100 Marydale which becomes better known as "Stalag 70". There is a new job available — porter — which is a nice name for janitor, but the pay is the same. It's daylight hours from 7:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. with an hour off for lunch.

This is where Glasgow's hostility for me comes to the surface in grand style. He begins lamenting to the drivers and the union steward how I have a better job than him, he's right, I do! The more he mentions it the deeper I stick the thorn into his side.

I do my job, the building is new and easy to keep looking that way, inside and out.

Glasgow makes daily inspections but I'm always way ahead of him and pass with flying colors which only angers him more. He was the only supervisor the center had at that time, so he was out on the street all day, every day! That gave me time to figure out where the next focal point of his inspection would be. I soon knew him better than he did. Like the time he moved the coffee machine in front of all the drivers and found the floor so highly polished you could see your reflection. The copper tubing running down the wall was polished and shone like brass. His face turned red, his eyes became slits and the hair on back of his neck came to attention. He was hot!! I'd got him again and in front of the men. It became a vendetta that lasts to this day!

I figured the locker room was next and I was ready when he walked in engaging me in light conversation as he ran his hand across the top of the lockers. He looked at his hand staring in disbelief at a dirt free palm. He checked underneath the locker, same reading, nothing. He was pissed! I was happy! Glasgow stomped out of the locker room, the hackle high on the back of his neck. It was at that time that I smelled the hot wires! I went to the office and told him I smelled wires burning. He gave me that same look as when I told him about the run-away truck. I walked out of his office, seconds later he *ran* out of an office filled with smoke! Moments later the volunteers were there to snuff an electrical fire. Ever since that day, I vowed I wouldn't tell him anything even if the building was on fire, which it was!!

Glasgow is summoned to Berlin (Harrisburg) he tells me to expect a former F.B.I. agent in the cen-

ter for a security check and to change all the locks and no reason is given. Hours later the F.B.I. shows up. I ask him if he needs me, he says no go on with your work. I'm not impressed with this guy at all. For one thing, he doesn't look anything like Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. or any other cast member on the television series, THE F.B.I. which was number one in those days.

I'm at the far end of the building and I can see the former agent tapping lightly on the window of the lower office. I pretend I don't hear him at first. I somehow have the feeling he's locked himself in the office and I want to savor the moment. He continues to tap, tap, tap on the window. I have to see him, this former F.B.I. guy who is now in charge of security for UPS who locked himself in the office. As I approach the office, I act like I don't know what he wants. He sheepishly explains that he can't get out, would I open the door from there and let him out? I bite my tongue as I free the hostage and return to my work.

I remember one night in the new building, I'd taken a break and had fallen asleep in Glasgow's office! I was awakened by the slamming of a car door. I staggered to my feet and stared in disbelief at a clock that said I'd been asleep for an hour. I exited Glasgow's office two steps ahead of him! Lucky for me, he's just as groggy. We greet each other and go our separate ways. The instant his office door closed, I started to spray water on 44 "unwashed" cars. To make sure he doesn't look too close, I spray the steel beams on the ceiling so that water dripped down everywhere except a narrow passage that leads out the door. He comes out of the office, dodging dripping water and charges out the door mumbling something about going to Phila-

delphia for the day. I'm nodding in an affirmative manner as I continue to spray water everywhere. His car clears the parking lot and silence once again rules the night. I dropped the hose and lit up a cigarette, took a long drag and let it out followed by the declaration "son of a bitch, that was close!!"

The time comes a year later when Glasgow uses all his power to make the point: Kane isn't going to have a better job than me! He dissolves the porter job to my great disappointment. Furthermore, he gave me the option to go back to car washer, which is what he wants me to do, or go to driving which he's sure I won't do. Surprise, surprise, I went to driving and I've regretted that ever since, but so has he!!!

So now the time has come to go to driving. Glasgow is pissed! He wanted me back on car washing. Now he has to train me completely and four other men who know the job but who make route changes and Glasgow must teach them their new areas. He spends one day with me, it was October but his ice cold personality made it more like February.

The second day they bring a supervisor from Philadelphia called John Foote. In the 65 mile drive to my delivery area, John told me he was hired off the street as a delivery supervisor, that he never made a delivery in his life and didn't intend to! He also told me his parents were rich and that he didn't have to work at all. Then he told me his parents weren't rich but he was, followed by a third story that canceled the other two! At lunch time he told me that Glasgow had it in for me and he was told to push me until I *quit!*

As he rambled on about Glasgow, himself and UPS, I watched as he delighted himself by torching

near dead flies that lay on the window sill next to our booth. Needless to say, he didn't get the job done and I became a full-time driver a few days later.

I continue to voice my opinion which is not a smart thing to do if you're staying at UPS for the rest of your working years. My personal file gets heavier by the day, with testimony as to my feelings for the company and theirs for me.

Back when I was portering which was around 1966 or 67, Glasgow's anti-driver complex first came to the surface. He once described them in general as ungrateful, unreliable and overpaid to name a few. His favorite phrase was: the first year a driver can't believe how much money he's making, by the end of the second year he's worth every penny of it and by the end of the third year they're worth twice as much. All this devotion from a guy who says he never turned down a strange piece of ass!! Bold talk for an ugly, nose picker who couldn't get a jump in a whore house on a Monday night with a fist full of hundred dollar bills.

This is all testimony of Glasgow's character, or lack of it!

Glasgow leaves Stalag 70 to move up the chain of command to division manager, stationed in Harrisburg. Don Hopple assumes command of "70" and things are somewhat routine for a while. Then one day Glasgow comes back to "70" to interrogate me for what he calls an unacceptable performance record. Translation: I'm not doing it fast enough. He tells Hopple to take him out and "bust his ass". The ugly, heel clicking bastard had just declared war on Yankee Doodle Dandy, he may have won a battle or two but he doesn't win the war!

His rise to district manager was short lived We

heard he was relieved of his command and kicked upstairs, as they say, to personnel. Years went by and the word was, Glasgow was on shaky ground, that his career was going into the shitter. Suddenly, the system was purged and Glasgow came to the surface as one of the company's contract negotiators! This was like assigning "Goring" to the Luftwaffe!! He blended beautifully with the stone face, lack of emotion, give-and-take world of negotiators. The ice man had finally come home!! He's so lacking in emotion that they have a paramedic present to check Glasgow's life signs to make sure he's still with us.

Years go by with Glasgow and I having only brief encounters of the worst kind. Then in January of 1987, the "Corporate S.S." gets his revenge.

Driver Tony Mussare brings the signs into the building that gets us both fired. For a work stoppage that never occurred!!

The name Gary Glasgow will appear more often then any other in this book. No, he's not the *star* of this expose but he is the *cause* of it.

He will appear in almost every chapter as the corporate hit man who loves his work.

In fact, his *finest hour* may be the last chapter I call the "Final Firing". ■

AIR LETTER

As usual, I was late when I made that pick-up and I failed to see the air letter in a separate slot. I grabbed the rest of the packages and ran trying desperately to keep all the company's commitments. I was again the last one in that night, the air was all loaded except mine. I unloaded and went to the pumps to gas up. The girl who handles the air came running out to my truck.

"Charlie, you're short an air letter, do you have it on there somewhere?"

I looked everywhere, there were no more air packages, yet my pick-up records showed I should have one. I didn't and I suddenly remembered I hadn't checked the air slot at the Mail-Box. I went into the center where the P.M. supervisor (nicknamed the "Fat Lady") questioned me about the package. I told her what she already knew, I didn't have it. She asks me what I was going to do about it and I told her, "I'm here the package is up there."

I told her she knew nothing about what happened out on the street since she had never delivered a package in her life. I also told her, the size of her, she should be out in the street, it would do her good. These were a poor choice of words to say to a fat lady who's in charge at the time.

First I was just suspended but after the fat lady filed her four page rendition of the events of the evening, I was fired for failure to follow instructions, verbal abuse of a supervisor, refusing to retrieve a missed package, the Lincoln Assassination, World War II, Korea and Vietnam.

Center Manager, Jack Gross suspended me and he later changed it to a firing. A few days later Greenawalt set up a meeting at Stalag 70 — he forgets to tell me it's at Stalag 70 — I go to the Teamster's Headquarters, 30 miles away. He waits for me to come back, along with Chet Trout and Jack Gross.

They allowed me to read the "Fat Lady's" four page presentation which I found to be fairly accurate but greatly exaggerated. As for not going back for the package, she never clearly gave me that option. That is to say: "will you go back to Lock Haven for the air letter?" This never happened but she said it did, to cover her wide ass. We argued back and forth about truth and honor but all the charges will stick. The air letter was retrieved by a feeder driver, but he was too late to catch the plane. So they had to "life-flight" it to Harrisburg at a cost of $125. (Hire a chopper.)

Chet offers me my job back but I have to apologize to the fat lady. Say what? What verbal abuse is there if you only infer that someone is over weight. I did not cuss or use foul language. In essence, all I did was to inform her she should do some time out in the street. Which would not only trim her fat ass down, but show her how little she knows about UPS in general.

I told Chet the fat lady angered me with her badgering about the missing air letter. That her lack of professionalism made a bad situation worse. Therefore, she contributed as much as me and no I was not going to apologize to Paulette. Or as we say, kiss the fat lady!

I walked out of the meeting and as I passed Greenawalt he grabbed my arm and told me to let

him know what I was going to do. I told him I'd catch him later!

A day or two goes by, Greenawalt calls to remind me it's time to file my grievance before the time runs out. I write the grievance that same day and mail it to Greenawalt at his office in Milton. He in turn, sends it to Glasgow in Berlin.

By now I've gone through my last pay check and it looks like a long siege ahead! I apply for some of my Thrift Plan earnings. It's a UPS profit sharing program which many drivers have done very well with as long as you let it in the plan, but the rules are one can withdraw a certain amount of earnings without any problem. That is, unless you're fired at the time and they really want you hurting when you come to Dusseldorf (Reading) for the grand finale.

So anyhow, I apply with the standard withdrawal form which usually takes a week or less! Two weeks go by and the form is returned to me. There's a note attached to the form that says this form is no longer used, please fill out the new form and return. It's signed by someone in personnel whose signature I can not read. I read the new form which is exactly like the old one except for one small paragraph which states there's a penalty for early withdrawals. I do what the note says and return it by UPS inner-office mail by dropping it off at Stalag 70. Three weeks go by and no answer. I contact my lawyer who calls District Manager, Steve Jenson who has just proclaimed himself the new "Prince of Peace" vowing to improve the quality of life for all his people. The Prince isn't in his palace nor does he return the call or answer a letter in my behalf.

In the coming weeks I sell some antiques I tell myself I didn't like anyway! I pick up a few bucks writing for newspapers and a few friends came running. Like Mike and Joyce Mitstifer who gave me money they had saved to fix the roof. An old friend Don Leitzell gave my wife an envelope full of money and told her not to give it to me until he was out of town. I haven't seen him since, but I owe him and I won't forget.

I'm into my eleventh week when the high command orders me to Dusseldorf (Reading) this is the headquarters for their Kangaroo Court where all fair trials are arranged by the S.S. so the driver loses. Still no check from the Thrift Plan!

Dusseldorf is a place you must see and experience for yourself to believe it. Rarely is a driver brought here for a serious charge like stealing or embezzlement or something along those lines. These people are discharged on the spot or arrested. What they get here is the guy who just plain needs a day off but can't get one, so he calls in sick one day and gets caught cutting his grass by his supervisor who just happened to be driving in circles around his house! And of course me! You're going to think you are at the trials at Nuremburg but you're not, just UPS in a motel convention room outside of Reading, Pa.

At 6:00 a.m. on the morning of my trial I meet Charlie Greenawalt and Steward Dave Brennan along with feeder driver Wayne Delker in the Hill's parking lot. We all pile into Greenawalt's car and he zooms toward Reading at around 70 m.p.h. He clicks on his radar detector, I check my seat belt to make sure it's latched and the "no smoking sign" is on until Greenawalt lands!

On the way down we discuss Wayne's unique case in detail. He's charged with theft of company funds or something close to that. First you must understand the UPS philosophy: if you only take a dime today even by accident, what then will it be the next time and the time after that? So you "nip it in the bud" as they call it. Remember, we are dealing with a multi-billion dollar corporation run by people, each of whom are or will be, millionaires themselves! Courtesy of 150,000 UPS drivers like me!

My trial opens with company prosecutor Glasgow doing his impression of William Jennings Bryan. He opens with a bang declaring the proceedings unnecessary since the grievance is untimely. Furthermore, we wish the discharge to stand and that Mr. Kane be terminated from employment at UPS. Glasgow is told to shut up and sit down. That was music to my ears and it showed a shift in power. I was reminded that the new Teamster President, Billy McCarthy disliked UPS!!!

The Teamster's chairman tells everyone to leave the room while they check on my grievance. Moments later we were called back. The chairman informs Glasgow the grievance is not untimely and as a matter of fact I have another day yet. Furthermore, he informs Glasgow that he counted Labor Day in his total and that holidays are not included in the count.

Glasow begins again! Reaching deep into his brief case he hauls out everything he had on me as far back as he could. Finally, he got around to why we are all gathered here today. Not only did Kane miss an air letter which nearly caused a serious service failure, but he refused to go after the letter.

He failed to follow procedure at the pick-up site resulting in the need to have the letter life-flighted to make needed connections to its destination. Furthermore, upon his return to the building, he engaged in a verbal confrontation with our P.M. super, Paulette. He was rude and used abusive language and his conduct was inexcusable. Glasgow rests his case which by now had all of us yawning.

The chairman then nodded to me and asked if I cared to comment on Glasgow's allegations.

As I stood up, Greenawalt whispered "stay cool and take it easy."

I applauded Glasgow on his presentation and suggested that he should have been a lawyer. He wasn't amused, me either! I reminded him of his anti-driver attitude that went back to 1965. I established the fact that we have been enemies since that time. He re-opened an old case! I closed it by reminding him that he fired me over the phone for a work stoppage that never happened. I spoke again of truth and honor and the fact that he can't spell either one of them.

I could almost see the hackle on Glasgow's neck rise as his face reddened and his eyes became slits, the hit man was hot!

This former prison guard and buck-ninety-eight legal eagle had just got his ass kicked before the entire North Central District order of S.S. In light of the fact that Glasgow had given me last rites and was bold enough to tell anyone who would listen: "that Kane was done for this time." It was like one desert rat nailing Rommel at one of Hitler's staff meetings.

I concluded my attack on Glasgow by thanking the Teamster's panel for the opportunity to answer UPS

charges. The chairman asked me if I thought I had gotten a fair trial? To which I answered "yes sir"!

"Then this hearing is over, next case please," he announced.

Greenawalt, Brennan and I left the room together, but before we reached the outside door where Wayne stood waiting, Greenawalt asked us to wait a minute while he checked on something. As before, he was going back for the verdict.

Meanwhile, Glasgow, "Stevie Wonder"' and the rest of the boot lickers stormed out the door with their brief cases at port-arms. I think they all had dark blue suits on too!

Glasgow passed so close to me I could almost feel the steam he exhaled through his nostrils!! He spoke to Brennan who stood beside me but passed on both me and Wayne. The guy's got no sense of humor!

We piled into the car and headed north. As we cleared the parking lot, Greenawalt laid it on me: "it's deadlocked — three for you and three against."

"Now what the hell does that mean," I asked?

"It means we have a damn good chance of winning because your case is going to arbitration. The bad news is, it may be a while until we can get an arbitrator we like since the choice is ours!"

Greenawalt explained the whole thing to us as we rode home.

"I think we'll be hearing from UPS soon with some kind of offer. See, the way it works is they, UPS, have to pay $2,100 and it cost us $2,100 to bring in one of those guys so the way I figure it, the longer they wait the more it is going to cost them if they lose. I don't think they're going to gamble on your winning and walking away with a bundle of their money!"

"In fact," he said "what's today, Thursday right? I'll bet someone calls me tomorrow with an offer!"

Friday afternoon I get a call from Greenawalt, there's a meeting at 3:00 p.m. Monday afternoon in his office at Teamster's Headquarters in Milton, Pa.

The weekend shot by and before I knew it I was sitting in my car outside the Union Hall it was 2:50, I was early and nervous. Greenawalt hadn't told me much except there was a meeting. I'm into my twelfth week without a paycheck, but I can't let them know how bad things are until I see all the cards on the table.

I went into his office, he shook my hand and said I was early. I asked him who all was coming, he said just us and the District Manager little "Stevie Wonder" all by himself!

"What the hell is going on," I asked?

Greenawalt shook his head, "this one's new to me too, I never had the district manager come here by himself before!"

It may be noteworthy at this point to let you know that I saw things going badly for me four or five weeks into the "battle". Some shocking revelations came to the surface. One, there's not much demand for a 53 year old former UPS guy. I didn't want another driving job and I've had enough minor back injuries that I can't go back to block laying or any other masonry! Nor did I want to run backhoes to dig pipelines again.

In no time, the reality of my situation hit me like a ton of bricks. It's lay blocks, dig in the dirt or go back to UPS which at that point in time didn't look too good, so I went back among my friends in Lock Haven and asked them to write letters in my behalf to 25 Plaza Square, Greenwich, CT., the

"Duck Pond" UPS Headquarters. Well, the letter writing campaign took off like a heat seeking missile. They must have gotten hundreds of letters.

For UPS one letter is a "code blue" and they act on it true or false.

Now here I was meeting District Manager, Steve Jensen, we shook hands and I noticed he ran true to form, Brooks Bros. suit and Florsheim shoes!

Before I could sit down, Steve announced that he wanted me back to work tomorrow, could I be there?

"Yes, sure I can be there," I answered. Hopefully without slobbering on either one of us.

"Wait a minute," Greenawalt cautioned, "we have a lot to talk over here like loss of wages, health and welfare and retirement contributions?"

"Well, at this point we're offering Charlie his job back."

Greenawalt comes to attention with a vengeance, "what the hell are you trying to pull Jensen?"

"Nothing, just trying to put this man back to work," Jensen coolly replies.

Greenawalt cites a precedent, Jensen disagrees. They argue back and forth. Greenawalt calls the union attorney Ira Weinstock, at his home. He is told the lawyer is in New Jersey. He gets the Jersey number and calls him at his motel citing the precedent in question.

Meanwhile, Jensen is on another phone with the company counselor Martin Wald, who says Steve is right.

Greenawalt hangs up the phone proclaiming he's right also!

Both men engage in a heated argument that I understand very little of. Greenawalt storms out of his office to another one across the hall. There he flips through numerous files searching for the right document to end the stalemate.

Finally, Jensen suggests we get on with it and offers me four week's back pay to return to work tomorrow.

Greenawalt looks at me in a disapproving manner.

I ask Jensen if he thought the loss of time fit the crime?

He looked me straight in the eye and said, "definitely not, this whole thing went too far!"

"I agree," Greenawalt injected.

"Me too, so with that thought in mind would you go for six week's pay for me to return to work?"

Steve is silent, he gazed toward Greenawalt then back to me. As if to study our reaction to his lack of reaction! He studied me some more then said "okay, six weeks it is but I want you back on the job tomorrow morning!"

"Wait, wait, not so fast Steve, there's some other business here," Greenawalt ordered.

Steve sat back down, me too.

"Charlie owes three month's back health and welfare payments at $265 per month."

"Okay, I'll take care of it."

"Also, there's three month's retirement overdue at $377 per month," Greenawalt added.

"We'll take care of that as well, is there anything else," Steve inquired?

I look at Greenawalt, he looks at me we both nod in a negative manner.

"Well then Charlie, you report at your regular

time tomorrow morning," as he finally shook my hand.

I left the office, Greenawalt and Jensen stayed behind for a private talk.

When I opened the car door, my wife who had been waiting here for two-and-a-half hours, asks "well"?

"We're going back out in the street."

"When?"

"Would you believe tomorrow morning?"

"Are you serious?"

"Never more serious than now!"

"What did they offer you," she asked?

"Well, at first just my job back."

"Your job, that's all?"

By the time we reached home, I'd explained the whole thing to her almost verbatim.

"So your saying, he's paying us six week's back pay plus benefits and five week's vacation pay all in one big check?"

"You got it."

"When?"

"The prince said he would get a check to us as soon as he could."

"You know," she said "I'd have bet anything you wouldn't even get your job back let alone back pay for just about every week you were off! What caused that?"

"What caused that, not what "who"? Billy McCarthy and a lot of mail from friends!"

Like I said as soon as the trial started, I knew something was different. That's when Greenawalt informed me there is a new guy in Washington and UPS doesn't tell him what to do!

It's early November 1988 when I return to

work, the first day back to work I inquire about my Thrift Plan which is now thirteen week's late. Jack Gross calls Harrisburg, they call back, "no fund withdrawal received from C. Kane." I'm told to fill out a third request which I do that same day. I kid you not, in a matter of days the check arrives by UPS next day air!

Lesson number 137: only a fool toys with UPS!!! ■

DRIVER BOBBY ZOMBEK

As I often say: if it weren't for "bad luck" I wouldn't have any at all. I'd only been back to work less than five months after the air letter incident, when I found a newspaper article taped to my locker door that changed my life forever and Bobby Zombek's as well!

Bobby is an eight year veteran of UPS. He worked out of New York's famed Manhattan North Center on the infamous "Route 21". The "21" runs deep into Harlem's crack district. War zones were nothing new to Bobby, he seemed to have a fetish for them that began aboard an ammo ship in the middle of the Six Day War. Incendiaries exploded all around him. Russian P.T. boats made sadistic practice runs on his ship and the U.S.S. Liberty went down not far away.

Bobby and his friends were as nervous as a long tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs, aware that one tiny spark could send the whole crew to a watery grave with nothing but debris floating in the middle of an oil slick for a marker!

He faces the grim reaper again in "Nam"' during the Tet offensive.

After his tour of duty, Bobby returns to the "Big Apple". He takes the police test to become one of New York's finest and passes with ease! Meanwhile he does some soul searching and calculates the odds against leaving two war zones unhurt to enter another. It seemed senseless to survive combat in another country only to risk it all again on the streets of New York!

Bobby makes a dramatic career change. He becomes a driver for UPS. The pay is good and there's

no one shooting at him all the time, or so he thought!

He spends a year working 29 days at a stretch followed by a lay-off. UPS does this to make sure they only get the best of the best. According to the Teamsters contract after 30 consecutive days you are a full-time and permanent employee. However, the company can work you 29 days at a time forever if they wish.

In Bobby's case they soon learn he's "damn good", in fact his supervisor called him the "Red Jet" because of his fast, proficient methods.

On the 24th of June, 1988, Bobby Zombek's luck ran out. He was making deliveries in the 2500 block of Seventh Ave. in Harlem. Bobby gets on the elevator carrying three packages, two guys get on with him. He makes them as crack heads on sight. They engage in light conversation until the elevator stops, then all hell breaks loose! When the door opens on the 24th floor, the crackers shove Bobby out into the hall. A violent fight erupts as Bobby hammers them up and down the hallway. Finally one of them says: "let's open him up."

One shot echoes through the building. The bullet hits Bobby in the neck, it shatters his vertebra into fragments that slice his spinal cord! He tumbles uncontrollably down the stairs. Lost in a time warp between past and present, Bobby calls out "Medic, Medic."

He's taken to the Harlem Hospital where UPS immediately blacks out all media, stating that there'll be a press release by the company later! Meanwhile, he's moved to another hospital where he's told what Bobby already knew, that he's paralyzed from the neck down.

I ask Charlie Greenawalt to check on him with

the Teamsters. He sort of mumbled something like "I'll look into it," but he didn't. Why, I never asked him!

I know this sounds dumb and that's because it was dumb, but I ask UPS if they knew where he was. In fact it was Al Spooner that I first talked to. I said "Al did you ever hear of a driver named Bobby Zombek, who was shot in the neck and is laying in a nursing home somewhere paralyzed from the neck down?"

Al looked at me with great compassion and said pointing to my right shoulder, "you have a hole in your shirt, better order a new one."

"First things first, right Al?"

That's pretty much the way it went. Al said he gave the information on Bobby to the company's good-will-ambassador, and aging S.S. man named Lenny. I call him the "Weasel" because he turns brown or white to fit the occasion. Lenny makes a living doing the "talk to the man program."

The program started over twenty years ago by supervisors who really cared about their people and how they felt about the company. It's called T.L.A. translation: talk, listen, act. Down through the years it's lost its punch, now the driver talks and they act like they're listening. Except for Lenny, he talks to us like a "Dutch Uncle" soft and easy like. But if you say something off color about UPS, it will be on the District Manager's desk in the morning verbatim. That's why we call him the weasel. Of course he never looks for Bobby either!

I first heard about Bobby in the *New York Daily News* in March of 1989, ten months after it happened. Columnist Mike McAlary who found out about him through a mutual friend who is also a quadriplegic, wrote the article but didn't say where

Bobby was and refused to discuss it over the phone or answer letters asking for his whereabouts.

Neither UPS nor the Teamsters Union would give me any information on Bobby.

Finally I contacted friends on Long Island, the Strouse's, where I believed he might be. They in turn, called every Zombek in the book until they located his parents, who tearfully gave them Bobby's new address and phone number.

I called Bobby moments later! The phone rang and a man answered, I asked to speak to Bobby Zombek.

"I'm Bobby," the man said.

"Bobby Zombek, I've been looking for you for weeks."

"I've been here for weeks," was his reply.

"Listen I'm a driver for UPS and I'm from Williamsport, Pa. How are you doing, Bobby?"

"I'm all right for now, I was in a ward filled with old folks for four months. If I would have stayed there any longer, I would have went crazy! Now I'm in an apartment owned by friends just outside of Port Jefferson, L.I. I'm waiting for things to settle at my sister's house where I'll probably be living. I'm trying to hang in there, trying to find some direction and see what I'm going to be doing with the rest of my life. I don't know if I want to go back to UPS, I've been with them for eight years. They seem to want me to come back to work, but I don't know really."

"Well, how are you and are you able to go back to work," I asked?

"Well, you know I'm going to be in a wheelchair for the rest of my life. I don't know guy, I don't know if I want to to work for UPS, whether it's in my best interest! I know I have to do something, I don't think I can stomach staying home for the rest of my life."

"Well how is UPS treating you, are "they taking care of things?"

"Well, you work for UPS and I don't know how it is in Pa., but in N.Y.C. you have to go fast, fast and faster! Then, when you try to get something from them it's slow, slow and slower."

"That's exactly it, you got it! I agree!"

"Isn't that it? You got it."

"You have to pull everything out of UPS, their terminology is they *are not responsible* for me *any longer*, really!"

"Are they in contact with you at all anymore?"

"Oh yea, I was the kind of driver *who spoke his mind* but I did their work. I was a workaholic! Everybody liked me, I spoke up to the bosses in a nice way of course. If I saw something wrong, I told them. If they ask "who's this guy?" I told them, "the Red Jet" that's what my supervisor called me. I used to blow the doors off them trucks, I was one of the first guys back every day!"

"But, what did that get you in the long run?"

"Shot in the neck and paralyzed from the neck down. My parents my friends and myself have been very vocal on the way UPS has handled this thing. What happened to me was kept a secret. When I was lying on a table in Harlem Hospital, which is the worst hospital to be in, the place was crawling with news media, but UPS put a blanket around me and wouldn't let anyone see me or talk with me! They don't want anyone to know that a lot of their drivers get mugged, but none as bad as me."

"Well Bobby, what can we do for you? What do you need?"

"I need a lot of prayers and I just need for a lot of UPS guys to say, what's happening to Bobby Zombek from Manhattan North? What's happening to the

"Red Jet"? They can help me by urging their locals to write the union president in support of a pension for me. My Local 804 is fighting for me now. But, without vested rights it doesn't look too good."

"You know my center "Manhattan North" is one of the toughest centers to work for and my area "Route 21" is crack den after crack den. There's nothing but walk ups, walk ups and more walk ups and remember we have to get a signature for every package we deliver!"

What Bobby was trying to say was that he did the job! He did it under conditions more dangerous than anyone will admit to and he did it superbly! Now that he's shot and paralyzed, he's been cast aside like one of UPS's outdated package cars.

Sir James Casey would have tended to this man personally if he were alive. Today's Chairman Jack Rogers, has more important things to do, like feed the ducks at lunch time!

Since the company took such great precautions to keep Bobby out of the limelight, I wondered how much more have they covered up?

Their treatment of this courageous man, is more typical of this giant insensitive corporation than they would like the public to know about!

The truth is UPS has done nothing to protect their drivers in these dangerous areas. It's business as usual, except for one minor detail, it seems there's a very high turnover on the "21" route. Some work just a day or two then just walk away leaving the truck parked along the street. Some don't even come back for their day's pay!

Bobby was a husband, an athlete and an all-around-good guy with a nice home in New England. He's the kind of guy you like to stop and have a beer with after work. That's all gone now, he's lost every-

thing but his courage and his will to live and be somebody again!

He's receiving compensation from UPS but they want him back to work! To do what? They don't say and Bobby fears that he'll be stuck in a room somewhere until he quits so that UPS will no longer need to pay him compensation or health and welfare. There's good reason for his "paranoia", UPS promised him the best of care. He was placed in a ward filled with old folks. They promised a special built van to transport him. The van hasn't arrived yet, 13 months after the shooting. UPS has informed him the van is on its way but they can only pay for *half* of it. Next thing, who's paying for a driver? UPS hasn't "delivered" on anything yet!

UPS is a multi-billion dollar international corporation. Their 13 man Board of Directors was housed in a posh office complex called the "Duck Pond" at Greenwich Office Park 5, Greenwich, Conn. in 1988. When you consider that the dividends from these guy's stock alone would pay for Bobby's van, it's hard to believe that any of the board members were drivers, once upon a time.

The Teamsters have given him an emergency extension of Health and Welfare, but how about the next time and the time after that?

With only seven years on the rolls, Bobby doesn't have vested rights so he doesn't qualify for a "disability pension". Ron Carey, Local 804, has taken his case before the board as a hardship!

I felt the first thing to do was to somehow inform the other 150,000 drivers about Bobby Zombek so they could do what they could for him. I needed a national publication in order to reach everyone. I tried writing an article about Bobby and sent it to READER'S DIGEST who said they read the article

with interest but felt it had no place in their magazine. I also wrote the GRIT publishers whose response was a little colder. Their pre-printed 3 x 5 rejection slip said it all: thanks but no thanks! Finally Chuck Yorks, an editor I'd written an outdoor column for, agreed to run the story as an opinion in his daily newspaper THE LOCK HAVEN EXPRESS. This in itself was legion of gallantry as no other editor I spoke to would as they said: "touch it with a ten foot pole."

So now, at least we had something in print to make copies and run with! My wife ran off hundreds of copies most of which were given to the feeder drivers. Each feeder driver was asked to leave one or two in the rest area of every center they stopped at. Also to locate the "feeder" going the furthest and to give him several copies and then ask him to do the same thing at his end. Since we couldn't get the word out by print, we tried to get it out anyway we could.

I had friends in shipping departments that folded up Bobby's story and shipped it to other states along with the packing slip.

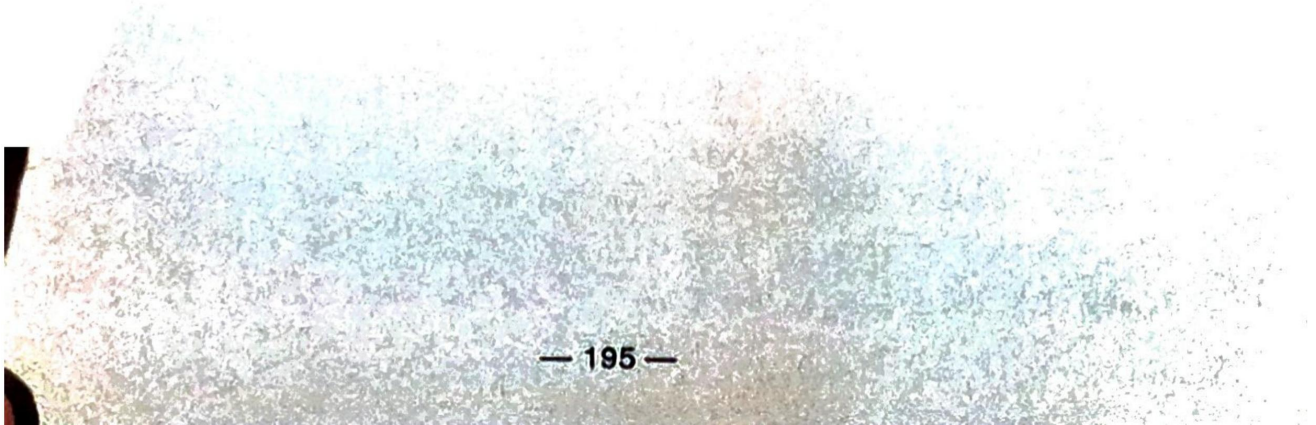
I left some with pilots who took them wherever they were going. The object was for them to place them on a bulletin board or just leave them in the lobby or rest areas. Of course there were many left at the Williamsport (Stalag 70) Center as well!

One morning I decided to call all the men together for a meeting to inform them as a group about Bobby Zombek. First of all, there were very few of them who bothered to read the story! The center was noisy, conveyor belt running and part-timers still loading. It was very hard for them to hear me. Also the building was crawling with S.S. who suddenly were very interested in what I had to say, which was odd because the men didn't seem to

be. It was like standing in the middle of a graveyard talking to tombstones.

At that point in time, most of the drivers were being hammered with eleven hour days, too much work and less time than ever to do it. Some like myself, had just lost 45 or more minutes of their standard time allotment. The job was unbearable and stops and packages were on the increase. The company would only state that their projections were wrong and they didn't want to take any premature measure for a fluke that may only last a few days. It will last all summer!!!

I can only assume that they were tired and beat and probably didn't hear much of what I said. Before I could speak to them one on one, I was fired ... again!!! ■



FINAL FIRING

All the men are complaining — high dispatch, too much overtime, etc. July is supposed to be the least busy month of the year because of factory shut downs and other summer vacations.

Jeff White, my delivery supervisor, gave me three *more* pick-ups making a total of 32 pick-ups over a two mile area, all must be made between 4:00 and 5:00 p.m. Now that's real magic! I told Jeff "I can't be there by 5 p.m., I'm late most of the time now!"

"Don't worry about it, *they'll wait* for you or let the packages outside the door!"

It was that same week, that I missed the next day air package at Lock Haven Airplane, 345 Proctor Street. It was a Friday, July 12 and I remember that it was ten or fifteen minutes past five when I arrived, the door was of course locked so I couldn't see if there was a package sitting in the pick-up area. Usually, there is always someone around there past five if there are shipments going out. Since no one was around and I couldn't see anything, I left. This may sound casual but it's not. This company sometimes closed a few minutes before five on Fridays. Besides, I'd already warned Jack Gross and Jeff White that on a day when everyone was shipping there would be missed pick-ups. Their reply was: "do the best you can, call us if you need help."

First of all, by the time I find out I can't make it, it's too late to call for help. Secondly, this so called state-of-the-art company only has *one* phone in the center. Their communications are so bad that when the phone rings in the lower office, the clerk must walk up the steps to the office to tell them they're

wanted on the phone. You can imagine the daily chaos when fifty drivers try calling in between 3:00 and 5:00 p.m. on one phone!

So anyway, I don't find out about the missed air package until the following Monday night when I make the pick-up at L.H.A. It was then that Bob Truby informed me of the service failure. I told him to call the company and report the incident in the hopes that someone would see that I do in fact need help up here! Bob agreed and called in to Harrisburg the same day.

Instead of help, what I got was my ass chewed out, a letter in my file and a threat of discharge if it happened again. I can't believe they didn't fire me, especially since they say I left a second day air package in the wrong place the same night! I've been fired for far less!! Like failure to place pick-up packages in their designated area — I haven't the faintest idea what that means. The only packages I unload are the air packages and they're all left at the far end of the bristol in the same spot every night. The bottom line is they didn't fire me! Just the letter. I knew something was up, the last time I was fired, a year ago, it was over a missed air package and I won that battle. With Glasgow's loss record, this in itself is a good reason not to try it again. But I had a feeling he was waiting for something a lot more substantial, something Glasgow could sink his canines into.

Since I was already in hot water, I figured I might just as well keep the ball rolling. I filed a grievance against Jack Gross and UPS blaming them for the missed pick-up which I warned them would happen sooner or later. I think this one really got them tracking in my direction.

On July 18th, Jeff White my delivery supervisor,

informs me that I'm not performing as good as I should so he'd be riding with me to see "what's happening"? This is the beginning of the bookstore incident involving the 24 returns.

We had all been running ten to eleven hours a day in July, the so called slowest month of the year. I was running 140 to 150 stops and 32 pick-ups a day. Handling 450 packages a day which was madness for that time of the year. Management proclaimed: "it's beyond our projection, it's just a fluke, it will be over in no time." It goes on all summer or in my case until my discharge on the third day of August.

White rides with me as part of the UPS silent harassment program which we all live with or try to! At the end of the day, White has no complaints on my street performance. Although we only had a 15 minute lunch he made no change in the amount of deliveries or pick-ups for the next day.

On the 19th, White tells me he's going to help me all day to see if it shows up in the standard.

I ask him "why"?

He said "because I don't think anyone can do this route the way it is, so I'll help you today then I'll let you be for tomorrow and maybe I can show them (UPS) the contrast."

Even with Jeff helping we still only had 15 minutes for lunch and we were still cutting everything too close. Jeff carts all the packages into the bookstore on the 19th.

On the 20th he does nothing, again we had a 15 minute break for lunch. I had a Pepsi and ready made hot dog, while Jeff woofed down some vegee's. The bookstore had about 80 boxes of books. Jeff watches while I cart them in the store as their student helper chats with the boss! By the time I finish the bookstore we were too late to complete the rest

of the University. I make as many deliveries as time will allow, pawning off as many of other people's packages as I can on the people I do deliver on time. At the stroke of 4:00 p.m. the University is a ghost town. I end up with 10 missed packages which I sheet as missed per instructions. One missed package will get the center manager a nasty phone call from Berlin! But ten, with a supervisor on board, man you're talking 30 days in the "gas chamber". Strange as it may seem, the 10 missed packages were never reported to Harrisburg.

Now, the bad day at Black Rock! Friday the 21st of July 1989, Jeff tells me he's going to ride with someone else. He tells me they cut the stops on my route, but they didn't. Stops and pick-ups were the same! I ask him if I was to go to the bookstore last since I missed part of the University on Thursday?

"Yes, go there last."

"What if Jolene refuses them?"

"Then bring them in, they're going back!"

I arrive at the bookstore at 3:55 p.m. on that Friday afternoon. I back up to the front door as usual. I walk from the cab through the truck, raising the rear door from the inside. That's when I see the sign on the door.

"NO DELIVERIES AFTER 3:30 P.M."

I begin to sheet what turns out to be the last 24 boxes I'll ever deliver to Jolene Douty.

Before I get them sheeted, Douty and her bullies come walking out of the dark and locked the bookstore.

Douty says, "I'm not accepting any deliveries, I have an appointment to keep."

I said, "do you understand these packages won't be back on Monday?"

"I don't care what you do with them, I'm not fooling with them now."

"Okay, I'm just doing my job."

They left. I spent time I couldn't afford sheeting 24 boxes as refusals which means that boxes refused must have the name and address of the shipper you are returning them to, written in the signature column opposite that company's shipper number. Also, why it is returned in the remarks column and a cross on each package stating in the upper left hand corner the disposition of the package which is R.T.S. (return to shipper). Next, in the lower left the date 7/21, upper right the time 4:05 p.m. and lower right driver's initials.

The reason I took the time to do that at the bookstore, is that there is so much confusion in the center it's very difficult to park except in the building, where they start unloading as soon as the truck stops. At that point in time, I never thought they would really R.T.S. those packages, but I wanted to be ready just in case. It's not for a driver to say whether they go or stay. This is the job of the P.M. Supervisor who in this case was Al Spooner.

I returned to the building close to 7:20 p.m. that evening and parked 504995 outside. I walked in the building, found Spooner (who was well aware of the problems at the bookstore as was everyone) and told him the whole story. I told him what Jeff White said, what Douty said and that I sheeted them as returns but I didn't back in to unload until someone made the decision to return them or not.

Al said: "they're going back, I'll open this first door you back her in here and I'll even help you unload them!"

We unload them at the base of the conveyor belt and that was the end of it. Or so I thought!

Spooner had locked horns with the president of the University years ago when Al was in Customer

Service. What happened then is unclear to me, except it destroyed UPS/University relations forever! So Spooner was happy for a chance to zap the University anyway he could.

So getting back to the bookstore incident, I call in sick July 31, August 1 and 2, returning to work on August 3. I wasn't really sick, just sick of working. Since I still had a few sick days coming, I used them.

I return to work Thursday morning August 3, but something smells. First of all, after three days off in a row, UPS requires a doctor's exam before returning to work! I call in to see if they want me to see a doctor first. They say no, come in to work.

You know how animals and birds know about earthquakes and hurricanes long before we humans? Well, I have that same sixth sense about being suspended or fired. Thursday morning reeked of it. But no one said a word. As a matter of fact, I was suited up and on my way up to the other "bristol" when Jack Gross asked if he could see me for a minute.

I still couldn't think of anything that could get me fired since they seem to have passed on the "air package" incident and the bookstore complaint was not known to me at this point.

Jack appoints Hank Snyder as my union representative and witness. Hank asks me what happened? I tell him I haven't the faintest idea what they were up to at this time.

Once the drivers were all out of the building, Jack and Loss Prevention "Iron Herman Moyer" come in the interrogation room and read me the bookstore complaint, but with feeling!

Hank explodes out of his chair to a standing position. He tells Jack and Herm to their faces that "the problem at the University is the company's fault and that it all started in this office!" I was impressed. They

weren't! His words fell upon deaf ears.

Hank had the misfortune to deliver the University when I was on vacation, so he knew first hand how screwed up the deliveries were on campus.

As for the meeting, I'd been down this road before so I knew enough to say very little until I had the whole story and all the charges. Gross tells me I'm discharged and with those words I leave the office perhaps to fight again another day! Besides I knew from experience I'd end up in Reading again!

The next day I receive this letter in the mail:

> On August 3, 1989 a meeting was held in the Williamsport Center. Present were Union Representative Henry Snyder, Loss Prevention Manager Herm Moyer, you and I. Discussed were serious complaints, unauthorized return of packages, destroying company property, and not representing the company's best interest.
>
> On July 21, 1989 you recorded and returned twenty-four (24) packages without the approval of the consignee. We also have received numerous complaints from our customers on your overall attitude. They also made us aware of your abuse and destruction of company property.
>
> It is quite obvious by those actions you did not live up to our company policies. This cannot and will not be tolerated. You were informed that you are hereby discharged from the employ of United Parcel Service for just cause.
>
> This is an Official Letter of Discharge, as

per the Labor Agreement between United Parcel Service and I.B.T. Local 764.

Very truly yours,

UNITED PARCEL SERVICE
Jack Gross

Of course Teamster's Representative, Charles Greenawalt and me filed a grievance to counter all those charges. Both Greenawalt and I agreed there was no sense wasting time defending ourselves at the local meeting only to go through it all again. Far be it for me to spoil Chet and Gary's fun since they drove over 190 miles to get here! But I'm sure they will have a good time at Reading.

I meet Greenawalt and Steward Dave Brennan at the usual place Hill's parking lot over on the "Pike" at 7:00 a.m. As usual, I buckle up when he snaps on the radar and taxies down the runway toward Reading.

We discussed the case most of the way down. Greenawalt was more than puzzled by their actions.

"I can't see where they think they have a case against you. They had a better case against you the last time and lost."

We stopped for breakfast on the way down and arrived at the Edgewater Motel where the hearings are held at about 11:00 a.m. As we step out of Greenawalt's car, a big new Continental pulls up and parks next to us. Greenawalt introduces me to this guy he calls Jerry who is the Center Manager at State College. After the guy walks away, Greenawalt tells me that Jerry used to drive a little Subaru which he liked very much but Jensen told him it simply didn't meet UPS standards! That it tainted

the "corporate image" of UPS Center Managers and that we (UPS) would like you to drive something a little more "pleasing to the eye". This was *not* a suggestion, it was a corporate order!

The motel is under major renovations and our meeting is held in a small banquet room on the second floor. Greenawalt getting the agenda, checking the order of prosecution, knowing that the worst case is always first. And yes, UPS verses Charles L. Kane, Sr. is first!!

On the second floor, we enter a posh lobby with couches and chairs like someone's living room! There's an entrance way at the far end of the room leading to a fair size banquet room.

The first predator I see is Glasgow, he's on crutches and dressed in a charcoal gray sharkskin suit — seems appropriate for the occasion! Next is Jensen he's wearing one of his 37 dark blue Brooks Bros. suits and red tie over a white shirt. The rest of his followers are dressed the same way.

Jensen walks over to me with that sad puppy dog look. He shakes my hand. I mumble something like, "here we go again".

He nods, sadly replies, "yes, too bad."

Greenawalt approaches Jensen as I walk away, I can't hear their conversation but I can see Jensen nodding in a negative manner: Greenawalt comes over to tell me he just asked Jensen and Trout to drop their charges against me because they don't have a case.

Jensen showing his true colors, snarled and replied, "he's going down, we got him this time." Trout said much the same thing!

Greenawalt was puzzled by their confidence in such a flimsy case. Me too!! We both questioned each other about some sort of surprise they may have in

store for me. I couldn't think of anything.

The meeting was called to order. Everyone waits while Glasgow struggles to maneuver his fat frame down the three steps leading from the bar area to the banquet floor where the hearing is set up. Jensen and his people follow, looking like a row of penguins.

The company opens with the usual, everything that ever happened in 25 years all of which they lost! Why they insist on doing that is beyond me, I guess it's their method of character assassination.

When the committee wakes up, Glasgow is just starting on the new charges. "We intend to show that Mr. Kane is repeatedly irresponsible, does not conduct himself as a proper employee of UPS. That he has damaged company property, does not live up to company standards and policies. Also there have been *numerous* customer complaints about his attitude. Finally, we have a very serious complaint that Mr. Kane returned 24 unauthorized packages which resulted in over $3,000 worth of damages. We request that the discharge stands!"

"It's apparent Mr. Kane no longer likes his job and chooses to do as he pleases. This was brought to our attention by Loss Prevention Manager Herm Moyer, who went to the University Bookstore on a customer complaint from the manager, Jolene Douty," Glasgow continues.

When a man loves his work like Glasgow, it shows. However, his track record against me stinks. He is without truth and honor and will do or say anything to prosecute a driver, then wonder why no one likes him? Like I said, if it weren't for his job as prosecutor, Glasgow would be sitting in his rocking chair on the front porch counting out-of-state cars. He could also reminisce about all the people he's

stepped on for a living. But then adding up dividends on his million dollars plus worth of UPS stock will surely brighten his day.

Glasgow introduces Herm Moyer to read the bookstore's complaint. Now here's a peach of a guy, I feel I ought to tell you a little about him. Herm Moyer S.S. "Iron Herm" resident snitch, hometown paranoid and holder of both the "Blue Max" and "Iron Cross" with clusters. He must be seen to appreciate, he's S.S. of the highest order!

This guy is so good at "spooking" around, that you never see him drive into the parking lot, he just suddenly appears behind you. When he's on the scene there's something wrong and he's watching someone for something and everyone for anything. He just stands there watching, watching, watching. Morning, noon and night this guardian of the corporate gold, rarely speaks and when he did, I was surprised to find he had no German accent. If you speak to him first, he may even answer you but his eyes never stop moving as he maintains a constant vigil in search of possible saboteurs.

His role as super snoop is his life. Everyone including the center manager and his supers likewise, are suspects. There are no closed doors or locked lockers, Herman has jurisdiction over everyone. His power seems as mystical as a sorcerer of medieval times and I've seen him appear from a puff of smoke! Herm's always followed by a clap of thunder.

Once he enters the interrogation room, move over Dr. Jekyll here comes Mr. Hyde! For Herm every driver charged is guilty and all the rest are suspects. Every charge is serious. There are no exceptions including failure to salute the company's flag, for which Iron Herman thinks we should be shot!!

So now, Herman reads the complaint verbatim,

as they say in the business. Herm should have gotten an "Oscar" for his supporting role as assistant prosecutor. His profound, sometimes emotional, description of their complaint was one of a kind. By the time he was finished reading, I would have voted against myself!

Herm read a hand written complaint from as he put it "the ladies at the bookstore". Never in all my years have I heard customers complain like these ladies complained about Charlie Kane. They said he was rude, mean and hateful! In conclusion, Jolene Douty said he was a son-of-a-bitch and they didn't want him in their store again!

There was a deafening silence, followed by the usual shuffling of papers. The union panel asked Herm if all the ladies signed the complaint. Herm stood up and replied, "no, these ladies were so afraid of Mr. Kane that after two hours of coercion they refused to sign the complaint." Herm sits down and the panel makes notes.

The union again addresses Herm's five minute oratory on the bookstore. "Let me get this straight," the panel asks. "You spent two hours trying to get these people to sign a complaint against Mr. Kane?"

"Yes, that's correct."

"They were afraid to sign a complaint but they weren't afraid to get Mr. Kane fired from a $40,000 a year job?"

No comment from the Tiger Troops.

Moyer finally sits down allowing Greenawalt to counter his charges with a typewritten lengthy denial. Then the fireworks start as the charges are challenged by our side, defended by theirs.

To the charges of irresponsible and bad conduct, I produce several character references from department heads at the University which in essence

"blows their doors off."

Glasgow promptly stands and requests point of order as he is unaware of any such letters. The board agrees. I hand the stack of letters to Greenawalt sitting on my left. He in turn passes them to Glasgow and the rest of the Tiger Troops.

The room is silent aside from the shuffling of papers. Long minutes pass before Mr. Glasgow stands. He is fuming and mumbles something like, "apparently, Mr. Kane ran up to the University and told these people some sad story about UPS firing him and got them to send him these letters."

Goofy sits back down.

The board asks me if I want to read them into the records as evidence on my behalf. I reply "yes" and began reading them aloud one by one: as briefly as possible.

The bottom line from all these people was: C. Kane was a damn good UPS guy and why didn't UPS see it that way after 25 years service? So with the help of my friends at the University, we laid that charge to rest! Or so we thought!

Next, one of *three* customer complaints which on the charge sheets are listed as *numerous*. The first of course is from Jolene Douty, Manager of the University Bookstore for the past year and a half.

Jolene worked for Marge Bangson who ran the bookstore on an even keel for 17 years. Somehow she managed to please the students, the staff and faculty as well as serve the University in a very difficult position that left a lot to be desired by everyone when Marge retired and Douty assumed command!

While still on Marge's payroll, Douty was already programing the bookstore staff for the change that would take place when she took over. "Number one, I'm not paying my student helper to cart UPS

packages in or out of *my* bookstore!"

I have to be truthful, I never liked Jolene either and I expected trouble from day one and it came slow but sure. We had a definite clash of personalities that surfaced the first time I saw her. You can imagine the shock when she took over for Marge Bangson.

Marge did me a lot of favors, like taking packages for professors on vacation or locating a new staff or faculty member who's not in the directory. Jolene criticized her for it.

As time went along, the situation at the bookstore soured and a silent declaration of war was in force by both sides. The sparks of war burst into flames in December of 1988. The bookstore is preparing for spring semester. Boxes of books, most around 60 lbs. are arriving in large numbers daily. UPS is deep into the Christmas rush to the point where the madness is over and the insanity begins.

My Christmas helper, Lee Fredrickson, is a guy my age and he works like a kid 21. He doesn't carry his lunch knowing we won't get a break until after all pick-ups and delivery commitments are complete, usually around 5:30 p.m. He doesn't care and rarely eats when we do get a break!

UPS in their divine wisdom, doesn't much care if their men get a lunch break according to our contract. Their theory is get the job done. It's when they make their money for the year so lunch just doesn't count! We were just barely making all our mandatory deliveries and pick-ups before closing times from three to five depending on whether it was retail stores, small business or industry. The University had to be done by 4:00 p.m. We weren't getting there until 2:30 sometimes 3:00 p.m. Add to the fact that the bookstore at that time was getting 90 to 150

packages a day plus we had 25 pick-ups plus an odd number of deliveries to be made between 4:00 and 5:00 p.m.

So, what I would do is back up to the front door of the bookstore unload a hundred boxes of books on the sidewalk along with my helper Lee and his cart. He would then sheet the packages and take them in the store while I did the rest of the University myself.

On the day in question, I was late and I was unloading packages as fast as I could without busting them open. One of the ladies from the store came out and replied "I hope none of those are damaged." I replied to her comment by offering her the chance to help unload. She gave me a disgusted look and went back in the store. If there was any damage that day there is no record of it and UPS keeps damage records forever! It appears that both Douty and UPS lied about that one.

A little foot note here, there is another door to use for deliveries that would shorten the distance we have to cart the packages by 50 feet, but Douty's dummies park too close to the loading zone to squeeze an 800 into. Just another zinger from the girls at the bookstore.

From then on it was adventures in Iceland. I spoke only in the line of duty. They did likewise except for the zingers. Bea, the short fat one who is Jolene's resident ass kisser and look alike, is best with the zingers. On a sweltering hot day my uniform would be so wet with sweat it looked like I just walked through a cloud burst. Bea would say things like "is it hot out there" as she sat on her broad ass in an air conditioned office. Followed by "do you have a lot of heavy boxes?" Every time I brought a cart load in she'd give me that dumb look she was so

good at and ask "is there more"? Her and Jolene are so much alike the University was thinking of sending them both to the hospital at the same time to have the University chairs surgically removed from their fat asses!!

Most of the time, I'd just answer her with the same reply, "yes, it's awful what a guy has to do for a lousy $52,000 a year." Of course I didn't make that much, but they didn't know that.

The next complaint happened in December of 1988 but it involved my helper Lee and owner of the pet store on Main Street. Lee entered the store with a C.O.D. and was told he'd have to wait for the owner to return to get a check. Lee told her (by my direction) that he couldn't wait and that he'd be back the next day. The owner complained, Jack Gross, Center Manager, called the lady and explained the situation and she withdrew the complaint. However, it doesn't say that on the complaint which is still in my personal file.

The third and last of Glasgow's numerous complaints is by far the best. It best exemplifies the kind of "goon squad" thinking that is cancerous in the minds of most UPS supers.

The I.B.M. printout accuses me of over $3,000 worth of damages to some 24 packages I returned to shipper on direction from Jeff White and Al Spooner. After Glasgow introduced the damage report as evidence, it was passed along to me to review. I asked him what this damage report had to do with me.

He replied, "I don't know, what report are you talking about, I'll have to look at it," Glasgow shrugged.

I said "you just introduced this damage report as evidence against me and you haven't read it yet?"

I handed the report to Greenawalt who handed it

to Glasgow who studied it for a moment and replied, "yes, this is a damage report on some of the unauthorized packages Mr. Kane returned to shipper."

The UPS panel, his own people quickly ask, "are you charging Mr. Kane with the $3,000 damage on the returns?"

"We're stating that because of the unauthorized returns, the additional handling of the packages caused the damage."

Again the panel asks "are you charging Mr. Kane for the loss?"

Glasgow defeatingly mumbles "no".

"Now then," the union panel announced "let's hear about your charge of damaging company equipment Mr. Glasgow."

"We charge that Mr. Kane with abuse of company equipment which in this case was a two wheel cart. We enter as evidence in this case a tire from the wheel of the cart, which anyone can plainly see is in good shape!"

Then Glasgow boldly enters into evidence a copy of my delivery sheet for the 21st of July showing the 24 packages in question sheeted as R.T.S. He further directs the panel to notice that the weights listed in the package I.D. column are only 40 pounders. Which I think clearly shows how Mr. Kane exaggerates the weight of the bookstore packages.

Greenawalt requests to see the latest "Glasgow Grope", he scans over it and passes it along to me with a look as if it were printed in Spanish.

I scan it too and Glasgow's right for once. It does show *four* 40 pounders, but that's typical of his small thinking. There is no way he can say the other 20 were not 60 or 70 pounders which they were, because meters don't show weight! But Glasgow would be the last to know that since he never picked up a

package weighing more than 20 pounds on his short and infamous route!

Glasgow sits down and the panel shifts their eyes to our table.

Greenawalt's first question is, "what the hell is the driver suppose to do if a tire comes off the wheel of his cart while he's carrying a load of 60 or 70 pound packages, carry glue to glue it back on? As for Glasgow's description of the tire being like new, we noticed he didn't bring a new tire for comparison. It's our opinion Mr. Kane was right to continue to do his job using the cart without a rubber tire over the wheel in order to complete his job. And furthermore, since UPS is 30 miles away, no one could have gotten another cart to him in time. Not to mention that UPS would have charged Mr. Kane with missed deliveries if he would have brought the packages back to the center because of the bad wheel on the cart!"

Round three is a draw, round four coming up!

The grand finale is the unauthorized return of 24 bookstore packages that results in $3,000 damage and Glasgow adds the bookstore is looking for another carrier.

Well first of all, the bookstore isn't going to find another carrier who will cart the packages into their store. Nobody but UPS is that dumb. The bookstore already *has* other carriers who get as close to the back door as possible, set the package on the edge of their trailer while the student helper carts them *all* in!!

As for losing business no one gives it away like UPS and especially the Northcentral District (Stevie Wonder's area). A fool and his packages are soon parted.

The UPS panel hammers me over and over again, as to whether or not Jolene actually used the

word "refused" in our conversation on Friday, July 21, 1989.

A. "No, she did not."

Q. "Do you always return packages if the store, or business is closed?"

A. "No, I re-deliver it the next delivery day."

Q. "Then, why didn't you do that at the book-store?"

A. "I told you before, I didn't make that decision. White and Spooner made it!"

Q. "Why did you sheet them as R.T.S. if you weren't going to return them?"

A. "Either way the package had to be sheeted, I sheeted them as R.T.S. to save time, but that by no means demands their return."

Q. "But if you told your P.M. Supervisor to return them why would you think otherwise?"

A. "Again, "I" did not return them. Since when does a UPS Supervisor do as he is told by a driver? Shouldn't it be the other way around?"

Q. "Once more, at any time was the word refused in the conversation?"

A. "No, it was not."

According to the RANDOM HOUSE COLLEGE DICTIONARY the word refused is defined as (1) to decline to accept, (2) to deny a request or demand (3) to express a determination not to do something! I rest my case your honor!

The UPS panel finally withdrew their attack sa-

voring the sweet taste of victory on that round. But the Teamsters launch a counter-attack perfectly timed and right on target!

Q. "Mr. Glasgow, where is Mr. Spooner?"

A. "He's on vacation."

Q. "He's a UPS Supervisor and an important witness in this case and he's conveniently not here?"

Before Glasgow can think of an answer, the Union hits him with another question.

Q. "Is Mr. Spooner's deposition signed and notarized?"'

A. "Aah, it's signed but not notarized."

Q. "You have an important witness who's not here, his deposition isn't notarized, your main complaint at the bookstore isn't signed or notarized? That's one hell of a case you stuck together Glasgow."

Q. "Mr. White did you at any time tell Mr. Kane that if the bookstore refused to accept their packages that he should bring them back, that they were going to be returned?"

A. "No, I did not."

Q. "Did you do or say anything that might make Mr. Kane think he was suppose to return these packages?"

A. "No."

Of course Jeff White lied, why not his job was on the line for a driver UPS couldn't risk having around?

Finally after two-and-a-half hours, both sides rested their case. The Chairman made his final address to me.

Q. "Mr. Kane, do you believe you have received a fair and unbiased hearing?"

A. "Yes sir, I do."

"Then that concludes the hearing. Next on the agenda."

We all stand, "miracle of miracles" it's an ill wind that blows no good! Glasgow is so rattled he stands and walks out of the room without his crutches!

Later we learn the hearing is deadlocked again! This time we let it go the whole nine yards to arbitration. Now mind you, I'm not saying Jensen was angry over the outcome, but it's rumored that Glasgow complained about pain in his hands and feet from the nails! ■

ARBITRATION FOR THE FINAL FIRING

Every driver as well as all the UPS shipping personnel across the country are going to love this one. It's the neatest railroad job since the Union Pacific!

My final firing is the most precisioned, the best choreographed employee assassination I ever witnessed in my 25 years at UPS and I've seen plenty!

I'm the first to admit that I was never more naive. Nor was Gary Glasgow and company more ruthless or more prepared to take advantage of the bookstore incident of July 21, 1989.

As I said before, at UPS a radical is someone who speaks before he or she is spoken to. With that thought in mind, let me take you back to Feb. 5, 1990. The beginning of the end! Bear in mind, I've been out of work almost seven months.

The letter from Local 764 stated that the hearing would be in Williamsport at 10:00 a.m. in the Holiday Inn's small conference room. I arrived there a little before 10:00 and found Charlie Greenawalt, Brennan and my lawyer Ira Weinstock waiting in the lobby. After the usual exchange of greetings and "are you ready's" we walked in the hearing room where I received the shock of my life. There, seated at a long conference table, were the three "sisters of Satan" Jolene Douty and her two puppets Bea Phillips and Donna Judd. The entire bookstore — primed and ready!

Surrounding them like linebackers for a star quarterback were: Herm Moyer, Gary Glasgow, Chet Trout, Jeff White, Jack Gross, Al Spooner and Bob

"Jerkaruso"' or is that Jacaruso! Plus David Starr and attorney Martin Wald.

In my corner is Weinstock. The only person speaking for me against twelve well-rehearsed witnesses for the prosecutor!

Greenawalt looks at me like we're the only two white boys at a "Rodney King rally." I kiddingly ask Glasgow for a "blindfold." He pretended he didn't hear me, but he did!

While Weinstock and I are trying to figure out what the hell the bad guys are up to, their corporate lawyer Martin Wald leaves the room in search of Stanley H. Sergent, attorney, arbitrator. Which describes him really well. Ar-bi-trator!

A short time later, Wald returns with the news that Stanley has a bad tooth and the hearing is delayed!

Finally at about 10:45, in walks Stanley. Wald comes to attention and does his best boot licking routine including the offer of numerous toothache remedies including flying in Stanley's dentist from Sarasota, Florida if need be?

Stanley seats himself, assures us he's fine and suggests we get on with it right through lunch since he must catch a plane out of here at 2:30!!

Talk about a stacked deck! I have ten guys including the arbitrator, dressed for a funeral along with three goofy broads without life signs, staring at me like I was the honored guest. Little did I know how true that was!

From then on it gets worse. Martin Wald drives the last few nails into my coffin when he demands that he be allowed to go back farther than nine months in my personal file! Which is contrary to Article 49 and agreed upon by UPS and the union and signed and witnessed by prosecutor Gary Glasgow as

a UPS contract negotiator. But they did it *anyway!* First rights violation!

Again Glasgow and UPS make up the rules as they go. Wald is challenged by Weinstock referring to Article 49. Wald informs Stanley he has a suitcase full of cases where he has already prosecuted others, forcing Stan to read those cases or make a decision to allow their use today!

Stan ponders and throws the ball back to Wald and Weinstock glancing frantically at his watch and reminding them of the time factor!

He agrees to allow use of my file beyond the nine months factor in return we are allowed to present letters from every department head at Lock Haven University testifying in my behalf for the last 15 years on campus. Which was much like selling the horse to keep the wagon! It didn't matter, Stanley never read my letters! But he listened *intently* as Wald accused me of everything except blowing up the "Duck Pond" (UPS Headquarters) and shooting CEO Oz Nelson!

I see whatever chance I had fading into the sunset. The rule is there are no rules!

A case in point, sometime between June of 1985 and August 1987, the legal eagles at UPS amended Article 49 with one of two greatest legal words of all time *"and" "or"* in this case it's *or!* Article 49 reads the same as it always did except for this line near the end — no written notice of discharge is needed. It lists the exceptions with the following amendment (*or* offenses of *equal seriousness*)! Hell, that includes the blink of an eye or an unauthorized sneeze! It lets the door open to the goon squad to get it done!

As for Stanley the contract book says he's to render a decision on any grievance coming before him, but shall not have the authority to amend or modify

this agreement or establish new terms and conditions! Sounds like Stan flunked that part of the test!

Stanley waves the green flag to get with it! Wald summons Jolene Douty to testify to the best of her *rehearsed* knowledge as to the events leading up to the July 21, 1989 bookstore incident.

As I stated before, I disliked Jolene immensely! This, however, is not a contributing factor since most people dislike her — including staff, faculty and students. It's the one thing they all agree on!

She testifies with a quivering voice on how nasty I was to her, Bea and Donna.

But, few have seen the many dark sides of Jolene! She refused to accept packages for professors on vacation or those who weren't on campus temporarily for whatever reason, forcing them to be returned for lack of signatures. Something the previous manager Marge Bangson never did, even for people she didn't know, which is the reason she *was* so well liked on campus. My delivery time allotment at the bookstore was based on student help most of the time. When Jolene refused to allow the student helper to assist with the unload it put a big hurt on me *time wise!* One UPS never corrected!!

If that were not enough Bea, Donna, and Jolene would park their cars in front of the loading zone, forcing me to truck 70 lb. boxes of books an extra 50 feet! On hot days when I came in there soaking wet with sweat, Bea and Donna would taunt me with childish questions like: "is it *really* hot outside" and "do you have a lot of packages" while enjoying the cool of an air conditioned bookstore.

I wrote the whole thing off as three stupid, ugly broads who deserve each other.

In spite of their bad treatment, I did my job as well as could be expected. Even Dave Starr (before

management) as well as others who delivered the bookstore, remarked what a "mean bitch" Jolene Douty was!

Jolene concludes her testimony by admitting she hated me with "purple passion"! A phrase that meant nothing :

But some of her testimony revealed some facts I was unaware of. For instance, she stated that Jack Gross was informed by letter a week before the bookstore incident that they would not accept packages after 3:30 p.m. Furthermore, that the bookstore would be closing early on Friday the 21st of July 1989. Somehow, Jack never told me about this! Add to that the fact: Jeff White was supposed to ride with me on that day and withdrew at the last minute! Okay, so I'm a little thick. I still didn't see that herd of cattle thundering down Main Street toward me! Yes, the plot thickens!

Next is Beatrice Phillppe who likewise worked for Marge Bangson before her retirement and now does what ever her hero Jolene tells her to do. Bea surprised me the most of all. I don't know if her job hung in the balance or what, but she testified about repeated incidents of me throwing boxes and damaging books.

In her own words, "he typically threw boxes of books resulting in many damaged books." Strange as it may seem, Glasgow did not have one damage report to show as evidence in this case. As a matter of fact, he couldn't produce one damage report from anywhere on my route yet he sat there allowing her to lie, knowing she was likewise driving nails in my coffin!

If you're wondering what my lawyer Ira Weinstock is doing during all this, that's easy! Not much! None of us were prepared for so many people

and so much testimony against us. We had no delivery sheets, no pick-up logs or time cards to *show* rather than *argue* each point. Ira's a damn good lawyer, but he's not well versed in delivery and pick up procedures that would have helped our case! Well, maybe not!!!

Next came Donna Judd, a shining example of a person who is employed but never works! This one takes the cake! She's a lawyer's dream since she's willing to tell them what they want to hear.

Judd testified that I frequently complained about the weight and number of packages shipped by her former employer. First of all, it was a small sewing factory. They shipped heavy once a month, the rest of the time there were very few. She stated that I would only take some of the packages and only took them *all* when the factory reported me to UPS.

Now do you see what an idiot I'm dealing with here? Donna's job at the sewing factory was the same as at the bookstore, nothing! She didn't sew, she knows nothing about shipping or she would know that I had to sign for the number of packages I pick up according to the number sheeted in the UPS daily pick-up log! Plus I was subject to spot checks back at the center where a supervisor takes your pick-up sheets and compares them with the number of packages on your truck.

If she had done more than answer the phone at the sewing factory, she'd have known that all those boxes out on the dock after I left, were being picked up by other firms including her own. So, Donna Dolittle jumps in to help Jolene in any way she can. All this because she hit on me at the sewing factory and I laughed in her face and walked away!

I think it's appropriate to mention that Mr. Spangler, the person in *charge* of the bookstore and

the Pub refused to *sign* any complaints or to testify, stating that *he* had no problems with me now or ever!

Next up is David Starr. Talk about a "rising star," boy does he shine! The S.S. was never more proud of him. Little Dave was Christmas help in 1983. He gained seniority by delivering *my* route while I recovered from hernia surgery. Which by the way, gave me two of the three H's toward UPS's famed "triple H award" — *Hemorrhoid, Hernia, Heart Attack — "Pink slip."*

The point being that Starr ran my route every time I was off. His comments were always the same when I returned: "might just as well forget about lunch and break on that route or you *never finish!!"*

This same guy who has a job thanks to me and admits he can't do it, now is in my face at this hearing driving more nails in my coffin with his testimony.

Starr tells Stanley that in 1985 Douty informs him that I have established a limit on her deliveries which of course is another lie. Since I'm the driver delivering to the bookstore and my truck is preloaded with bookstore packages in the center of my load, there is no way I can not take them all. Furthermore, no package can be left in the center unless the center manager approves for what ever reason!

At the same time Douty tells Starr that I also imposed a limit on the number of packages she could ship by UPS.

Starr tells Douty that's not true, she can ship as many packages as she wishes! He digs the hole deeper when he tells her: "if one truck isn't enough, he'll send two!"

My daddy told me lies can haunt a person forever. There's always someone who remembers!

The truth is, *I* arranged the bookstore pick-up back in 1976 myself. Marge Bangson was the manager then and did so for 17 years before her retirement in December 1987.

Marge asked me about pick-up service for the bookstore. I in turn gave her the customer service number in Harrisburg to contact for pick-up service. A period of time passed before Marge again quizzed me about pick-up service. Not knowing why she hadn't been contacted, I reserved my answer until I caught up to central Pennsylvania's customer service man, *Al Spooner*, who sheepishly explained that he was sitting on it because he really didn't want the University to have pick-up service until the old matter of a missing package is resolved.

I informed him that the bookstore was separate from the college and therefore should not be chastised for someone else's problems. UPS was always hot to sign on new pick-ups no matter how small.

Spooner reluctantly allowed them to have an on/call pick-up with a limit of ten packages per day.

The on/call pick-up would, he thought, discourage the bookstore from using our service thereby eliminating any chance of the University using it also. I guess he felt some degree of vengeance with that move!

An on/call pick-up requires the shipper to fill out a list of ten shippers and their weights. This information is called into UPS customer service at Harrisburg for charge amounts and pick-up the next day. They *did not* have a regular pick-up and had no pick-up log!

Spooner's plan failed because Marge and Grace (her helper before Douty) soon became accustomed to calling Harrisburg every day. I guess it was better than carting them to the post office every day.

After a period of time, the ten packages per day was extended by Harrisburg to 20 per day — no reason given!

Then when the old 100 lbs. per day — per shipper, was lifted by the *PUC*, all packages were accepted without limit. A message the bookstore got from Starr because he was on my route the week the limit was lifted. Had they been a regular pick-up, Harrisburg would have notified them by mail in *advance!*

So for what it's worth Davey, you did tell the truth about the limit being lifted! Which brings up the question. Since you ran my route at least ten weeks out of the year or more, why didn't you correct the problem long before? Like in the previous *five years* when you were in the bookstore as both driver and delivery supervisor?

Last but not least, Starr testifies that on the 13 of July 1989, I received a warning letter for missing another pick-up involving two service failures that were both air packages. What a jerk!! I was fired once before for missing an air letter. Now all I get is a corporate complaint in my file? Cut me a break Starr!!!

Here's the truth: as before, it was not mathematically nor humanly possible, for anyone to complete my deliveries and pick-ups in the time limit they required. On the day in question, July 7, 1989, I'm on Main Street in Lock Haven scrambling to make pick-ups before they close on me, when a part-timer who I didn't know drives up along side me. He hands me a next-day-air letter that should have been delivered by 10:30 a.m.!! It is now 4:30 p.m.!! I ask him "what the hell was he doing?"

He says: "Jack Gross told me to look you up and give this to ya."

"Wait a second" I said, "are you telling me you're empty?"

"That's right!"

"And Jack sent you up here empty and never told you to help me in any way?"

"Right, see ya later!"

He drives away leaving me with Jack Gross's service failure that will become *my* missed air package.

I break off my pick-ups and cut across town to get rid of the late air package. By the time I get to my three airport pick-ups, they are standing in the doorways waiting on me as usual. I apologize as best I can for something I can't control. They all agree but are not happy campers.

My luck runs out when I get to Lock Haven Airplane Company, everyone is gone but I see a few packages sitting on a desk near their pick-up log! Great, I get rid of Gross's failure and gain two of my own! I call company president Bob Truby at home, there is no answer.

Both Truby and vice president Dave Masters write UPS in my behalf, stating that the two packages caused no problems for their company and that prior to this incident, Mr Kane had requested us to contact UPS in Harrisburg about his late pick-ups due to improper time allotment. Therefore it is our wish that no action be taken against this driver.

Starr then testifies that "yes, he did get a letter on my behalf, but it was disregarded because Kane told them he might be *fired!*"

They received stacks of mail from Lock Haven praising me as a damn good UPS driver, but only one from the bookstore saying something different!

Now comes Iron Herman Moyer, loss prevention supervisor, who is called in by Jacaruso after Douty

contacted him looking for the 24 packages she refused on July 21. Moyer and Jacaruso smell a fresh kill and break from the pack on a dead run to the bookstore!

There they meet the three little pigs! Oops, wrong story! They meet Douty and her followers! I must admit Jolene gave an Emmy performance with can't lead and won't follow nodding yes to every word.

Douty's worried about $3,360 worth of damage that occurred when she refused the 24 packages that day. Well, Moyer put her right at ease when he said: "Not to worry, I'll charge Kane with the damage. That will help fry his ass! All you have to do is sign a statement as to what happened."

Three hours later *Mutt* and *Jeff* emerge from the bookstore with three signed statements all sounding the same. But who cares, they got what they wanted.

Glasgow's own people shot down the $3,360 damage charge at Reading, Pa. stating I could hardly be responsible for damage by our own people on a return!

Since Spooner signed the R.T.S. slips there was no way they could blame me for packages he okayed!

The next charge Stanley gets carried away with is that of "abuse and damage to company property." Which refers to a half worn, hard rubber tire that was mounted on my package cart. It was so badly worn, that it kept falling off as I made my deliveries. Finally it came off for the 37th time that day as I was delivering a cart load of books to the Satan sisters at the bookstore. If you've ever had a cart load of books and lost a tire or wheel, you know that the load is immediately lopsided and hard to control. With that thought in mind, I kick the tire (which is

more like a heavy rubber band) to one side so as not to dump the load!

Bea states in writing that Charlie recklessly and angrily jerked and banged the cart so much the tire came off the wheel! He was angry and violently kicked the tire around the room! His actions were such that they were frightened!

Poor Bea, Douty didn't tell her that a cart of books weighed less than her fat ass on the slimmest day she ever had. Of course I was having trouble steering the cart. They ought to know, they sat there and watched me struggle but didn't help.

Again they accused me of damaging books and again there was no damage report filed, which is essential to be reimbursed. If a driver breaks one cup in a box of 24, he must report the damage, remove it from the box and let a super note the damage. Make out a damage report and reseal the package for delivery!

Besides working together Jolene, Bea and Donna all have one other thing in common — they lied to help get me fired. But so did all the other players in this gross miscarriage of justice! Isn't it sad that these scum bags actually believe they're doing the *right thing!*

Time runs out before we get a chance to speak a word in our own behalf. Stanley grabs his belongings and rushes out the door for points unknown!

The room empties as though someone hollered "fire." I know beyond a reasonable doubt that: I've taken a triangular crossfire second only to J.F.K.!

Three-and-a-half months later on May 15, 1990, the kangaroo court is in the tenth month and only the second session! To make matters worse (if that's possible) this one is at the Holiday Inn in Harrisburg, right in Glasgow's back yard. These guys can

sleep in and still make the 10:00 a.m. hearing with no sweat!

This time we take Marge Bangson, one of the most respected people on campus, who managed the bookstore for 20 years of which I was her UPS driver for 14 of those 20 years. Without one complaint!!!

We talked the whole way to Harrisburg about the bookstore and what happened there as opposed to what UPS said happened.

After arriving at the Holiday Inn, we met with Ira Weinstock and I introduced him to our one and only witness, Marge Bangson. Ira instructs her "to tell the truth as you know it."

"Oh, don't worry I'll tell them plenty" Marge replied!

We enter a smaller conference room than before and Mr. Sergent calls the hearing to order.

As I gazed around the room, I noticed the Satan sisters are not here nor is the district manager Herschel Farmer. More alarming then this is the fact that everyone seems laid back. Almost as if they knew what the outcome was going to be. Reminded me of an old western where a guy stands up with a new rope and shouts "hang em."

Stanley Sergent, Arbitrator, instructs Ira Weinstock to call his first witness who of course is Marge Bangson. For the next thirty minutes she is not only quite matter-of-factly but very clear and concise. In the process I'm inducted into the priesthood and the Satan sisters are characterized one at a time!

Her first testimony was in reference to pick-up service and how she acquired it.

Marge confirms what I've been saying all along, it was an on/call pick-up that I helped her acquire and that there was a ten package limit that was

later changed to twenty by customer service in Harrisburg.

As for Dave Starr: "he was running Charlie's route when the twenty package limit was lifted and yes, he did tell me about it; but since I call Harrisburg every day shouldn't someone there have given me this information," Marge questioned?

Glasgow hesitates for a moment then mumbles something about: "he's unaware the book store was an on/call pick-up."

She continues to bless me with nothing but kind words as her UPS driver for 15 of her 20 years on campus.

Marge shifts her attack to the Satan sisters starting with Donna Judd. She describes Judd as not very desirable and did not meet her standards. Marge wastes few words on Donna!

Jolene Douty is very ambitious but she disliked Charlie for some reason. She resented me being so helpful to him in reference to accepting packages and so forth. I told her Charlie has done me many favors as well and if she was going to replace me when I retire, she better get her act together! But she didn't.

If Jolene weren't so self centered and shallow, she would see that by helping me she helped staff and faculty as well. Which is why Marge is still one of the most respected people on campus yet today! Something Jolene will never achieve if she became president of the university

Marge said very little about Bea Phillppe, only that she was a good employee and a friend of Jolene's!

I glanced at the clock on the wall. Marge was in the hot seat for about forty minutes before she concluded with this phrase: "Charlie Kane is a very

good UPS driver, I would think after 25 years of service you would know that too!!!

Glasgow and Wald stared at Marge for long seconds before dismissing her with the usual: "I have no questions of this witness!"

Now, I *am* worried!! My only witness has just testified for forty minutes on my behalf without one challenge from the "bad guys."

The chair is still warm as I seat myself and try to look calm and cool!

Weinstock instructs me to give my version of the bookstore incident from the missed air letter to the 21st of July 1989 and the days that followed!

My testimony seemed to run forever with few interruptions by Martin Wald until near the end, when Wald ask me: "why did you return those packages knowing the hardships that this would cause?"

"First of all I didn't ship those packages back, Spooner and White did. No, I didn't think about the hardship because I never expected them to R.T.S. those books!"

Weinstock jumps in with: "if he didn't bring them back, then you would have charged him for failure to follow instructions!"

Wald, who I suspect has a Jewish background, counters with: "so he's just doing his job right, no matter what? I remember some other people who were only doing their job!"

For a fleeting moment the gears of my brain are shifting from 70 miles per hour forward to a full reverse. Then it hits me, he's talking about the *Holocaust!*

When my brain finally catches up with my mouth I look this little lynch lawyer right in his evil eye and ask him: "if he's comparing this small hearing with the murder of 6 million men, women and

children just because they were Jews?"

Stanley jumps in with the assertion this is a *quantum leap* and "let's get on with it."

Wald withdraws stating: "no further questions."

Stanley jots down a few notes. Questions both lawyers on any further testimony to which each answer "nothing further."

The arbitrator declares the hearing closed, shakes hands with everyone and quickly disappears!

Ira and I walk out of the room together. He asks me "how I thought it went?"

I said "it went much better than I thought!"

"I think we nailed them this time," he declared. "Marge helped us a lot, she shot down everything the rest of them said, there is no way we can lose!'

But lose we did! Big time! Here's what Stanley hath decreed in his 25 page decision of July 20, 1990. One day short of a year to the day of the bookstore incident! Meanwhile I haven't had a pay check since July of 1989!

Add insult to injury once more: Glasgow passes the word through the entire central district that he had finally shot down Charlie Kane. It was no doubt his finest hour! But pay backs can be harsh. Let's hope so!!

I made an appointment with Mike Rudinski, former UPS driver who had the good judgment to return to school and become a prominent local lawyer. Mike speed reads Stanley H. Sergent's opinion and award in a matter of minutes. His conclusion: "I'll defend you for nothing if you wish to pursue this all the way to the Supreme Court but I must tell you as a friend and former UPS driver, they have done a real job on you this time! What you have here Charlie, is a question of credibility. UPS has twelve people saying that you're the bad guy. I know UPS

and I know you. You're not the bad guy! But in a court of law, when you have twelve people pointing at you as opposed to you and Marge Bangson on your side the jury doesn't know about you. They only know that the odds are twelve to two. You lose!!!"

When I left Mike's office his door closed on my last chance for vindication. At this point I'd already lost my car and our home was only the stroke of a pen from foreclosure!

I began reading the "Stanley Scribe" all 25 pages, over and over. Here are my conclusions!

Of the 25 pages in this *opinion* and *award* as Stanley states it, there are 24 pages against me with only one page with Marge's testimony and a brief reference to a few letters from some satisfied customers! Those few were:

Director of Stevenson Library, Mr. Robert S. Bravard: "Without exception, Mr. Kane has been a fine representative of UPS. I respect him as a thorough professional. He is a model of service."

Associate Dean of Students, Mr. Tim Susick: "I have known Mr. Kane for the past ten years through his deliveries to seven dorms and the office of student affairs. I found him to act in a professional and caring way. He was always prompt, courteous and most helpful."

Associate Professor of Chemistry, Mr. Alfred Hobermans: "I remember many times when I was looking for materials, when no one was in Ulmer Hall to receive them. You had the bookstore hold them until I returned to campus. I never heard anyone say an unhappy thing about you. I hope UPS reconsiders and keeps you. If they lose you, they have lost a first class worker!!"

Director of Athletics, Sharon E. Taylor: (one of the great lady coaches of all time): "For more than

ten years he has delivered packages to our offices. On every occasion he has been friendly and courteous — a very fine representative of your company. To us, *Charlie Kane is UPS.*"

But the most unique *fact* about this is the *fact* that she is also a close friend of Jolene Douty's!

Professor of English, William T. Reich: "Charlie Kane has been a conscientious UPS delivery person for over 15 years that I have taught at this institution."

English, Journalism & Philosophy, Ann Peters: "It's not easy keeping track of thirty members of two departments and when I think that Charlie had to keep track of over 300 more individuals plus numerous other stops, I marvel at the way he does his job!!"

Ann Peters saved UPS more money than they will ever know, by accepting packages often for all five floors of her building at L.H.U.

Mary Rossman: "Charlie had delivered to me daily for nine years that I have worked at L.H.U. I feel it is because of Charlie that I have such a good working relationship with UPS. I have always found him to be helpful, friendly and professional!"

Mary is another caring person who accepted UPS packages for others that saved UPS a fortune!

Food service Director, John Wilt: "I have always been impressed in the way Charlie handles himself on the job. Never in my nine years have I seen Charlie exhibit any behavior other than professional! He is a hard working, loyal employee."

Bookstore Manager 1968-1988, Marge Bangson: "Charlie Kane was my UPS driver for 14 of my 20 years at the bookstore. Our working relationship was excellent. He was always courteous, polite and very helpful. If I had ever known Jolene Douty

would be like she is, I *never*, *never*, would have backed her for my job!" Many faculty members asked Marge to come back to work because they didn't get along with Jolene!

Here then is the summary of Stanley H. Sergent's decision, *verbatim*!

While an arbitrator can consider aggravating or mitigating factors in weighing the propriety of the penalty imposed for misconduct, *care must be taken not to simply substitute the arbitrator's judgment for that of management!*

But that's what he did!

The grievant has a history of failing to provide proper, courteous service.

Would that be for the entire 25 years Stanley? Or just that one well-planned and rehearsed incident at the bookstore?

The company alleges the grievant was guilty of abusing company property.

This is the long shot of all times! A hard rubber tire comes off a cart (owned by a multi-billion dollar company) for the 37th time with a load of 70 lb. books and I kick it aside to keep from dumping the load! I should have turned Glasgow in to Penn-Dot for providing *faulty equipment!* How's that one Stan?

I have recognized that a discharge should not be upheld on unsubstantiated allegations or imprecise evidence. Thus, proof by clear and convincing evidence is required by the company or the discharge cannot be sustained.

Would a worn hard rubber tire and a few box tops with R.T.S. on them fall into that category? We never denied returning the books. But we did so under orders from Jeff White with approval by Al Spooner! Is that why Al Spooner retired shortly after and Jeff White was shipped back to Reading, Pa.? I

know Stan, you only know what UPS tells you!

At UPS if you haven't been fired, suspended or threatened more than ten times, you must have been born into management. The Teamsters Union of which we all are members, tried its best to protect the membership from the claws of the management teams.

One such guardian is Article 49 — Discharge or suspension which in summary reads like this:

> The employer shall not discharge nor suspend any employee without just cause, but in respect to discharge or suspension shall give one notice in writing. The warning notice as herein provided *shall not* remain in effect for a period of *more than nine months.*

This Article along with the rest of the contract has Gary Glasgow's signature of approval on it as a UPS contract negotiator, but he never, never abides by it! Why is that?

Guess what? Stanley and Glasgow went to the same school. Stan says: "the grievant's prior record is relevant! Accordingly, the Union's motion to exclude evidence is denied, it is admitted into evidence and it *has been considered in reaching the decision* herein!!

The Union's effort to charge everyone but the grievant with responsibility for this incident strains credulity beyond tolerance.

But it's o.k. for UPS to do that, right Stan?

The grievant's efforts to fault the customer also strains credulity.

For the next full page he places me in chains, neck deep in leech infested water, while he ordains

Mrs. Douty into the sisterhood at St. Mary's. He states that she had an agreement with UPS for deliveries before 3:30 p.m. yet, I wasn't told nor could I have been there at that time with the load that I still had after Jeff White said: "this can't be done!!"

He refuses to accept the fact that she left early on that Friday and that neither Donna or Bea had appointments any where! Yet they would not stay long enough for me to unload 24 packages!

But, he really reaches out for this one! When I told Jolene what Jeff told me which was: "that these books won't be coming back on Monday," Stanley says it was unlikely that Douty understood this *company term* to mean that they would *not be redelivered!*

Stanley, you've been out in the Sarasota sun too long! Have someone read this stuff back to you once in a while!

On page 24 and 25 Stan starts playing *hard ball!* He outwardly and with malice afore thought, calls me a liar. Something no man does and remains standing! Quote: "he deliberately violated company policy by lying about restrictions on his duties to lighten his work load!"

God have mercy on you Stanley! You must be the worst lawyer God ever gave a sheepskin to. All you had to do was to talk to any UPS driver anywhere to find out how far from the truth you are!

A few paragraphs later you repeat yourself as you often do when you wrote: "the grievant has shown to have *lied* about company policy in order to reduce his work burden." He goes on to say the grievant's account was directly contradicted by all other participants or witnesses and it is inherently implausible. In addition his *history* of misconduct, lends further credence to his accusers' testimony.

Here, Stanley admits he convicted me on my accusers' versions of past incidents he knows nothing about. Now, see why UPS picked him. The rule is there are no rules! He thinks like they do!

He goes on and on about the tire kicking and repeated book damages, when he knows there were no damage reports to substantiate that damage.

His constant repetition of the charges leads me to believe he was trying very hard to convince himself that these people were all right — while I was all wrong?

In conclusion he writes: "*given the facts*" — the company was well within its discretion to discharge the grievant herein. Accordingly, the grievance is denied.

Let's just have a quick review of the players in this case.

Jeff White gives me an order to deliver or R.T.S. the bookstore on a day he's suppose to ride but suddenly doesn't!

Jolene Douty is coming out of the bookstore before 4:00 p.m. She refused the packages!

Bea Phillipi and *Donna Judd* haven't any appointments but refuse to reopen the bookstore because Jolene told them not to!

I return to the building with packages sheeted R.T.S., Al Spooner, P.M. Supervisor, agrees the books go back.

I get fired and everyone else is still working!

Here's the big kicker the student helper told me months before the bookstore incident that Jolene was looking for a freight company that could haul all the books at one time or over a two or three day period, instead of 150 packages or so at a time with UPS which took most of the summer.

Shortly after I was fired, she shifted all her busi-

ness to a freight company. Gary Glasgow and Herm Moyer knew this at the outset!!

And of course my route was cut almost in half a week after my discharge.

So Stanley, let me say that you must have been a pathetic attorney, because you're an awful bad arbitrator! Whatever you do, don't defend yourself or you will surely have a fool for a client!

All those who think Stanley received something extra in his UPS paycheck, raise your hands!

"Well Stanley, it's another fine mess you've gotten yourself into!" ■

STRIKES AND CONTRACTS

The words strike and contract always appear at the same time! Although on this 11th day of June 1993, I, in my limited contact with the rank and file, hear only the word contract in the usual disgusted manner!

In 25 years at UPS I noted that UPS people always ask each other: "what do you think we'll get this time?" Like they must accept what ever UPS offers them!

In the May '93 issue of T.D.U.'s *Convoy Dispatch*, the writer states a bold fact: fear that a no vote will produce a long and painful strike and that such a thought is counter productive because "the threat of a strike is *our tool*, not theirs." Truer words were never spoken! But when you're in your mid twenties, married with a new baby and a new home and your manager informs you that a no vote can cost you your job, those words pack a lot of punch!

We know they do it, the old divide and conquer routine, it still works! They are the masters of brain games and nerve physiology.

But victory can be very expensive as it was in July of 1967, when UPS padlocked all their buildings inside Local 107's perimeter after a three month strike in Philadelphia, Pa.

When the shouting stopped, 1,500 people were out of a job. UPS lost their retail store delivery business as well as the furniture moving business under Local 169. That was long before the days of wealth and power. No one ever said how much the loss was for that temper tantrum, but it was big bucks and as soon as the three years were up void-

ing all contracts with 107, the bad boys in brown were back in town!

Then came the block buster of 1976, the year of our first national strike. I remember it was mid September and I was about to refuel my truck when union steward Jay Finkbeiner walked up to me and said:

"Let her set right where she is Charlie, that truck won't need any fuel, it ain't going nowhere for a while! We're on strike as of right now!"

Frank Fitzsimmons was the national Teamster president who ordered the strike.

As in all contracts there are numerous proposals on both sides. However, UPS has gained so much ground with each past contract that the entire UPS *Service Agreement* should be *rewritten.*

It's like the farmer who dangled an apple in front of the old horse until he was done plowing all his fields. That's what UPS does, dangle cash in front of us until we're blinded by the gold. Meanwhile their lawyers rewrite the most often used articles in such a way that we *can't win* — they *can't lose!*

My favorite is, of course, the one that got me *fired.* Article 49 *Discharge* or *Suspension* which was altered between June 1, 1985 and July 1990 which reads in part:

"Except that no warning notice need be given to an employee before he is discharged if the cause of such discharge is dishonesty, drinking, under the influence of drugs or possession during the work day, drunkenness, recklessness, or carrying of unauthorized passengers while on duty." (That's how it used to read, now add these five words on the end!) or *offenses* of *equal seriousness!* Hell, that's like *"stealing time"* it covers everything and gives

UPS the power to do what they do so well — fire anyone for anything and get the job done!

Again, they make up the rules as they go. The final sentence in that paragraph reads: The warning notice as herein provided, shall *not* remain in *effect* for a period of *more* than *nine months.*

At my last hearing, Corporate "munchkin" Martin Wald, Esq. quickly declared that: "the nine month clause doesn't play here, we're going back as far as we please because of the *seriousness* of the charge of "*unauthorized returns*"! They did and I lost!!

Something you badly need is protection of the *innocent until proven guilty* clause including remaining on the job with pay! *Unless* it's the *Cardinal sin* case such as the ones mentioned above. Even then there must be proof of the seriousness of the violation that will hold up in court or you're right back where you were!

Failsafe grievance procedures both locally and nationally that gives all employees a fair chance to win! Of course making the rules fair will not in itself make UPS change their way of doing business unless the rest of the crew learns to stand up every time UPS knocks someone down.

Believe me there is strength in numbers and it does work. Herb Bright, Union Steward for the people at the Mansfield Center out of Local 764, has never lost a case involving a suspension or a firing in all his years at that center. Why? Because when Herb stands up, the whole crew stands with him! And if not, why not!

There are many other issues that need to be addressed depending on where you are and what you do. One thing I think we'll all agree on is: we should have a nice retirement plan *NOW!!*

Which of course brings to mind two people. International V.P. Robert Holmes who resigned when the Justice Dept. showed him a film on nice vacation spots across the country and around the world.

Turns out Mr. Holmes is according to the T.D.U. staff, eligible for at least four pension plans none of which cost him one dime! According to their staff, John will make about $205,964 per year or a scant $17,164 a month.

In contrast I submit my cash draw of $504 per month and $17,000 in the R.I.P. that I rolled over into an investment firm to beat the 20% income tax penalty for early withdrawal! Seems a little short for 25 years of combat out in the streets for UPS!! While others are receiving as much as $2,500 per month for 25 years.

Don Deivert, Local 764's president and former UPS driver is also serving on the Central Pa. Union Negotiating Committee. Like his boss Ron Carey, he's taking the new Teamster thinking to the bargaining table with him. Don's done very well rescuing down drivers with very little to work with in the line of legal clout. Imagine what he can do with a fair contract!

He says he's going to be watching every *and*, *or* and *but* in the contract knowing full well the adding or subtracting of either word can change the whole meaning of the article in question!

By the way, did I tell you what caused the great strike of 1976 that ran from the 15th day of September to the 14th of December? *Part-timers*, the company wanted them — the rank and file didn't! We held out for three months which was a long time for a lot of people, but they hung on to the end.

Understand we had no problem with the great job part-timers do in all phases of the operation.

What we *feared then* is what is happening now! Which is the company's desire to make us all part-timers! After the strike, UPS got their *part-timers* on a restricted basis — they had to be in college and could only work the sort, upon completion of school they must leave UPS! Things have changed since then!

I was lucky, I went back to laying blocks and bricks and other odd jobs. My wife who had just taken her first part-time job since we were married, was moved up to full-time until the strike was over!

As a matter of fact, I'd just bought a new pick up truck a few months before the strike. Then, since my wife was working full-time, I bought her a new Firebird. But the buck went a lot farther in those days, if I remember right both of them cost less than $10,000 total!

The bottom line is: I didn't blink in '76 and I wouldn't now if I had the chance.

UPS understands the power of wealth and the pain of a *strike*. Like a spoiled rich kid, they believe everything and everyone has a price. What price is on the tag dangling from your shirt sleeve? Not for sale at any price! Good! That's the right answer.

I could write many chapters on the contract and what should be done or undone! But on this June day in 1993, my intention is to have this book on the shelf in a bookstore near you before the contract is ratified.

So, I'll just wish you all the best because *this* could be the most monumental contract of your UPS career. In that if *you* don't *force* change, they will continue to *change* you with force! It's all so unnecessary! ■

In closing I leave you with this poem written by an unknown author back in the '70's.

THE MAN FROM UPS

Who is 30 year's young but looks old enough to retire?

Who is clothed in obsolete Eisenhower attire?

Who freezes his butt, garbed in glorious brown?

As he delivers customer's packages all over town.

Who works beyond his cut-off time each and every day?

Who has splits on his truck which are out of his way?

Who makes an effort to get his work done?

By calling for cover and seldom gets one.

Who works hard and when he gets home

Has his pick of seats at the table for he eats all alone.

Who gets his meals that are served cut and dried

With choices of reheated, rebaked or refried?

Who sees his children maybe once during the week?

The rest of the time they're in bed fast asleep.

Who lays down just to rest his eyes,

The next thing he knows it's time to rise.

Who writes grievances to get action once in awhile?

Who gets their grievance tossed in a wastepaper file?

Who tries to get changes only for the better?

And receives his thanks in a Warning Letter.

Who is too tired to go out with his wife?

Who has little or no social life?

Whose company forces him to work 10 hours a day?

No wonder the man is living this way!

Who needs a wife understanding and kind?

Who has a wife who is losing her mind?

Who works for these people, the Sons-of-Pups?

Yes, he's my husband, the Man from UPS.

A wife who has been
Down ever since UPS !!!

My final observation is that of Author Robert Levering whose book 100 Best Places to Work in America shows Federal Express in fourth place while United Parcel Service is not mentioned at all !!!

Your honor, the expelled employees of UPS rest their case!

To those of you at UPS who so fear your job, that you turn your back on those in need, remember: *"a brave man dies only once, a coward — a thousand times!!"* ■

THE END

C. L. Kane, Sr.

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